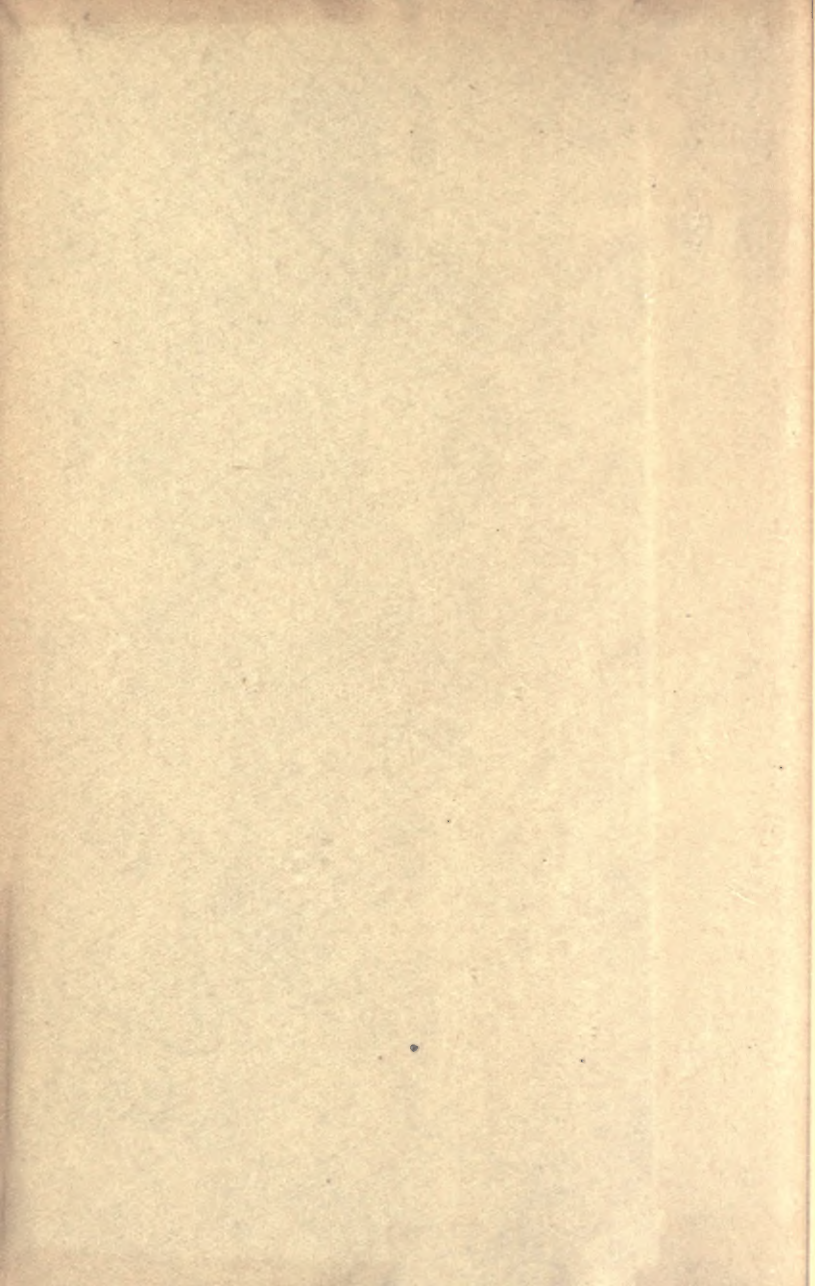
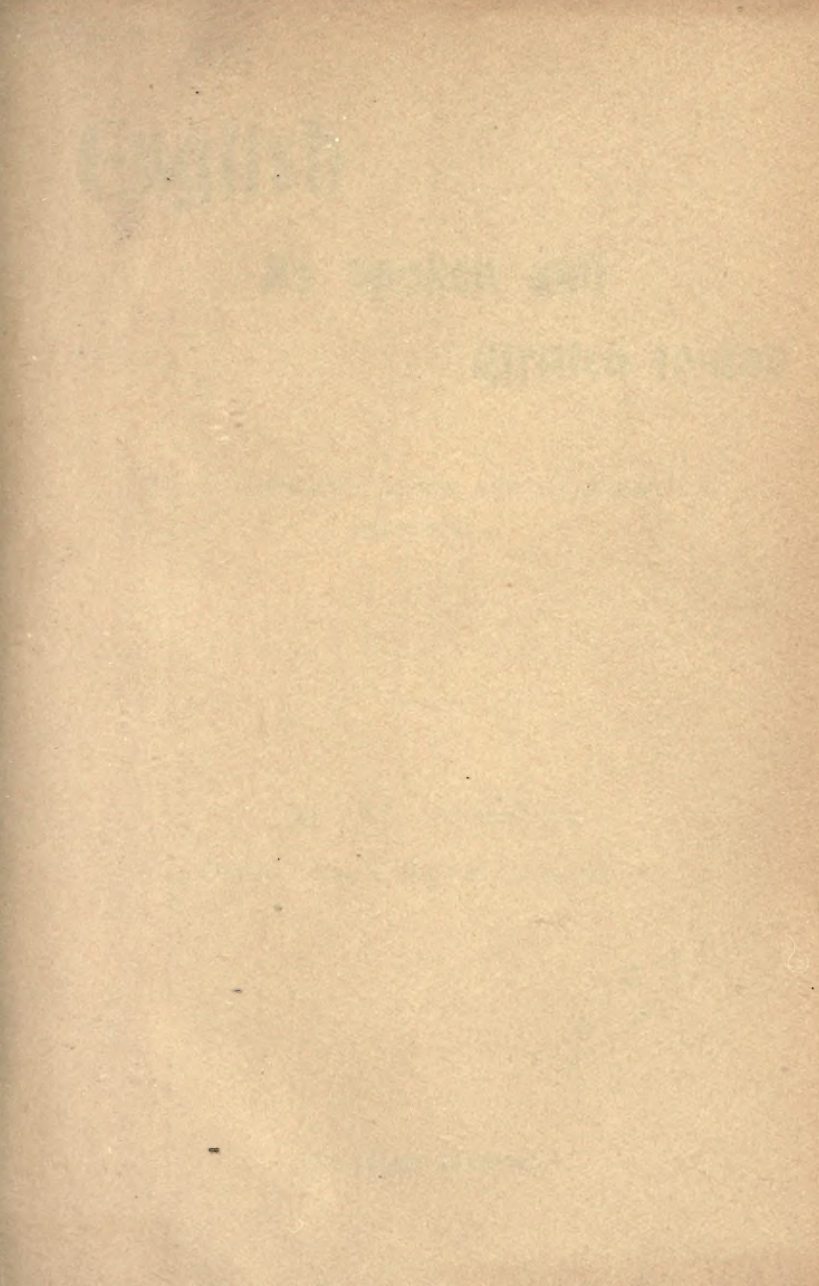
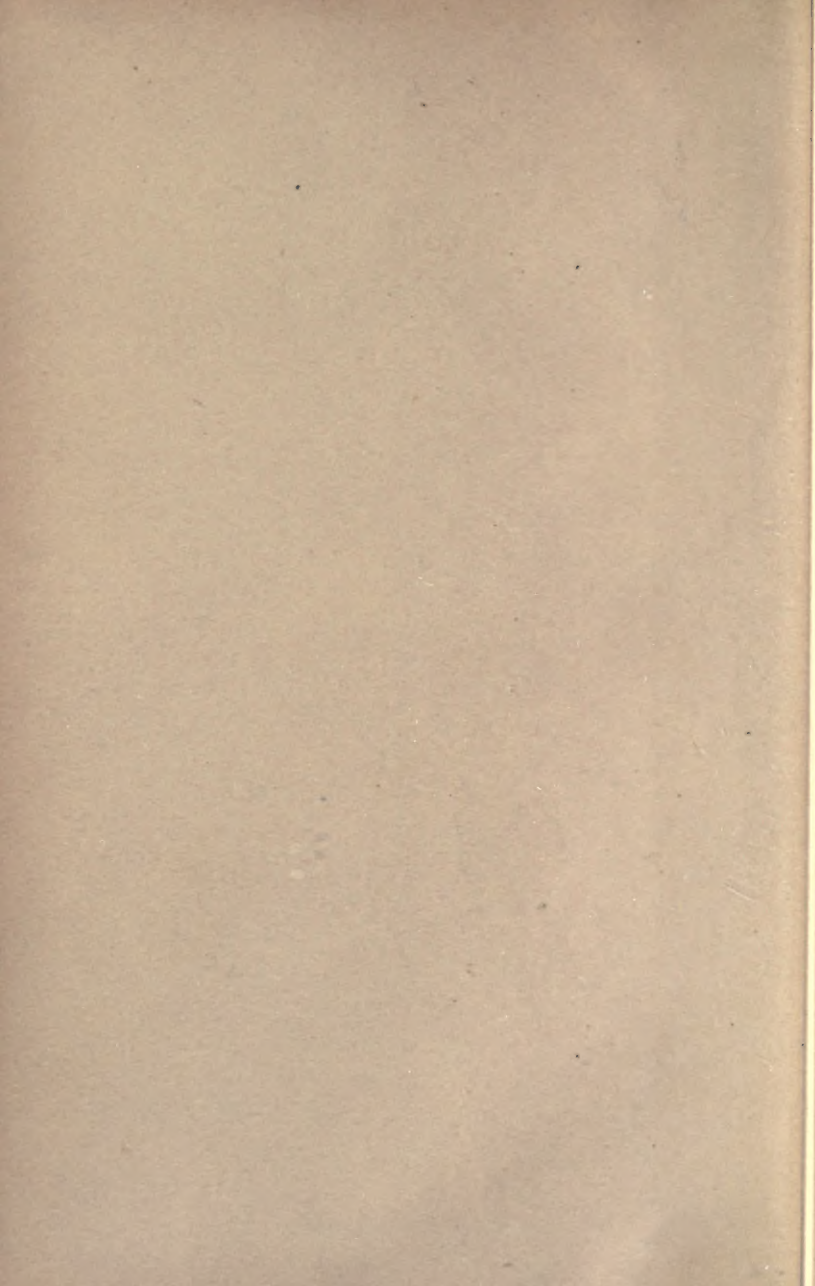


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English

As Spoken and

Written to-day

WITH IDIOMATIC NOTES AND GRAMMATICAL
EXERCISES.

M. M. MASON

Oxford Local, College of Preceptors, etc.

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PREFACE.




Of writing many books there is no end, and many and crude have been the manuals which have libelled our English language on the Continent. During some years' experience as a teacher of English abroad I have been alternately shocked and amused by the so-called "Aids to English Conversation" which my pupils have brought to me for perusal or which booksellers have vainly suggested as suitable. Their lack of grammar, crudeness of expression, antiquity of style, and above all, utter foreignness, decided me to supply the need which I felt by writing conversations or letters for my pupils each day, taking for my theme any easy subject which presented itself to my mind. The conversations were meant to be learnt by heart, or at any rate copied out, and the new expressions noted. The letters were to be answered in similar style.

Later on, and as my pupils became more advanced, notes were necessary to elucidate idiomatic expressions and so they took the place of conversations, and as I found that the grammar grew irksome after the first six months to pupils who were no longer children, I substituted for it examination papers on the rules most frequently infringed by foreigners.

If I can give to my pupils a desire to study more thoroughly a language for which they have a natural aptitude, and if, in addition to helping them, I may have met the want felt by other teachers, as by myself, of an easy and graduated introduction to the study of English, the purpose of this little book will be accomplished.

M. M. MASON.

Naples, 1910.



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PART I.

Graduated Conversations.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

September 1st, 190—.

Can you speak English?

No, I have not learnt English yet.

Have you begun to study English?

I have had one lesson, only one.

Oh, English is very easy, you know.

Is it?

Yes, it is not difficult at all. Do you speak French?

Yes, Miss Halley, I speak a little, and I understand French quite well, because I have studied it for many years.

And do you speak German?

No, I have never studied German. It is a difficult language, is it not?

Yes, German is a very difficult language, but English is very easy.

I have a great desire to learn English.

That is right. Of course you know both Latin and Greek?

Yes, we study both Latin and Greek at college.

To what college do you go?

To "Humbert the First."

Where is it?

It is at Cariati.

Ah, not far from here.

No, not far.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

September 4th, 190—.

Well, did you learn your English lesson well?

I hope so. I studied it for more than an hour.

That is right. I see you are going to be a good pupil.

I am going to try my best.

Is it raining?

No, it was not raining when I came, but it will rain soon.

Well, let us write to-day, dictation is an excellent exercise, you know.

Is it, do you think?

Yes, particularly in the English language reading, writing and talking are the three principal means.

And do you not teach the grammar?

Certainly, but I prefer to teach the grammar whilst reading with my pupils.

Is the English grammar difficult?

No, not at all.

Are the verbs difficult?

The irregular verbs are very difficult.

Are there many irregular verbs?

Yes, a good many. But you do not find English a difficult language, do you?

No, the first lesson was very easy indeed.

And the second is also easy.

THIRD CONVERSATION.

September 8th, 190—.

Did you go to the review yesterday?

No, I did not go.

It was a beautiful day for the review.

Yes, it was beautiful weather. Did you see the King?

No, I have never seen the King; I saw the Queen once when she was the Princess of Naples. Have you ever seen her?

Yes, she is very pretty and very sweet.

I do not think her pretty, but she seems a good wife and an excellent mother. Queen Margaret was very beautiful and more queenly.

Yes, Queen Margaret was very queenlike. I am her namesake, you know.

Really? Did you ever see the poor King who was assassinated?

No, I never saw him, and I have never seen the present King.

Really?

No, not yet. He is very little, is he not?

Yes, very short; but they say that he is very clever.

I believe so.

Have you learnt your grammar well?

I hope so.

You must learn it word for word.

Yes, I will.

That's right.

When do I return for my next lesson?

On the eleventh; on Friday.

And at what hour?

At the same hour, always the same hour.

At half past ten, is it not?

Yes, at half past ten. Be punctual.

Yes, I shall be punctual.

FOURTH CONVERSATION.

September 11th, 190—.

So you went to Saint Charles' last night?

Yes, it was delightful.

What did they give?

They gave "Rustic Chivalry."

Is it beautiful?

Oh, it is charming. Have you never seen it?

No, never. I have only been six times to St. Charles, and I did not understand Italian then, so I could not enjoy it so much.

What operas have you seen?

"Carmen" and "Manon," and some others, but I do not remember very well.

Have you good theatres in London, Miss Wilmot?

Yes, we have excellent theatres, but the acting is not of the finest.

Who is your best actor?

Beerbohm Tree is considered our best actor, and Miss Ellen Terry the best actress.

Do they act Shakespeare's plays in London?

Yes, they act Shakespeare at His Majesty's and at the Haymarket.

What is the Lyceum?

It was the classic theatre in London, like the "Théâtre Français" in Paris, but now I believe it is a music-hall.

Do you like Shakespeare's plays, Miss Wilmot?

Yes, so much. He was the greatest dramatist in the world.

And what did he write?

He wrote "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and so many more that I cannot mention them here.

And was he really English?

Yes, he was an Englishman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and he was born in one thousand five hundred and sixty-four.

But they say that Sir Francis Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare, don't they?

Oh, yes, they say many things.

FIFTH CONVERSATION.

September 15th, 190—.

Good-afternoon, Captain Burrowes. What a bad cold you have!

Yes, I have a nasty cold, have I not?

How did you catch such a bad cold?

I caught it by going out in the rain.

It has indeed been bad weather lately, has it not?

Yes, very nasty weather indeed, but to-day it is fine. I find it colder in Italy in winter than in England.

Yes, perhaps colder in the houses, because they are not so well-warmed. But the climate is not so damp, is it?

Oh, no, not nearly so damp.

Do you speak Italian, Captain Burrowes?

No, I have never learnt Italian, but I want to study it now.

It is a difficult language to speak well ; but it is easy to understand.

And it is very easy to read and to write. Do you read Italian, Mrs. Stock?

Yes, I read, and I simply love Italian, but I have very little time for reading.

Do you read much French?

Also, but not so much just now. I prefer Italian.

How long have you been in Italy?

One year—one year and two months.

SIXTH CONVERSATION.

September 18th, 190—.

Have you learnt your irregular verbs better to-day?

Yes, I think so ; they are rather difficult.

Yes, the irregular verbs are the most difficult part of the English language. Do you like your English?

Yes, very much.

And I like your language very much indeed.

Do you really?

Yes, but unfortunately I do not know Italian well.

Have you ever studied Italian, Mr. Dyce?

No, never. I have not the time to study it.

Really, are you so busy?

I am always very busy.

Have you many pupils?

I have thirty pupils.

How many! Have you time to teach so many?

Yes, but they are not all private lessons, many are in classes.

Do you like teaching English?

Very much.

And do you like Naples and Italy in general?

I like all Italy, but Naples in particular.

Is it very different from London?

Oh, yes, quite different.

Do you know Paris, Mr. Dyce?

Yes, I have been to Paris six times.

Really?

Yes, but on my way to other places.

Do you like France?

Very much indeed. I lived in France once for fifteen months.

SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

September 22nd, 190—.

How are you, Major Harrison. Are you better?

Yes, thank you, I am much better.

What was the matter with you?

I had caught a severe chill.

What is a chill?

A chill is a cold which causes shivering.

Ah, yes, I understand; it is very disagreeable.

And did you go to bed?

Yes, I was in bed on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday.

You were wise to stay in bed.

Well, I was so very ill. I had a head-ache, and a sore throat and a cough.

It is a good thing that you went to bed.

Yes, it is the only thing when one has a bad cold. My doctor would not allow me to get up.

He was right. Is he English?

Yes, he is English, and he comes from my own town in England.

Really?

He came to Naples when I did; and he has been my doctor ever since.

Is he a good doctor?

Yes, I think so. He is old, so he has a large experience.

Well, experience is a great thing in medicine.

I think that it is the principal thing, don't you?

Yes, certainly.

EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

September 25th, 190—.

How do you do, Miss Suttle? You look very busy.

Yes, I am very busy; I am always very busy.

Have you many lessons now?

Yes, and I also go to teach in the Berlitz School of Languages.

Do you? Where is it?

It is near Municipal Square.

Is it a good school?

Yes, I think so; they teach by a modern method—a German method.

Ah, do they? Have they many pupils?

I believe so, but they are all adults.

Ah, have they no children?

No, they are all grown-up people.

Do women go there?

They are principally men pupils.

And is their method a good one?

It is a sort of object lesson. They do not employ any books in the beginning.

Really, how strange!

And the teacher speaks only his own language, not one word of another language.

Can you teach by that method?

It is not my method, but mine is also a practical method.

How soon do you think a pupil can learn English?

In one year he can learn to express himself well, and to read and write without mistakes. That is, of course, if he study well.

And do you think that two lessons a-week are sufficient?

They are sufficient if you read and study at home. But three lessons a-week are certainly better.

Of course.

NINTH CONVERSATION.

September 29th, 190—.

How many lessons have you had?

I have had lessons for a month. This is my ninth lesson.

How many English books have you?

I have only two English books, a grammar and a dictionary.

And have you no reading book?

No, I must buy a reading book.

Yes, you had better buy an easy novel.

Will you give me the title?

Yes, I will give you the titles of two or three, and you can choose one.

Thank you.

Have you any sisters, Miss Meredith?

No, I have neither sisters nor brothers.

Really, you are an only child then.

Yes, I am an only child.

Have you any cousins?

No, I have no cousins; have you any?

Yes, I have two boy-cousins and one girl-cousin.

And how many sisters have you?

I have only one sister.

And have you no brothers?

Yes, I have two brothers in America.

Are your parents alive?

No, I am an orphan. I have neither father nor mother. How sad!

I was quite a little baby when my parents died.

Have you your grand-parents?

No, I never knew my grand-parents.

But no doubt you have relations?

Yes, but they are distant relations.

So you are alone in the world.

Yes, nearly.

TENTH CONVERSATION.

October 2nd, 190—.

Do you like coffee, Mr. Muirhead?

Yes, very much, thank you.

Do you take sugar?

Two lumps, thank you.

Will you have a biscuit?

No, thank you. I like my coffee alone without biscuits.

But these biscuits are very nice. Take one.

Just one, thank you.

Do you like tea, Mr. Muirhead?

Oh, yes, I am an inveterate tea-drinker.

All English people like tea, do they not?

Yes, and I find that Italians are beginning to follow our example.

Are you going to see the man-of-war?

What is a man-of-war?

A man-of-war is a war ship.

Ah, yes, we are going to see the "Brin" at Castellammare.

Have you tickets?

Yes, we have had tickets from a naval officer who is a friend of ours.

Do you find your English lesson difficult?

No, not at all.

Can you understand my writing?

Yes, quite well.

How are your parents?

They are quite well, thank you.

And how is your sister?

She is also quite well.

Good-bye.

Good-bye.

ELEVENTH CONVERSATION.

October 6th, 190—.

Did you go to see the "Brin" launched?

Yes, I went with some of my friends.

Was it interesting to see?

Very interesting.

I have never seen a ship launched.

Really?

No, never.

I have only seen this one; she is a man-of-war, you know.

Yes, you say a man-of-war in English, do you not?

Exactly. You did not find your English difficult, did you?

Not very.

Perhaps the conversation was a little difficult for you, was it not?

A little.

Is it raining?

No, it is not raining now.

Was it raining when you came?

It was raining a little.

Good-bye, I hope you will like your English lessons.

Oh, very much, but do you think I make progress?

Decidedly. You have only studied for a month, you know.

But do you not think my accent is very bad?

No, it is not at all bad. On the contrary, it is very fair.

Really?

Yes, really. I am very pleased with your progress.

Thank you. Good-evening.

Good-bye.

TWELFTH CONVERSATION.

October 9th, 190—.

What curious flowers you have. What are they called?

They are orchids. Do you like them?

Not very much, but they are very curious, are they not?

Yes, they were given to me for my birthday.

They are like little pockets, are they not?

Exactly, but I like them very much.

I prefer simpler flowers; my favourite is the rose.

Yes, I like roses too ; and you have lovely roses here in Naples.

Do you like violets ?

Yes, very much ; their scent is delicious.

Have you many flowers in England ?

Yes, perhaps more than you have here in Italy.

How is that ?

Because the air is moist, and that is good for flowers.

What flowers have you in England ?

We have geraniums, roses, violets, carnations, tulips, and hundreds of flowers.

Do you like flowers, Miss Denley ?

No, I do not like them, I love them.

So do I.

Have you a garden ?

No, here in Naples we have not a garden, but we have one in the country.

Do you like the country ?

Oh, so much, do not you ?

Yes, I love the country.

Good-bye ; we shall see each other on Wednesday, shall we not ?

No, on Tuesday.

Ah, yes. I had forgotten, Tuesday, the 13th.

THIRTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 13th, 190—.

Have you a swollen face ?

Yes, my face is a little swollen, I think.

What is the matter, have you toothache ?

I have a gum-boil.

What is a gum-boil ?

A gum-boil is an abscess on the gum.

How is that ? Have you taken cold ?

I am cutting a wisdom-tooth.

Are you getting your wisdom-teeth now ?

Yes, I have got three, and this is the last.

They are tiresome things to get, are they not ?

Very tiresome. There is no place for them, that is the difficulty.

Ah, then it is very difficult!

Yes, indeed it is. I have had my gums lanced twice, and yet there is no room.

Have you a good dentist?

Not particularly. Is yours a good one?

I have no dentist. I never suffer with toothache.

Oh, how fortunate you are!

But I suffer terribly with headache.

Oh, poor thing, that is dreadful, is it not?

I think it is neuralgia; it is in the temples, and often in only one temple.

Ah, that is megrim.

I do not know what to call it, but it is unbearable.

You are right, I used to suffer with it terribly. It is often a result of indigestion.

Ah, the stomach is answerable for a great deal in this world.

Yes, I say it is a good friend but a bad enemy.

Well-said.

Is it not? Am I not right?

Indeed it is; you are quite right.

FOURTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 16th, 190—.

Are you going in for any examinations this year?

Yes, I must pass a stiff exam.

And where shall you take it?

That depends. Some people enter college to pass this exam., others study privately.

Do you study privately?

No, I go to the college classes. But I am a day-student.

Is yours a fine college?

The building is not fine, but the college has a good reputation.

And that is the essential part.

What colleges have you in England, Mrs. Hays?

What colleges? Oh, many! As a rule a gentleman's son goes first to a preparatory school; and about twelve or fourteen years of age he enters one of the great public schools such as Harrow, Rugby, etc.; then he goes to one of the universities to take his degree.

Which is the first university in England?

Oxford ranks first for classics and Cambridge for mathematics. Then we have the London University and the University of Durham in England; and Edinburgh University in Scotland, and Dublin University in Ireland.

Are there many students at the universities?

Of course. And they have a splendid life; more than half their time is spent in sport.

What kind of sport?

Football and boating principally. Oxford and Cambridge have boat-races once a year near London.

How jolly!

Yes, they have a jolly life altogether.

And do they study?

They have not a very high reputation for study.

FIFTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 20th, 190—.

Do you like riding, Mr. Rowbottom?

Yes, very much; but it makes me a little stiff.

Perhaps you have not had much practice?

No, I have only had a few lessons.

Ah, then, of course it makes you stiff!

When will the stiffness go off, do you think?

Oh, it will go off with practice. The more you ride the sooner the stiffness will go off.

Can you ride, Miss Hobart?

I used to be able to ride; perhaps I have forgotten. I really do not know.

I am learning to ride at a riding-school.

And have you a good riding-master?

Yes, he is excellent.

I never had a riding-master. My uncle's groom taught me to stick on.

But you learnt young, did you not?

No, I never learnt at all. But at seven years of age I went on horseback.

Do you enjoy riding?

Oh, I love it! It is my one ambition to have a horse again.

SIXTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 23rd, 190—.

Did you go to see Salvini in "Othello" last night?

No, I could not go, and I was terribly disappointed. Did you go?

Yes, I went because it was Salvini's last appearance in public.

Really? Is he old?

Yes, he is seventy-five years old. But there is the son, you know, who is an actor.

I have neither seen the father nor the son.

Was it a good representation?

The acting was splendid, but the translation was miserable.

All translations *are* miserable, don't you think?

I do not see why they should be so, but it is an undoubted fact that the greater part of all translated work is inferior.

And especially poetry. It is almost impossible to translate poetry.

Is Othello in verse?

Partly in verse and partly in prose.

And what is the metre?

It is blank-verse.

And what is blank-verse?

It is heroic verse of ten syllables, five feet and without rhyme. Shakespeare's blank-verse is beautiful, both dignified and sonorous.

And yet translated it is almost ridiculous.

I do not doubt it.

Had they a full house to see Salvini?

Packed. As many as ten people in a box.

What was the price of the stalls?

Ten francs.

And who was Desdemona?

A daughter-in-law of Salvini's; also a Salvini.

And what did the pit cost?

I do not know what the pit cost.

Do respectable people ever go to the gallery in Italy?

Hardly ever.

Sometimes they do in England, when there is a great celebrity and consequently a great crush.

Who is your best actor in England?

Beerbohm Tree.

SEVENTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 27th, 190—.

You cannot imagine how my hair is falling out.

Ah, yes, it is the time of the year. Hair always comes out in the autumn.

But mine comes out in handfuls.

Have you ever used quinine?

Yes, but it does no good, and it darkens the hair.

That is good for dark people but not for fair ones.

They say that petroleum is good for the hair, is it true?

Yes, I believe it is useful, but if you use it you must take care not to go too near the lamp or the gas.

Yes, I remember a lady was burnt to death so.

I should not like to use petroleum, it smells so.

But they perfume it, and so it is quite without smell.

It seems impossible that petroleum can be quite without smell, but is it really beneficial?

I believe so; try it, if your hair is falling out.

I am willing to try anything, but I despair of finding a good hair-wash.

With what do you wash your hair?

With warm water and soap, and then I rinse it with a solution of boracic acid.

Oh, soaps ruin the hair; they discolour it.

But they clean it.

Yes, but there are many ways of cleaning the head, with spirit or with some hair-wash, and some people even use eggs.

Yes, the yolk of an egg is considered good.

Very good. Anything is better than soap. I have my hair shampooed with a hair-wash at the barber's.

Say hair-dresser's; it is not so vulgar.

And is not a hair-dresser a barber?

Sometimes, but not of necessity. In America women are barbers, but in Europe they are only hair-dressers, not barbers.

EIGHTEENTH CONVERSATION.

October 30th, 190—.

Where do you buy your boots, Miss Grey?

I generally buy them at Whiteley's.

Do you? I have mine made to order.

Oh, I could never trouble to have my boots measured, I buy them ready-made.

Boots must be measured to fit well.

My last shoes from Whiteley's fitted me beautifully.

And how much do they cost you?

They cost me a pound, but they are worth it.

Well, one cannot economise in the matter of boots.

Oh, no, that is being penny wise and pound foolish.

Do you wear buttoned boots or laced ones?

I always wear buttoned ones; I like them better.

But you never wear shoes, do you?

Yes, I wear "Oxfords" in summer, and I wear slippers in the house.

Bedroom-slippers, you mean?

No, house-slippers, not bedroom-slippers.

What are pumps?

Pumps are gentlemen's evening slippers; they are made of patent leather.

How many names of foot-gear have you in English?

We have boots, shoes, slippers and bedroom-slippers.

Then you have "Oxfords" and "pumps."

Yes, but they belong to the shoe or slipper class.

Ah, yes, I understand.

That's right.

NINETEENTH CONVERSATION.

November 2nd, 190—.

Yesterday was All Saints' Day, did you go to the cemetery to "salute the dead," as they say here in Naples?

No, it is so far; and besides, it is a most tiring undertaking. I have been once and I shall never want to go again.

There are always a great many people there, are there not?

Yes, and they seem to consider the expedition to be a sort of enjoyment, quite different from our northern idea of a visit to a burying-ground.

But they say that there are some beautiful tombs in the Naples Cemetery.

I believe so, but I do not admire them. The poor people's burying-ground pleased me better. They have no monuments, and their dead are buried amongst the flowers and grass, as they all are, rich and poor alike, in England.

Yes, I know; and at this time of the year the chrysanthemums are all in flower there. Do you like chrysanthemums?

Oh, so much, and I like the scent of them, although, as a rule, it is considered disagreeable.

It seems to me to be the soul of autumn.

Did you see any embalmed bodies in the cemetery? They say that they are really wonderful.

Yes, wonderful but ghastly; the only one which was at all natural was that of a little girl of about seven years of age; she was almost life-like. But I do not like the idea of embalming the dead, do you, Mr. Dougall?

No, I think it is barbarous. I prefer cremation?

TWENTIETH CONVERSATION.

November 5th, 190—.

So you have had a wedding in your family and you have been groomsman!

Yes, I was groomsman.

And who was the bridegroom?

It was my uncle.

And he chose his nephew for groomsman, did he?

Yes, it was the first time I ever occupied so important a position.

I hope you did not let the ring fall?

No, I was fortunate enough not to let it fall.

And who was the bride?

A lady you do not know ; a Neapolitan lady.

Had she any bridesmaids?

Yes, she had six.

And who gave the bride away?

Her father gave her away of course.

Were there many wedding guests?

Yes, several hundreds.

Fancy! It was quite a smart wedding, was it not?

Yes, it was a very pretty wedding.

And where did the newly-married pair go for their honeymoon?

They went to Rome, and afterwards to Venice.

Have you wedding-cake in Italy?

No, we send comfits instead.

In England we send a piece of wedding-cake in a white cardboard box trimmed with silver paper.

Is wedding-cake good?

Not particularly. It is very rich and heavy. But I cannot judge. I do not like sweets.

TWENTY-FIRST CONVERSATION.

November 9th, 190—.

Is it true that the English are a selfish race?

I think it is true of most races, don't you?

Yes, but the English are pre-eminently selfish, individually and collectively.

They are perhaps a little narrow-minded, owing to their insular position. They never meet other races except in travelling, and then they do not see them to advantage.

But they are such great travellers, it is odd that they

do not yet their corners rubbed off in contact with others. I repeat they are entirely selfish.

I should say they were egoists or egotists, but not selfish.

And what is the difference?

I will tell you: Egoism is excessive love of one's self, egotism (with a t) too frequent use of the pronoun "I," self-exaltation; selfishness is being utterly void of regard for others. Meredith has written a book called "The Egoist"; it might have been called "The Egotist," but the hero was not a selfish man.

You make a distinction without a difference!

Well, are you selfish?

No, I am not selfish.

Are you an egoist?

Everybody is more or less of an egoist.

Ah, you see!

But I do not exalt myself.

Then you are not an egotist.

TWENTY-SECOND CONVERSATION.

November 12th, 190—.

Would you like to emigrate, Mr. Beresford?

No, Miss Buckland, I have no particular wish to emigrate, have you?

I have already emigrated once, and if ever I emigrate again it will be to Australia.

Really? And why to Australia?

Because it has a greater attraction for me than either North or South America.

But the climate must be very trying.

Yes, they say it is enervating, but it is quite free from miasma.

Is it?

Yes, there are no fevers there. And that is supposed to be the good result of the quantity of eucalyptus trees there are in Australia.

Well, when are you going to start?

Ah, you are anticipating a little. I do not know yet

whether I shall go or not, and you ask me when I shall start.

And what shall you do in Australia?

Why, make a fortune of course.

And how shall you make it?

Either in gold-digging or pearl-finding, or cattle-rearing or exportation.

But you are a woman, you cannot go gold-digging.

Ah, I had forgotten that I was a woman; then I am afraid I must change my method of making a fortune.

You must marry a rich squatter.

What is a squatter?

A squatter is one who leases pasture-land from the government in Australia or New Zealand.

It is a funny word.

Yes, it comes from the verb "to squat," which means to settle on new land without title.

But I thought squat meant "to sit down."

Yes, it also means to sit down, but it is not very elegant.

Well, you must marry a squatter, but a rich one.

The word does not attract me!

Never mind, the squatter will.

How naughty you are, Mr. Beresford!

Not at all.

TWENTY-THIRD CONVERSATION.

November 16th, 190—.

So you are back in your own home, Mrs. Nixon. Are you glad?

Yes, we are glad; after all "There is no place like home."

You have an English song called "Home, sweet home," have you not?

Yes, it is one of our national songs. We English worship our homes, it is quite an adoration with us.

And yet you are such great travellers.

Yes, but in travelling the English always compare all other nations and ways unfavourably with their own nation and their own ways.

Do you also?

Perhaps not so much, but the love of home is innate also in me; only I can adapt myself to circumstances, and I make my home wherever I am; often it consists of two rooms, but without those two rooms I could not exist.

Do you not like to live with other people?

In hotels, do you mean?

Yes, in hotels or in boarding-houses, for example.

No, when I have lived in a boarding-house I have suffered keenly from a sort of nostalgia for a home of my own—home-sickness, we call it.

You are not very sociable then.

No, I think I must be like some savages of whom I was reading, that they were too aggressive to live together, so they lead solitary lives.

But do you not feel lonely?

When my sister is away I feel a little lonely, but only if I have nothing to do, and that is a very rare occurrence.

Yes, you are always so busy, are you not?

Oh, I have hardly time to breathe!

If you were not so busy you would find it very dull to live such lonely lives.

Perhaps, but we have many resources in ourselves; my sister is a great reader and I am a scribbler, you know.

Oh, it is a great thing to have resources in one's-self! Then one can never be lonely.

Never, you are right. I say children should be taught a hobby, if they have none.

It is very difficult to find out in a child what will be his hobby later in life.

It is a great blessing when they have a natural taste for something.

TWENTY-FOURTH CONVERSATION.

November 19th, 190—.

Do you like old china, Miss Halley?

Oh, yes, I have quite a hobby for all old things.

Ah, you are an antiquary then?

No, not an antiquary, but I like antique china and antique furniture.

I also like old-fashioned furniture; old oak, for instance.

Oh, do not talk to me of old oak, or you will make me break the tenth commandment.

Which is the tenth commandment? I forget.

"Thou shalt not covet."

Oh, it is a hard commandment to keep.

Yes, all the commandments are hard to keep.

The world obeys the eleventh one best of all.

But there are not eleven commandments.

Oh, yes, but the eleventh is not of Divine origin.

And what may it be then?

Do not be found out.

Ah, that is a worldly injunction.

Yes, I warned you it was not of Divine origin.

Well, so you covet old oak, and what else do you covet?

Peace, I long for peace more than all else; and a great shady garden, where no one may enter.

Ah, that is being selfish, is it not?

Yes, very selfish. A garden all my own, with a wall all round, to keep out spectators.

Do you love flowers?

No, I do not love them; I adore them.

They are very grateful for one's love and care, are they not?

More grateful than human beings, are they not?

Perhaps. Humanity is ungrateful sometimes.

But what I love in a garden is not only the flowers, but the trees and the grass, and the birds.

You are not modest in your demands, you want an immense garden.

Yes, a garden with lawns and alleys, trees and birds and flowers.

And a park?

No, not a park, but with a big shrubbery at the end.

And will you invite me into your garden?

No, I shall not give garden-parties.

How selfish you are!

TWENTY-FIFTH CONVERSATION.

November 23rd, 190—.

When do you remove, Miss Watts?

Perhaps on Monday; I am not quite sure.

And are you glad to go away from here?

Yes, I am not sorry.

Is the new one a nice house?

Pretty nice; it is very tiny.

Is it on the ground-floor?

No, it is on the third storey.

Then you will have a lot of steps.

Yes, I am sorry that my pupils will have so many steps to climb.

Oh, we do not mind; we are young.

Yes, you are younger than I, but not all my pupils are younger than I, you know.

Do you dislike steps, Miss Watts?

I do not love them. They give me palpitation.

Do you suffer from palpitation?

Sometimes, when I am climbing steps, for instance.

Is your new house far from here?

Oh, no, it is quite near. Just over the way.

Will you give me the new address?

Yes, I will, and on Monday you will find me installed in my new home.

But if you remove on Monday I cannot come for my lesson; you will be busy.

You are right; then perhaps you will be so good as to come on Tuesday instead.

Certainly, if you wish it, or even later in the week; just as you like.

Oh, I shall be settled on Tuesday, I hope.

Well, I hope you will find your new house comfortable.

Thank you; I think I shall. The air is good, and I shall have the sun.

Ah, that is a good thing. The sun is a great friend, is he not?

Yes, our best friend on this earth.

We should do badly without him, should we not?

Indeed we should.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONVERSATION.

November 26th, 190—.

I have had a present of two ferns in pots.

What sorts of ferns?

Maidenhair. Do you like maidenhair?

Oh, yes, it is very pretty, but it wants a great deal of care.

How must one treat it, do you know?

It needs a great deal of moisture, and, of course, no sun.

No, it is a native of dark, dank dells, is it not?

Yes, but it needs a warm atmosphere.

Does it grow wild in England?

No, but we have spleenwort, a sort of wild maidenhair; and we have maidenhair in hot-houses.

You have beautiful hot-houses in England, haven't you?

Yes, we call them conservatories or greenhouses.

And orchid-houses, haven't you?

Yes, Mr. Chamberlain has beautiful orchid-houses.

He always wears an orchid in his button-hole.

Yes, and an eye-glass.

What a strong enterprising face he has!

Yes, he has an adventurous nose, has he not?

Is he old?

I have no idea how old he is.

He is a Tariff-Reformer, is he not?

Yes, a great Tariff-Reformer and Protectionist.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

November 30th, 190—.

What terrible weather we have had lately, have we not?

Yes, was it not a dreadful storm the other night?

Yes, not last night; the night before last.

Yes, it thundered and lightened all the night.

Not afraid, were you?

No, not afraid, but a little nervous. Thunder-storms always make me nervous. And every time I was just going off to sleep the thunder woke me.

A thunderbolt fell near our house.

Really? Was anyone hurt?

No, but it struck a beautiful copper-beech in our garden.

Do you think it is killed?

Yes, I am afraid it will not get over it.

What a pity! And they are so rare. I should be afraid to live amongst so many trees; you know they attract the lightning.

Yes, but we have lightning-conductors on the house.

Ah, then you are safer. Here in Naples there are so few houses which have lightning-rods.

There have been terrific storms in all parts of Italy.

Yes, so I read in the papers. And there was a city partly destroyed in Sicily, was there not?

Yes, there were about two hundred people killed.

Really? How did it happen?

A river overflowed its banks, and the town was inundated.

How terrible that there should be so many lives lost!

TWENTY-EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

December 5th, 190—.

Here we are in December. How cold it is!

Yes, it is very cold, but not so cold as it is in England, is it?

No, it is dreadfully cold in England in winter.

And it is damp, is it not?

Yes, it is very damp. I was obliged to leave England for that reason.

Do you like England, Canon Wright?

I like the country, but I do not like the town.

Really? And why?

Because they are too much like so many machines. England is a country of machines, you know.

London is very large, is it not?

Oh, it is immense. It is the largest city in the world, you know.

What is the population of London, Canon Wright?

I do not know what the last census gave, but upwards

of five millions of people of all nationalities.

And have you fine buildings in London?

Yes, interesting, very interesting, more than beautiful from an architectural point of view. The principal buildings are, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery, Kensington Museum and the British Museum, the Guildhall, the Bank, and the Royal Exchange.

And is the Thames as muddy as they say?

It is very black, but its bridges are very imposing ; it is spanned by twenty bridges, you know.

No, really? I did not know.

What I like the best in London are its parks.

Yes, I have read of Hyde Park.

And not only Hyde Park, but Regent's Park, Victoria Park, St. James', and the Green Park.

And what is Rotten Row?

It is a road in Hyde Park prepared especially for equestrians.

Ah, now I understand why they say "riding in the Row."

Yes, it is very jolly to ride in Hyde Park on a good mount in the spring and early summer.

It must be lovely!

If you ever come to London you must go riding in the Row.

TWENTY-NINTH CONVERSATION.

December 5th, 190—.

Are there many Socialists in Italy, Mr. Proctor?

Yes, many ; and particularly in the north. Did you not hear of the demonstration they made only a few days ago?

Where? In the Arcade?

No, I was speaking of the fuss they made in Milan.

Ah, I did not hear of it.

Do you not read the newspapers?

No, rarely ; I have no time to read the papers.

No? So you do not know how the world wags.

No, my ideas are very restricted, I assure you.

Oh, I could not live without my daily paper!

Nor I, if I had not so much to do. I think that to enjoy the newspapers one must never allow a day to pass without following the news.

Of course. If one loses the thread the interest ceases at once, in politics at least.

That is really the reason why I left off reading the English papers.

The English daily papers are immense; I found they were a day's work to read.

Certainly, if you read the "Times" you will not do much else. Do you write many letters?

Not now; I used to have an immense correspondence, but it has fallen off lately. I used to receive and write four or five epistles a-day.

It is delightful to receive letters, but not to write them.

I think it is more a woman's pastime than a man's, don't you?

Perhaps it is rather a feminine amusement.

I think men do not write many letters, do they?

No, their time is usually otherwise occupied.

It is a delightful art to be a good letter-writer, but it is a rare art.

And have you many friends?

Acquaintances—not friends. Friends are rarely to be found in this world. It is a great boon when one can find one real friend.

You are right. Friendship is a great boon!

I say friendship is the greatest thing in the world.

I thought love had that prerogative.

THIRTIETH CONVERSATION.

December 8th, 190—.

Have you any matches?

No, but I have some vestas.

And is not a vesta a match?

Yes, but a match is not always a vesta.

I do not quite understand you.

Vestas are wax-matches.

Ah, now I see. Perhaps it refers to Vesta, the goddess

of household fire and domestic life?

Precisely, it is a very good name for a match.

But match has another meaning, has it not?

It has many meanings; in sport it means a game or a contest. Then it means marriage, or a desirable person to be gained by marriage—a rich marriage. Then it also means an equal. For instance, these gloves are not a match.

Ah, I understand. Then you say in that sense: "Can you match me this stuff?"

Exactly. And we say that a man has found his match when we mean that his wife is his equal in intelligence and strength of character. A lawyer may find his match in his opponent at the bar, a naughty child may find his match in a strict tutor, one country may find its match in another country of equal military or naval force.

I think that English is a very idiomatic language, is it not?

Yes, it is full of idioms.

And the colloquial language is very different from the literary language, is it not?

As different as chalk from cheese.

I find that gentlefolks speak slang.

Just so, the young generation speaks nothing but slang.

But slang is difficult for us foreigners.

Yes, but it is not necessary to know slang to make one's-self understood.

Oh, I should hope not.

THIRTY-FIRST CONVERSATION.

December 12th, 190—.

I want your advice on a matter of great importance to me.

Well, what is it?

It is this: You know that I study, do you not? But no doubt you have noticed that it is in a desultory way without any fixed idea of what my future is to be.

Ah, that is a pity. The race for life is so hurried now-a-days, and competition so keen, that unless one begin

young, and work steadily, one soon finds one's-self hopelessly behind the times—out of the current, as it were.

But what shall I be?

Well, have you no choice of a profession?

I should like to be a doctor; but I fear I have not the nerve.

Oh, bother the nerve! That will come with habit.

But I nearly faint at the sight of blood.

Well, before seeing any blood, you must pass a good many examinations, and take your degree. Walking the hospitals is the last part of the medical course, I should imagine, is it not?

Yes, it comes last.

Medicine is a very noble profession. If I were a man, I should prefer it to Law.

I should rather like to be an officer.

A naval officer?

No, an army officer.

Would you like to be an engineer?

I fear I am not clever enough in mathematics.

Well, you must not lose time and you must tell me what you have chosen. Carlyle, a great English philosopher, says apropos of deciding what one should do with one's life:—"The hardest problem was ever this: To find by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one."

Ah, that is very true!

Yes, one's great aim must be not to make a mistake in one's choice. At sixteen one is master of one's destiny.

THIRTY-SECOND CONVERSATION.

December 15th, 190—.

Did you hear of the horrible murder in the High Street?
What murder?

Oh, it is really too horrible to imagine!

How dreadful! Who committed the murder?

It was a nurse, a young girl from the country.

Really? And what induced her to commit murder?

It seems she had been in this house for ten or twelve days as nurse, and her master and mistress had gone out visiting, so she seized the opportunity of stealing all the valuables that were in the house; and before doing so, she murdered another old servant-maid who was there.

Perhaps the other servant would have told of her.

Probably; who knows.

How ghastly! And she was quite a young girl, was she not?

Yes, quite young; it is almost incredible.

How many dreadful murders there are in these days, are there not?

Indeed there are; it makes me fear to have a new servant in the house.

One must be very careful whom one takes into one's house, must one not?

Indeed you are right. But I think this girl must have been mad, don't you?

Who knows? Mad certainly she was in one sense, but there was "method in her madness."

Yes, indeed.

THIRTY-THIRD CONVERSATION.

December 19th, 190—.

Can you make bargains, Miss Howie?

Oh, yes, I am a first-rate bargainer.

And what do you do? Do you go to the sales?

Yes, but I think the sales are rather a swindle.

Yes, I find one often buys what one doesn't want, just because it looks cheap.

Oh, I never buy what I do not want, but often these things you find at sales are really cheap articles, not good ones at a reduced price.

Do you think so?

Yes, indeed. They are manufactured for the purpose, and stuck up at sale price.

So you think it is better not to trust to the bargains one can make at sales?

Just so. My rule is: never buy what you don't want, and then buy the best you can find.

Then how can one make a bargain?

Well, it needs a little genius—this bargain-making. You may often get good things cheaper when they are no longer of the latest fashion.

But I hate old-fashioned clothes!

But I am speaking of stuffs. When one has taste one knows what stuffs are hopelessly out of fashion and which are quite manageable.

When I want to make a bargain, I will call for you to come with me.

Do, please.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONVERSATION.

December 22nd, 190—.

Good-morning. A happy Christmas!

A merry Christmas, Mrs. Hope, and a happy New Year! Have you any mistletoe in your house?

No, Doctor Horsfall, I have neither mistletoe nor holly this year, so it does not seem at all like Christmas to me.

Christmas is a merry season in England, is it not?

Ah, Christmas is lovely in old England! Our children hang up their stockings for Santa Claus, and our young folks go to balls and parties; our houses are decorated with evergreens, and holly and mistletoe are the order of the day, with accompanying kisses and laughter.

Do they still kiss under the mistletoe? When I was young they thought it great fun.

Yes, they kiss when they can catch a young lady under the mistletoe bough, but it is not a very easy task, you know. The young girls usually try to escape, or pretend to.

And do the ladies ever kiss the gentlemen?

Sometimes, but rarely; when the lady catches the gentleman under the mistletoe, the gentleman must send her a pair of gloves in recognition of the honour she has done him.

Did you ever earn a pair of gloves so, Mrs. Hope?

No, I am not so frivolous as that, Doctor Horsfall.

One never sees mistletoe in Naples, I think.
Yes, I have seen it sold in the streets.
I think it grows in Italy, but I am not sure. You know
it is a parasite found on the apple and on the oak.
Yes, it is an evergreen, is it not?
Yes, it is an evergreen like holly.

THIRTY-FIFTH CONVERSATION.

December 26th, 190—.

Good-evening, Sir William, and why is it you miss so many lessons?

I could not help it, I was busy.

Were you busy with business, or busy with pleasure?

A little of both perhaps, but I could not come.

You must not take the habit of missing your lessons, because, although I wish to replace them, I am not always able to do so.

Oh, it does not matter!

Yes it *does* matter; it matters very much.

Well, I promise you to be more regular in the future. With the New Year I will turn over a new leaf.

How is your book getting on, Sir William?

Slowly, unfortunately. I have not much inspiration, and when I get an inspiration, something prevents me from profiting by it.

That is a pity, is it not?

Yes, but at least I have begun another chapter.

What is it called?

"An evening walk."

That sounds sentimental. Has each chapter a heading?

Yes, each one has a heading.

And how many chapters will there be?

I suppose about fifty or sixty.

I should like to read your novel.

Thank you. I hope you will read it if it is ever published.

Oh, of course it will be published.

Publishing a book in England is not an easy task.

Have you no influence with any great editor?

Yes, but I wish my work to stand entirely on its own merit.

But often editors are very blind to the merits of a new work.

Unfortunately, often they will not deign to read one's manuscript.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONVERSATION.

December 29th, 190—.

Good-afternoon, my dear, how are you?

Very well, thank you.

Have you had many Christmas-cards this year?

Oh, yes, I have had one hundred and fifty, and mamma had seventy-five; that makes two hundred and twenty-five between us.

What a lot! And did you hang up your stockings on Christmas Eve?

Yes, and I had both stockings full.

Full of what?

Toys and sweets and a book and money and coal.

And coal?

Yes, and oh, I had forgotten, potatoes.

And why potatoes?

I will tell you if you don't understand. The toys and the sweets and all the nice things were for the days I had been good; and the coal and the potatoes were the presents for the days I had been naughty. Do you see?

Yes, indeed, I *do* see. I see that you are sometimes naughty. And do not the grown-up people have presents?

Yes, they have presents on the Christmas-tree.

Had you a Christmas-tree also?

Yes, a fir tree decorated with stars, and angels and glittering things and candles, red and blue and green and yellow and white, and then covered with presents.

And why did you not invite me?

You are too old to come.

Oh, I don't see that at all. Why am I too old to have a present?

No, not too old to have a present, but too old to be

invited to a children's party.

Am I older than Father Christmas?

Ah, no, but he brings the presents; he does not receive them. He comes with a big sack on his back.

Well, good-bye, little maid; a happy New Year!

A happy New Year, Doctor!

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

January 2nd, 190—

A happy New Year, Mrs. Somerville!

Thank you, Miss Broadfoot, a happy one to you also. How time flies on! It seems only the other day since I was wishing you a happy New Year a year ago.

Ah, yes, don't you remember the little song:—

“Time flies on, time flies on,
Buy your apples before they're gone,
Yesterday's fled, to-morrow is near,
So make the most of the day that's here.”

What a sweet voice you have!

Used to have, you should say. It is a mere shadow of a voice now.

But a very pure soprano, and so sweet!

No, really, I am mezzo-soprano. I cannot take the highest notes.

Really! I should have said you could have sung A sharp beautifully.

Oh, no, quite on the contrary. I cannot take A natural even. G sharp is my highest note. Do you sing, Mrs. Somerville?

Yes, but down in my boots. I am a deep contralto, you know.

I should love to hear you sing. I am a great admirer of contraltos; I think they are so rich and melodious.

Did you hear Rose Madders in the oratorio the other day?

Yes, but she cannot sing; she was flat half the time.

Well, I said so, and nobody would agree with me.

She was horribly flat, my dear.

At any rate she was not in good form, and she seemed

quite nervous. I thought she would break down.

I was terribly disappointed. They had told me so much about this splendid contralto who was to sing in the "Messiah," and I expected something extra.

No, she is nothing extra, certainly. Have you heard Albani in the "Creation"?

Ah, she is divine! She is like a nightingale. When she sings: "And cooing dove," she is perfectly sublime.

Yes, she actually cooes like a dove; it is a treat to hear her, she takes the highest notes with such ease, as if it were nothing; there is never the shadow of a scream, but always so rich and clear.

Ah, she is splendid, simply splendid!

THIRTY-EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

January 5th, 190—.

Are you not afraid of the smallpox, Miss Lechmere? There were ten cases reported in the papers this morning.

Oh, dreadfully; I cannot tell you half the fear I have of this horrible disease.

Have you been re-vaccinated?

Yes, I went to be vaccinated yesterday, and my doctor told me that he had vaccinated fifty people the day before.

Well, I am more afraid of vaccination than of smallpox.

Really? And why?

I am afraid of being inoculated with bad vaccine, and getting some awful germs into my system.

Oh, but I think they are very particular about the lymph they use, are they not?

Well, I think it is dangerous to use the virus of one disease to mitigate another.

I cannot say whether I believe in vaccination or not, since I really do not understand it. I have a faint idea that the theory of vaccination is founded on the idea of two negatives making an affirmative, is it not?

Yes, they inoculate with the cowpox in order to prevent an attack of smallpox.

And do the poor cows get something like smallpox?

I suppose so; it makes me afraid of drinking milk.

Oh, if you believe in microbes, you may be afraid of everything.

I have a horror of microbes—a positive horror!

Oh, don't be so silly! You will make your life a burden if you get microbes upon the brain.

I have them on my brain already; I am always disinfecting.

What nonsense!

No, it is not at all nonsense. I think it is quite wicked not to do all in one's power to prevent disease.

Then you must be vaccinated.

Yes, of course I must; but all the same I am afraid of it.

We are all vaccinated, every one of us at home.

And did it make you ill?

Oh, mine did not take.

Then you must be vaccinated again.

I have been inoculated twice, my dear, and it did not take even the second time.

Perhaps the lymph was not good?

Oh, yes, it was good, but I had no need of it, so it did not take.

Happy mortal!

Yes, I am glad I have got it over so easily.

I wish I had got it over.

Well, do not put it off until it is too late.

THIRTY-NINTH CONVERSATION.

January 9th, 190—.

Does not money go everywhere, Lady Mary?

Almost, and with good reason. For although there are many exceptions, rich people are commonly altogether the most agreeable companions.

Yes, I say so. The influence of a fine house, graceful furniture, good libraries, well-ordered tables, trim servants, and above all, of a position so secure that one becomes unconscious of it, gives a harmony and refinement to the character and manners which we feel even if we cannot explain their charm.

Ah, you are right, Sir Henry, you are right, money is the greatest thing in the world.

Well, we get at the reason of it by thinking a little: All these appliances which money gives are to shield the sensibility from disagreeable contacts, and to soothe it by very natural and artificial influences.

There you sound paradoxical—natural and artificial!

Yes, natural and artificial influences; they *are* artificial, but to the rich they come as second nature; use is second nature, you know. In this way the mind, the taste, the feelings grow delicate, just as the hands grow soft when saved from toil and encased in soft gloves.

Ah, yes, money goes a long way. It subdues the roughest nature into suavity!

Well, Lady Mary, I confess I like the quality-ladies better than the common kind even of literary ones. They haven't read the last book, perhaps, but they attend better to you when you are talking to them. If they are never learned, they make up for it in elegance.

So we will say that money has its softening influence, but it needs the aid of time. And what do you think of the blue-stockings?

Oh, may the Lord preserve us from blue-stockings! They cannot compare with the womanly women.

So you think there is less self-assertion in diamonds than in dogmas?

I should think I do!

I am relieved to hear you say so; I feared we old-fashioned elegant women were getting out of date in England.

FORTIETH CONVERSATION.

January 12th, 190—.

What were your impressions on first going to Naples, Miss Courtney?

Oh, I felt as if I had found myself in a huge charity bazaar.

And why?

Because the aspect of the town to a northerner is that

of a bazaar. It does not seem real or serious. One sees the women ironing in the streets, or having their hair done in the open air, all their houses are open to the inspection of the passer-by; the shoemaker or the tailor has his work-table on the pavement, the urchins lie round in idle play, and the gaily-decorated stalls seem to be parts of a show.

And did the town not strike you as being very dirty?

No, the dirt did not strike me particularly, even in the beginning, and now it has ceased to make any impression upon me.

It is a fact that the squalor vanishes after a few months' sojourn in Naples.

But I think the Neapolitans are more disorderly than dirty. The women are certainly cleaner than the women of our great towns in England; but they are disorderly—terribly disorderly.

You are speaking, of course, of the poor.

I am speaking of the populace in their own homes.

And what else struck you on your arrival here?

Oh, what strikes everyone, the rich colour of the sky and sea and of the fruits—everything, in fact, even the tumble-down houses take a richer hue than they do in our country.

Ah, yes, England is a land of sombre colours, is it not?

It is quite different, you know; it is very beautiful, but its tints are much more sober.

But the people are not sober, are they?

At, now you are naughty, Colonel Kerr. It is the climate which makes the English drink spirits; they feel the lack of warmth and gaiety and they make up for it artificially.

Oh, I am not a teetotaller, but I am struck by the entire absence of drunkenness in Italy. It is wonderful.

It would surprise many English people.

Yes, indeed it would.

FORTY-FIRST CONVERSATION.

January 16th, 190—.

English etiquette is very strict, is it not, Mrs. Belmore?

Yes, we have rather severe ideas of etiquette. I shall never forget the look of horror and astonishment I once saw upon the face of an English lady talking to a foreign ambassadress. The latter, thoroughly well-bred according to native ideas, had admired the former's dress, and touching one of the silk flounces delicately enough, she inquired: "How much did it cost a yard?"

And why should she not do so? Such questions are common enough on the Continent, and we see no harm in them. Is it any way detrimental to tell how much we paid for our clothes?

Well, we must respect the prejudice, though, in fact, it is a vulgar one. We English have a false pride on matters connected, however slightly, with money, and even to mention that most necessary article is considered as bad breeding in our country.

But it is well-known that Englishmen respect nothing so much as money, why should they be ashamed to speak of it?

Yes, money and their private affairs. I think they respect their private affairs even more than actual money. In England you might as well ask a stranger for a five pound note as inquire what he was travelling for, what his rent was, or what were the names of his six children or of his wife. But England is an exception, and a foreigner believes that he does himself no harm by telling you his family history at first sight.

No, now you are exaggerating; we do not confide our secrets to the first-comer; that is false!

Well, perhaps; but in England it is a gross impertinence to put curious questions to a person of whom you know little, whilst it is reserved for the closest intimacy to inquire as to private means or personal motives.

But it is very ridiculous in an Englishman abroad to take offence at questions, and consider as an impertinence what is only meant as a friendly advance to nearer acquaintance.

Yes, I quite agree with you there.

FORTY-SECOND CONVERSATION.

January 19th, 190—.

Why, it is Leap-year this year; then I shall get married. And how is that?

Why, don't you know that young ladies are allowed to propose in Leap-year?

I did not remember that fact, and whom are you going to propose to?

Oh, to some one who will marry me and let me do as I like.

Nobody will do that.

And why not? Do you not remember Angelica in the "Heavenly Twins"? She proposed to a gentleman, and married him on the stipulation that he should let her do as she liked.

Yes, but Angelica lived in a novel, not in real life.

But she lived in a realistic novel, and I have a great admiration for her audacity, and mean to follow her example.

And why do you admire the heroine of the "Heavenly Twins"?

Because she was so charmingly naughty, and so refreshingly original.

Yes, so her poor husband found out. Do you remember the incident of the dogs?

No, I forget.

She set all the dogs running races in the hall as a distraction for her husband who wished to study, and when he protested, she made her violin emit such unearthly noises that the would-be student was obliged to renounce his work, and beg her to desist.

She ought to have been whipped and sent to bed, but she would have had the puppies put to bed also, so her husband knew that severity was of no use.

But did she propose in Leap-year?

No, but I shall.

Well, I wish you success in your suit.

FORTY-THIRD CONVERSATION.

January 23rd, 190—.

Good-morning, Mr. Holland, I am suffering dreadfully with my teeth. Will you be so kind as to see what is the matter?

Where does it ache?

They all ache.

Yes, but where does it ache particularly?

On this side. It seems to me that all the upper teeth are aching on this side.

Does it hurt you here?

Yes, dreadfully.

This tooth is decayed—very much decayed.

But is there only one tooth decayed?

Only one apparently. I will examine your mouth more minutely by-and-by. Ah, here is another hole in this double-tooth, but this can be filled.

And cannot the other one be filled?

I am afraid it is too far gone.

And must I have it drawn?

Yes, I fear you must have it out.

And will it hurt?

We can give you gas, if you fear the pain.

Oh, no, I cannot take anæsthetics because of my heart.

Do you suffer with your heart?

Yes, that is the trouble.

Well, I shall not hurt you much; you will hardly feel it.

Oh, of course you will hurt me!

No, really; I shall inject cocaine and then the pain is very slight.

Really? But it is a dreadful tooth, and it is in such a terrible condition.

Yes, it is very much decayed at the root. I fear we must pull it out at once.

Are you sure you will not hurt me very much?

I assure you that you will hardly feel it at all.

Well, I certainly cannot continue to suffer as I am suffering now.

No, of course not, and if you could even bear the pain this tooth would soon infect the other teeth.

Well, I will pluck up courage, but tell me when you are going to hurt me. I can bear it better if you tell me when you are going to pull.

FORTY-FOURTH CONVERSATION.

January 26th, 190—.

Well, what is the matter with you, young man?

Asthma, Doctor; I have had a most severe attack. I was unable to lie down at all last night, and I have such difficulty in breathing.

I see, I see; you are wheezing pretty hard, too, this morning. You find it more difficult to exhale than to inhale, don't you?

Yes, and the spasm is terrible.

Do you find that the atmosphere of this place does not suit you?

Certainly not; when I was in Naples I had hardly any difficulty in breathing, but since I have been back in Florence I am never a week without an attack.

Ah, yes, it is a spasmodic affection of the smaller bronchial tubes. We must regulate the diet and improve the digestion, asthma depends greatly on a derangement of the digestive organs, but if this continues we must get you away to a milder atmosphere.

Ah, what a spasm!

Poor fellow! For the present I will give you a few drops of chloroform on a handkerchief to inhale; it gives great relief. Have you ever smoked stramonium?

No, I usually inhale the fumes of blotting-paper which has been saturated in nitre and dried; I always fumigate my room at night before going to bed.

Well, you must rub your chest with a liniment of belladonna and camphor; I think it will relieve you, and you must attend to your digestion.

Thank you for coming so promptly.

I will write you a prescription.

Please do ; you will find paper and ink on the writing-table near the window.

Thanks, don't disturb yourself, I shall find all I want.

FORTY-FIFTH CONVERSATION.

January 30th, 190—.

Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Forbes, on your engagement ; we are all quite delighted to hear of it.

Thank you, you approve of my choice, do you not ?

Oh, entirely ; you are going to marry the sweetest girl in the place !

Ah, you are fond of Edith then ?

Why, she is one of our dearest friends ; a sweet girl, she will make you a perfectly charming wife.

I am not half worthy of such a dear girl, you know.

Oh, do not fish for compliments, for you will not get any.

No, I am not fishing for compliments, but really, in comparison with Edith, I am nothing.

That is quite a right frame of mind for a bridegroom elect. And when is the happy day to be ?

It is not fixed yet, but quite soon, early in the spring.

The sooner the better, long engagements are dangerous things. "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," you know.

Oh, do not say so, please.

Oh, generally speaking, I mean. Of course there will be no slip in your case, old fellow, don't be alarmed.

I am so nervous, I do not know myself.

Well, you must hasten the wedding on, and don't forget to send us some wedding-cake.

Of course not.

And before long, mind.

I wish it were to-morrow.

Who is to be your groomsman ?

A University chum of mine, a splendid fellow, who was Senior Wrangler last year.

Ah, a don !

Yes, it's awfully good of him, he comes down at the end of the week to make Edith's acquaintance.

And will you introduce him to us?

I should be too happy to do so.

We should be awfully glad to know the Senior Wrangler.

All right, I'll introduce you.

FORTY-SIXTH CONVERSATION.

February 1st, 190—.

I have called you in, Doctor, for my daughter, whose condition has alarmed us of late. Her symptoms seem to point to consumption, but we wish you to treat the matter lightly in her presence.

Of course, of course, I will treat the matter casually before her. But at the same time I must, of course, sound her chest.

Oh, yes, we wish you to examine her thoroughly, as so much depends on your diagnosis.

When, precisely, did you observe any alarming symptoms, Mrs. Hays?

Oh, as far as I remember, she began to cough in November, and now it is February; she has been coughing off and on for nearly three months.

And is there copious expectoration?

Yes, she tries to hide it, but I have noticed that she spits very much in the morning.

And have you noticed the nature of this expectoration; is it frothy?

I think so, but I am not sure.

Oh, if it is frothy, that is a good sign. You have never noticed any streaks of blood, have you?

Oh no, happily, not that.

After I have examined your daughter, I must, of course, examine the expectoration; that is, if I find any serious symptoms.

Shall I call her?

In a moment. First, I should like you to tell me, Mrs. Hays, of what disease her father died.

My husband died of slow consumption, and that is why we are so terribly anxious about our girl.

Oh, very probably there is no reason to be anxious. Consumption is not actually hereditary, you know. The great point is to strengthen the organism, so that each individual cell composing that organism may be rendered capable of exercising its powers to the full, and so resist the microbes which are attacking it.

Oh, but I trust you will find it is nothing but catarrh!

I expect I shall. Has your daughter wasted at all during these last months?

Yes, she has become very thin, almost emaciated.

And does she perspire at all at night?

Yes, she perspires so in the night!

Ah, is that so? And is there any loss of voice?

Sometimes. Her voice sounds hollow and far off.

That depends on the condition of the mucous membrane of the larynx. By-the-bye, Mrs. Hays, does she wear flannel next the skin?

Oh, yes, I always insist upon that.

Well, now, I should like to examine the young lady.

And I beg you not to alarm her, Doctor; she is very sensitive on the subject of this cough.

Oh, certainly not. I will examine her quite casually.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

February 4th, 190—.

Do you believe in Spiritualism, Mr. Plunkett?

That depends on what you call spiritualism; I believe in a spiritual part of us as distinct from the material part.

But do you believe that we may converse with spirits?

No, I doubt it. I think it is very improbable that a spirit once released from earthly bonds will return to hold converse with its former earth-bound companions.

And how do you account for the phenomena, table-turning and the rest?

I do not seek to account for them. I consider the yearning of humanity for the supernatural, even for the pseudo-supernatural, as pathetic as it is profound.

And do you deny telepathy?

Oh, no, I think the truly scientific mind denies nothing;

besides I am tempted to believe in telepathy, although I have not yet met with any convincing instance of it, but I should not dream of calling it supernatural.

And what would you call it then?

A power as yet unknown to us, a science in its infancy. I should imagine that there may exist some power of transmitting thought, but the phenomena seem so rare and irregular as to elude attestation and classification.

Oh, I believe that before long it will be possible to telegraph without fees, and to put a psychical girdle round the earth in twenty seconds.

And by that time the Supernatural will have become as natural as anything else.

Ah, you are sceptical, I see; I do not think you would believe in anything you cannot explain by rule.

Well, I think the scientific observer is not entitled to call in the supernatural until he has exhausted every natural hypothesis.

Well, tell me scientifically, what moves the table in table-turning?

Well, the slightest exercise of the finger or wrist muscles is sufficient to move the small light round table which is usually the subject of experiment, and when once the movement is established—by the involuntary contraction of a single muscle—all the other persons' muscles, in accommodating themselves to the movement of the table, cannot help helping it, either by pushing or pulling in the direction in which it is going.

Then you accuse everybody of deliberate cheating?

No, not deliberate cheating, unconscious cheating. It is almost impossible to follow the movement of a moving table and yet keep your superimposed hands perfectly passive; and with ninety-nine persons out of a hundred the startled interest in the movements begets an unconscious desire to help it, which at times almost rises to a curious semi-conscious self-deception, a voluntary exaggeration of the marvellous.

Ah, now you are going into psychology!

Well, and I assure you that all the deepest analyses of scientific psychology are involved in this wretched little

episode of table-turning; and it is not marvellous that the ordinary observer should perceive only the marvellous. The whole thing is really an excellent object-lesson in Psychology.

But do you deny that the table answers questions, and answers them correctly?

No, the table being unconscious, you answer yourself—you not only produce the raps and movements, but you regulate them. Every state of mind tends to set up a nervous vibration, and every nervous vibration tends to set up a state of mind, you know.

Oh, you are incredulous, quite incredulous!

And you are infatuated with your tables, quite infatuated!

Well, we will not quarrel about spirits, they might be offended.

Yes, they have a trick of getting offended.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

February 8th, 190—.

Was Shakespeare ever in Italy, do you think?

It is a matter of conjecture. Modern critics are inclined to believe that he was, but they have no proofs, and can only base their theories upon his works.

And are there any proofs to be found in his works in favour of such a hypothesis?

Certainly, there are evidences of a strong Italian influence. More than a hundred names in his repertory are Italian, more than half his scenes are laid in Italy, and certainly more than half his soul is there.

Yes, one feels that he must have seen the cities of Northern Italy, else how could he describe the ramparts of Verona, the palaces of Mantua, the churches of Milan, the Rialto of Venice?

And not only is he acquainted with these edifices but the mysterious spirit of the land breathes from his pages. The nostalgia for Italian skies, the gliding gondola on the lagunes of Venice, the ladder leading to Juliet's balcony in the warm summer night, which begins with the song of

the nightingale and closes with the song of the lark, it is all intensely un-English—all essentially Italian.

One knows so little of Shakespeare's life, yet it seems probable that he travelled in Italy, in some company of players for a short six months perhaps.

In Northern Italy, in that fertile Lombardy—the pleasant garden of great Italy—washed by the river Poe, landing at Genoa, and following the river to the sea, by Milan, Parma, Mantua, Verona, Padua and Venice, such is the hypothesis of all intelligent students of Shakespeare.

It is hard to imagine the contrary, that is the genius of a Shakespeare, alone, in London, creating under its sombre sky, the atmosphere, the decoration, the surroundings of the cities and gardens of Italy.

But there exists no proof, absolutely none, that he was ever in Italy; no document, no fact, no allusion, nothing except the works of the poet, which we invoke as an indication.

What strikes me most is that when he speaks of Rome or Naples or Sicily one feels that he knows them only as names in a geography book, but that he has never seen them, does not know their colouring or their life, whereas in the "Merchant of Venice," the colouring is vivid, the description life-like, and one feels that the author saw with his own eyes the Venice he describes.

Ah, yes, there is an undeniable and surprising knowledge, a sense of admiration for the art, and an astonishing comprehension of Italian life and manners, an easiness and grace in describing the habits, gesture and wit, a naturalness in depicting the life and sentiments of the Italian, which is utterly lacking when he describes France or Denmark, countries which he evidently never trod.

In the "Merchant of Venice" and in "Othello" his art attains a degree of perfection and a brilliancy which the critics of all countries must applaud.

Undoubtedly.

FORTY-NINTH CONVERSATION.

February 11th, 190—.

What a nasty smell there is in this room! What can it be?

Oh, do you think it is a nasty smell? I think it a delicious smell.

What is it? It is so pungent!

It is the smell of poppies. I like them.

Oh, it is a poisonous, deathly smell; you cannot call it pleasant.

No, not exactly pleasant, but so powerful; I like strong scents. For instance, I like the smell of chrysanthemums and tuberose and magnolias.

But chrysanthemums have a disagreeable scent; they are churchyard flowers, and tuberose and magnolias are too strong for rooms.

Oh, I love them! I like a room to be heavily-laden with perfume.

How sensuous you are! And does it not give you a head-ache to have such strong odours about you?

No, I live on them.

But they are very bad for you. All scents are noxious.

Yes, I suppose they are a little enervating, but they seem to do me good.

They seem to do you good, but it is a fictitious good. Women should not indulge in scents. They are like tobacco, hurtful when used to excess. Do you smoke?

Half a cigarette sometimes when I am desperately lonely.

Smoking is the vice of solitude, is it not? But I do not like to see a woman smoke; it is ugly in a woman.

Oh, I do not see that; perhaps it is better not to cultivate such a habit because it is hurtful. Women are beginning to smoke, you know, even in proper England.

Are they really? Well, England is not so particular as she used to be.

Oh, well, smoking is a trifle.

FIFTIETH CONVERSATION.

February 15th, 190—.

To-morrow will be Shrove Tuesday. What do you do on Shrove Tuesday in England?

We eat a peculiar kind of sweet called pancakes.

And does everybody eat pancakes?

I believe they are supposed to on Shrove Tuesday.

How funny! Are they good?

They are excellent when they are well made.

And how are they made?

Well, I have not much culinary genius, but I think they are made of flour and eggs and milk and sugar beaten together and fried in a frying-pan. That is why they are called pancakes—cakes made in a pan.

Ah, I see. And what is the origin of the word "shrove." What does "shrove" mean?

"Shrove" is the past imperfect of "to shrive." It was formerly customary in England, on this day, for the people to confess their sins to their parish priests, after which they dined on pancakes, and the occasion became one of merriment. The bell rung on this day is popularly called "Pancake Bell," and the day itself "Pancake Tuesday."

And what do you do on Ash Wednesday?

Ash Wednesday is a holiday for everyone in England; most people go to church, and keep it as a solemn day of prayer.

Yes, it is the first day of Lent. After that there are forty days until Easter.

Do you like the feast of Easter?

So much; I think it is the most beautiful festival of the religious year, don't you?

Yes, perhaps; but I think I prefer Christmas.

Perhaps I love Eastertide more because it falls in the spring, and life seems full of hope then.

Yes, that is true. Is spring a nice season in England?

Yes, spring in England is ideal; we have so many spring flowers, primroses, snowdrops, hyacinths, tulips, narcissi, etc.

Spring is longer in your country than in ours, is it not?
Oh, yes, spring and autumn are much longer in England than in Italy.

FIFTY-FIRST CONVERSATION.

February 18th, 190—.

What a nice volume of Browning you have! Is it a complete edition?

Yes, it is the best complete edition of his works, I believe, and it has excellent notes by a certain Dr. Berdoe.

Oh, how delightful! Do you know I am as bad as Mr. Gladstone was for interpreting Browning. I find him quite incomprehensible.

That is a pity. But did Gladstone really find him obscure?

Oh, rather! Don't you know what he said of Browning's "Sordello"? He said there were only two lines in the whole poem which were comprehensible, and one of them was a lie.

And which lines were those?

The first and the last:

"Who will, may hear Sordello's story told," and

"Who would has heard Sordello's story told."

And the latter, I suppose, was the lie?

Yes, because Gladstone said that when you had read the poem through you knew no more about Sordello than before you had begun it.

Oh, I consider it is almost his profoundest psychological work. I utterly disagree with those who protest that Browning is obscure. He is difficult, of course, very difficult to understand, and he never helps the reader; he throws things at him, and lets him find out for himself what he means, but in his rough gnarled sentences there is almost always hidden a gem of thought.

But it is such tense intellectual work to follow him; I get quite dizzy with the effort.

Yes, he is undoubtedly difficult. He is too much of his

century to be simple ; he loves difficult situations and intricate cases of conscience.

And do his phrases not irritate you? His language reads so harshly, it lacks the music of true poetry.

Ah, you remind me of a lady friend of Browning's ; she said that when she read poetry she wanted to be soothed and delighted as though she were burying her nose in a bouquet of roses, but that the Browningites wanted her to bury her nose in a bouquet of thistles.

Yes, that is just my impression, and I object to so much theology under the guise of poetry. I could respect him as a frank theologian, if he had the grace to write his theology in prose. I always think of what Carlyle says that "Whatsoever is not sung is properly no Poem, but a piece of prose cramped into jingling lines."

Oh, I don't think you can accuse Browning of jingling !

No, but of halting, and stumbling, and hammering and cracking ; nothing goes smoothly—nothing goes musically.

Yes, I own his style is very rough ; I don't always like it myself. I sometimes feel one can hardly call him a poet ; he is a philosopher and a scientist, and I love his philosophy and his science.

No, call him a theologian, not a philosopher.

Well, he is both.

By-the-bye, is it true he was a spiritualist?

No, he didn't like Spiritualism at all. I read a lovely story of a seance which was held at Browning's house, and the spirit was asked what it was going to do next, and it replied : "I am going to crown the greatest living poet," and forthwith a lovely wreath of flowers descended upon the head of Mrs. Browning ! Browning never liked Spiritualism after that, and that very night, a lady, who lived next door, heard a violent wrangle going on between the poet and his wife, the husband declaring he would have no more mediums in his house.

Oh, I like that story ; it shows his human side after all, doesn't it?

Yes, I enjoyed that story myself. I always tell it when people accuse Browning of not being a poet.

FIFTY-SECOND CONVERSATION.

February 22nd, 190—.

I have called you in, Doctor, because I have read your book on nervous exhaustion, and I am very anxious about certain symptoms of insanity which have manifested themselves lately in me.

Insanity? What nonsense! But tell me exactly what you feel.

It is difficult for me to tell you what I feel, but I am sure that my mind is becoming unhinged.

Why, my dear young lady, if your mind were unhinged, you would not now be sitting in judgment upon yourself. Come, let us see what is the matter. Do you suffer from sleeplessness?

Oh, no, I sleep profoundly; but if anything interrupts my rest, the following day I am nearly crazy. And although I am not sleepless, I am terribly restless.

What do you mean by restless?

I mean that I cannot remain calmly at one occupation or at one place. I wander from room to room, and from chair to chair; I sometimes try to read, and cannot keep my attention fixed; then I try to write, with the same result. I lie down, and feel an immediate urgent desire to get up again. I go out for a walk, and feel as if someone were hurrying me home again. I dress, and feel as if I should die unless I immediately undress again. It is all one long unrest.

And is your sleep calm?

I often have nightmare, and I go over in the night all I have done in the daytime.

Overstrung nerves, the curse of these modern days!

And then my mental capabilities are becoming undermined. I have entirely lost my memory; I cannot recollect the simplest fact, I cannot perform the simplest arithmetical operation, nor think clearly. When I read a book I have not the faintest idea of its contents, and I am so wearied of this perpetual unrest.

Tell me, Miss Seymour, have you any particular fear of anything?

No, I have never been afraid, except of people.

Well, that is rather a large order in the way of fear; you feel afraid of seeing people perhaps, strange faces, for instance?

No, you will laugh at me but I am afraid of the door.

Oh dear! Tell me now what the door has done to you?

It is a sort of suspicion that someone is lurking behind the door and is just going to come into the room where I am. It interrupts my reading, it prevents my resting, it is quite the terror of my life.

And do you feel the same fear of the door at night in your bedroom?

Oh, no, once I have retired for the night and I know that no one will knock at my door, I am all right. The door is then my friend, for it cuts off all communication with people.

But to have such an invincible fear of people you must have suffered through them in the past.

Oh, no, but I am nervous about their approach; when once they have entered my presence and sat down, I do not feel afraid of them.

Have you had any moral trouble lately? Any great mental shock?

Well, I have had trouble—I am never without trouble, but I have had no particular shock.

And do you suffer from irritability of temper or despondency at all?

Oh, yes, life does not seem worth living, and I am so worked up that often I can hardly restrain myself from some rash act.

Nonsense! You need change. Your mind is always running in the same groove, and you are labouring under illusions with regard to yourself. Tell me, have you any peculiar proclivity to emotion; do you laugh or cry at all?

No, I cannot weep. If I could only weep it would relieve me, but I cannot.

Are your relatives sympathetic with you?

No, they do not believe in my sufferings. They believe me to be hysterical, and although they do not mean to be so they are enemies to my recovery.

Well, it is difficult for them to sympathise, only a medical man can really sympathise in these cases. You labour under illusions, my dear, and they labour under delusions. But what I want to impress upon you is that your mind is really sound. If not, you could never have made such pertinent remarks upon your own state. This shrinking from society is a modern malady which we call anthropophobia; and the cause of it is excessive nervousness, probably due to some organic lesion. So now if you will be so good as to undress, I will examine you.

FIFTY-THIRD CONVERSATION.

February 25th, 190—.

Can you help me in a difficulty, Mr. Forbes? Who said these words: "Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness"?

Why, Carlyle, of course; it is one of those celebrated phrases which have become part of our current coin.

Oh, I thought it must be Carlyle's, but I could not find it.

You will find it in "Sartor Resartus," in the chapter on unbelief, "The Everlasting No."

Oh, I would rather you found it for me, please; all I know of Carlyle is that he was celebrated for indigestion.

Oh, do not make fun of his indigestion; it was a very serious affair with him.

Yes, I know; and his detractors say that dyspepsy was the cause of his writing "Sartor." But had he always indigestion?

Yes, it was a lifelong ailment. Did you never hear how he came by it?

No, do tell me!

He tells us himself that: "The Voice" came to him saying, "Arise, and settle the problem of thy life!" But you must know that Carlyle had been destined by his father to be a minister of the Scottish Church; however, he did not feel at all sure that he believed the doctrines of his father's kirk, and he felt that he must settle it. So he entered his chamber, and closed the door, and around

him, he says, "there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery and Scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Whether I ate, I know not; whether I slept I know not; I only know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement, called a stomach; and I have never been free from that knowledge from that hour to this, and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave."

Why, you know it by heart! I did not know you were such a great admirer of Carlyle's.

Oh, yes, and I think it was very characteristic of the author of *Teufelsdröckh* to grapple so promptly and valiantly with the problem of his life, don't you?

Yes, I suppose it could never have been a little matter to such a man to decide what he was to become. He is your favourite philosopher, is he not?

Oh, yes, he is my prophet. The reading of his "*Sartor Resartus*" was a great stimulus to me in my youth, a great event, I may say, perhaps the greatest event in my life. What book written since has such vigour, such originality? Where can one find such a passionate love of truth and reality as lies under that mask of satire, humour and banter? Man speaks under the disguise of *Teufelsdröckh*, powerfully assaulting the shams and dead conventions of the age, denouncing our idle aristocracies, the folly of war, the futility of dilettantism, powerfully proclaiming the nobility of work.

He is scorchingly sarcastic, is he not?

Well, I do not call his satire unkindly, and there is much humour as well as satire in his works. No doubt he is fantastic in some of his notions, and some of his expressions are repulsive; but have you not read him?

Yes, I have read some of his works, but they are too full of nasty missiles with which he pelts society; he seems at war both with the world and with himself; then his style is so crabbed; foreigners, for instance, simply cannot understand him.

I dare say not; he deliberately wrote in what, for practical purposes, is a local, or rather personal dialect, and thus deprived himself of that world-wide and European influence which belongs to such men as Ruskin and Spencer.

Yes, I believe he deliberately cultivated a style which made him unintelligible to all non-English speaking readers, and intelligible to only a very select and cultivated body even of them. I confess I cannot follow him always. There is such peculiarity in his phraseology, such startling inversions, such complete contrasts to every known mode of expression. I stick to the theory of bile being the fount of all his quarrels with the world. He quarrelled with his wife, too, did he not?

There were discords from time to time in his private life, I believe, but what we have to do with, is the teaching he has left us.

What would you say precisely is the teaching he has left us, except a general quarrel with his fellows?

You are irreverent towards Carlyle, really irreverent.

Well, what would you say is the essence of his teaching?

Throughout his life Carlyle held by the central truth that real advancement can be secured only by development of the individual. His work as a writer was to teach men to live vigorous lives. "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom," he taught in his "*Sartor Resartus*." His broadest sympathy was with individual men, whatever their type of thought, who had known themselves, and the purpose of their lives, had worked their will, and risen high above the servile crowd of imitators who reproduce dead forms of life, and are what Carlyle calls, "Apes of the Dead Sea."

It was said of him by Mazzini, that he comprehended only the individual; the true sense of the unity of the human race escaped him.

Well, and it was true to a certain extent. He looked at every man as the representative, the incarnation in a manner, of an idea, but perhaps he could not realise a supreme idea represented progressively by the development of mankind taken as a whole. But is it not enough

for one man to uphold firmly throughout life one vital truth?

Yes, indeed, it is. Well, I shall study his "Sartor Resartus" well.

All the voices out of the depths of his soul are there. He who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONVERSATION.

February 29th, 190—.

Good morning, Mrs. Swaffield; we have just heard of your little boy's escape from drowning at the Lido, and I ran over to tell you how awfully sorry we were about it; it must have been a dreadful fright for you.

Yes, it was awful. I have not yet quite got over the shock, and every night I dream that I hear his screams.

But how did it happen?

Well, we were bathing at the Lido, Wilfrid, Hilda and I; and Wilfrid, you must know, cannot swim, nor can Hilda, and even I cannot keep up long, because I get short of breath. It was a very rough sea, and I did not half like letting them bathe, but they begged so hard, that I gave in, and we enjoyed it immensely at first, because the waves were such fun.

And what happened? Did the waves knock him over?

No, we were all right, laughing and playing together, when, somehow, Wilfrid got out at a little distance from me, and I heard a half-smothered cry for help. I looked at him, and found he was drowning.

And what did you do?

Well, I did not attempt to go to him, because I knew I could do nothing; so I called one of the boatmen who were near, and kept calling out to my little boy not to be afraid.

But how could he be drowning in shallow water?

Ah, he was not in shallow water; he was out of his depth. There was a ledge of sand, and he had suddenly stepped into a hole, as it were.

Poor wee mite, and did the boatman save him?

No, that was the dreadful part of it. Wilfrid clasped the man tightly round the neck, and they both went under together.

That is the way with drowning people; they always clutch at anyone who tries to save them.

Yes, and there was I nearly distraught with two drowning people to save.

And what *did* you do?

Well, I called for another man, and the funniest part was, that as this second fellow went into the water, his hat fell off, and as it floated about on the waves, I fancied somehow there was a third man underneath it, drowning. I was almost crazy, and took the hat to be a man!

Ah, you took the hat for a drowning man, how funny! And did the second one get Wilfrid out?

Yes, he saw what had happened to the first man, so he swam round the child, and threw him out of the water from the back, so that he should not catch him by the throat; but he was almost unconscious when we got him out.

Poor darling, how dreadful!

Yes, but the sweetest part of my tale is to come: when Wilfrid had come round, and I had taken him to the hotel to have some hot soup, I asked him what were the sensations of drowning, and what he thought of when he felt he was dying, and what do you think he said?

I'm sure I cannot imagine.

Well, you know what a devotion he has for the King, and what an ambition he has to go into the Guards. He said: "I thought how sorry I was to leave you, mother, dear; and then I thought how sorry I was I could never go into the Guards, and I felt as if I would have given anything if only I could have got my breath once more to cry: God save King Edward!"

Oh, what a darling! Why he *must* go into the Guards, he'll make a splendid soldier!

His father says we should write and tell the King what a loyal subject he has in our wee boy.

He would be delighted, wouldn't he?

I'm sure he would like the story, it came out so naturally straight from the tiny man's heart.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONVERSATION.

March 2nd, 190—.

Can you suggest a new book worth reading? I am tired of all the modern trash one reads.

And so am I. If you ask my advice I should feel inclined to suggest the old classics as an antidote for the nausea the new nonsense creates.

But I have read the classics; you know I am an omniverous reader. I have read all, good, bad and indifferent.

You are very foolish then, and deserve the surfeit you have got. Give up reading for a time, and study human nature.

But that is just what I want to study by reading.

Yes, but in modern English fiction, it is the last thing portrayed; the writers do not study it themselves, so how can they portray it?

Well, do tell me of something new in novels.

Well, have you read all Hall Caine's?

Yes, all, I believe, and after the first two or three I had had enough.

I dare say. They are all facsimiles of the first, but they are strong, and that is something in these diluted days. They are worth reading. Do you like Zangwill, Isaac Zangwill?

Yes, immensely, but I have read all his.

Have you read "The House of Mirth"?

Oh rather, it is splendid!

Well, Conan Doyle?

Excellent, but not to my taste either.

Then Baring-Gould, Benson, H. G. Wells?

I have read them all, and I think Wells bids fair to be the best English novelist of to-day.

Oh, no, I beg your pardon if I flatly contradict you there, it is Meredith, George Meredith, who is the first novelist of the day. For intuition of complex character there is no one to equal him.

Really? Do you think so?

Yes, and he is a stylist, comparable if not superior to

the Italian D'Annunzio, or the great French novelist, Anatole France.

Do you think so, really? I had an idea that he was an upholder of women's rights, like Sarah Grand, and I detest the subject.

Well, Meredith does consider the tragedy of the feminine nature under existing conditions, but he is a great optimist, and withal so well-balanced that he never overpowers one with excessive buoyancy. He is the very incarnation of the robust, the elemental and the joyful. There is something quite Shakespearian in his geniality, and he is the type of modern times, but quite without modern taints.

Someone calls him the "ethereal punner," because he is so full, they say, of whimsical quips and cranks.

He is a great lover of subtleties, oddities, and eccentricities, and if he has a fault, it is being a little too epigrammatic, it becomes almost a mannerism.

Oh, I like that in him, but I have only read his "One of Our Conquerors."

You must read "Beauchamp's Career"; it is full of a sense of human fraternity which raises it high above the common novel.

Is he a preacher in disguise, like Browning?

Oh, no, he is not one of the theologian novelists.

Then I'll read every word of him.

Are you so down upon the theologians?

Not in the pulpit. I like things in their proper places, preaching in the pulpit, but not under the disguise of a love story. That I abhor.

Well, read Meredith; he will do you good both mentally and morally, for he is very wholesome—pure intellectualism, remember.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONVERSATION.

March 5th, 190—.

How do you do, Lily? I have come to ask if you will join a cooking class during the winter months?

A what?

A cooking class; now don't say no. I have had this idea for a long time, and now that I have found a proficient teacher, and hired a kitchen and a class-room, I am trying to get up a class.

Well, I am the last person in the world to study cookery. I detest the preparation of food, and I never go into the kitchen if I can possibly help it. Why ever did you think of asking me to join?

Oh, you must join; the teacher is such a charming girl—quite a lady, you know.

I don't doubt it. It's not the lady, it is the cooking I object to. Has one to make paste and puddings and all those messes to ruin one's digestion with?

Oh, now, don't put on such superior airs; I'm sure you like both puff paste and puddings when they are well made.

No, really, I don't. And even if I did, I like cooking to be done by good old-fashioned cooks, and not by ladies. I call it affected nonsense, this meddling with all the disagreeable things of life, and calling them pleasant.

Well, all girls are not like you. They cannot write books or compose sonnets, and they are not above studying domestic economy.

Oh, I protest that I am guiltless of the sonnets, but why cannot girls take up some nicer hobby than that of greasing their fingers with culinary experiments. I pity their poor families, don't you?

No. Why?

Why, for the indigestion awaiting them. I can fancy the awful messes brought as trophies from this cookery school of yours. Do they stipulate to eat or share in the eating of what they have made?

Yes, they must be tasted, in order to be judged.

Then I will compose a new grace to be said solemnly before partaking of the viands.

And what shall that be, Lily?

"From what we are about to receive, may the Lord preserve us."

Ah, well, you had better not join my class, or you might hurt my lady-cook's feelings.

I'm afraid I might, you must excuse me from joining, please. I don't feel drawn that way.

Well, good-bye, I am really sorry you are so obdurate.

Forgive me, your class will be better without me. I should only be a rebel in the camp, and I should pity the poor people who had to masticate any pastry I had made. Thank you for troubling to come and ask me.

Oh, I'm glad to have had the chance of seeing you, but I feel discouraged about my class.

Oh, don't be discouraged, you will find many girls who will be quite delighted to join. They are always enthusiastic about anything new.

Well, good-bye.

Good-bye, dear; come again soon, won't you?

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

March 9th, 190—.

Which do you consider the best play of Shakespeare's, Colonel Charlesworth?

Personally, I prefer "Macbeth." It is such a fine psychological study.

I have never made a serious study of "Macbeth," and I always thought "Hamlet" would be considered the greatest psychological drama of Shakespeare's.

Well, what I object to in "Hamlet" is the evident neurasthenia from which he is suffering. Macbeth is a greater character than ever poor Hamlet could be. Hamlet's nerves had been too much shaken in his youth to permit of a healthy development, and I object to unwholesome subjects even in fiction. Then I admire the soldier in "Macbeth."

Oh, I always looked upon Macbeth as the type of a moral coward.

There you are wrong. You have evidently accepted the popular erroneous idea of the man. He was a warrior, and Shakespeare always meant him to be recognised as such. The play is the analysis of the mind of a brave general, undermined by superstition and unhinged by limitless ambition. What was he when he is first presented to our consideration?

I do not think I have sufficient knowledge of the play to say.

The acclamation of his conduct in battle is general. Fellow noble and common soldier are equally loud in his praise, which the king hastens to reward. Do you not remember the sergeant's eulogy.

"For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps
And fix'd his head upon our battlements."

Really, I never realised that Macbeth had anything noble in his nature.

Oh, yes, more than three parts are of the highest quality, courageous, valiant, loyal, tender. Remark what his wife, who knows him better than all others, says of his nature:—

"It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; . . ."

He is brave in good deeds, nervous and hesitating in all that is ignoble, he shudders at the enormity of what he believes himself predestined to do, and his hesitation is no cowardice, but the last struggle of expiring virtue.

It is much more profound, considered so.

Yes, in "Macbeth," you must notice the dread machinery of the supernatural influencing and accelerating the fate of one individual. It is at the same time the most weird and fascinating study of all the great master's works.

You seem to have no censure for Macbeth. I believe you almost acquit him of the horrible crimes he committed.

Yes, I feel bound to do so; they are opposed to his original nature, which, as I have shown you, was brave, generous, open and even tender. We are obliged to regard him as the passive victim of a mysterious and uncontrollable destiny. His great sins are ambition and superstition, but these passions would have remained latent but for the daring spirit of his wife who attacks his pride, by imputing to cowardice his irresolution to do evil.

And really you show him to be anything but a coward.

Anything but a coward, witness his last gush of warrior sentiment:—

“ Blow wind! come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.”

You have considered him from the soldier's point of view, and you show him to be a real soldier. It is wonderful how Shakespeare makes his villains more attractive than modern writers make their heroes.

Because he portrays their human nature. “Macbeth” is worthy of a lengthy study, I assure you.

FIFTY-EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

May 12th, 190—.

Are you going to send your little son to a public school, Doctor Sykes?

No, I am not an advocate of the system of public school life. It is not, as it professes to be, the life in miniature which a boy must lead hereafter, nor does it bear any relation to it.

I never realised in full what is the life of a public school. You see, all my children are girls, so I escape the perplexing problem of what to do with the boys.

Well, by a public school we mean an endowed place of education of old standing to which the sons of gentlemen (remark, of gentlemen only) resort in considerable num-

bers, and where they continue to reside from about eight to eighteen years of age. The characteristic features of these schools are their antiquity, their selectness, and the number of boys of uniform ages who are educated therein.

And do you not think the system good?

Certainly not. The mere system of fagging is an abomination. In a public school, you must know, every boy is alternately slave and tyrant. The power which the elder boys exercise over the younger, is exceedingly great and pernicious; it is uncontrollable, and not unfrequently accompanied with cruelty and caprice. It is the common law of the place that the younger shall implicitly obey the elder boys, as a slave to his master. I will never permit a child of mine to be submitted to such petty tyranny.

Yes, I remember what poor Shelley suffered from the fagging system at Eton.

Yes, in Shelley you see a delicate refined nature spurred to revolt against the world by the system of fagging which was so predominant at that period in public schools. It fostered in that delicate soul a rebellion, not only against the petty caprice of school tyrants, but a sort of protest against the whole system of society in which he was destined to live. His public school life did him more harm than good, as we see from his subsequent behaviour at Oxford.

Then in public schools the numbers must be so great that no one boy can have any individual attention or direct influence from the masters.

Just so, and at an age when a boy most needs the stimulus of occasional contact with the mature mind of a learned man, and above all, of a man of good sense, he is left almost entirely to himself, to impress upon his own mind, as well as he can, the distant advantages of knowledge; and to withstand, from his own innate resolution, the examples and seductions of idleness which abound around him. The result is, that only the geniuses go ahead, and the intellectually weak go to the wall.

But you must be an advocate of the athletic exercises of public schools, Doctor Sykes?

No more than I am of their educational methods. If our young lords and esquires were hereafter to wrestle together in public, or the gentlemen of the Bar to exhibit Olympian games, the glory attached to these exercises at public schools and subsequently at the universities would be rational and important. What is the use of these athletes when we have good laws over our heads, when a revolver, a cab or a porter can be got for a few shillings? I object to the ridiculous stress which is laid upon the manliness of the exercises customary at public schools. Why, the greatest blockheads are they who commonly excel in them; and for a young fellow of moderate means, they lead to foolish expense and dissipation at a more advanced age.

But as a medical man, and from a hygienic point of view, do you not believe in the development of limb and muscle?

Certainly, I believe in fresh air and exercise, but not in excess—excess is bad in everything; it shows want of balance.

My husband ought to hear you on public schools—he is a great advocate of public life for boys.

Yes, of course, the general idea is that it makes gentlemen of them. You have no boys, I think, Mrs. Leslie?

No, all girls, unfortunately, all girls!

That's a pity; and I have too many boys. I am sending them to Cheltenham, where there are about forty boys under a very learned master. The number is sufficient to excite emulation, and to give the fellows an insight into the diversities of human character, and I wish them to be under the observation and control of their superiors, not huddled together like cattle, and left to fight it out for themselves; that is not my idea of education. And I shall favour London and not Oxford afterwards.

FIFTY-NINTH CONVERSATION.

March 16th, 190—.

Well, what did you see in Rome?

Tremendous question! Well, I saw something that would have interested you, who are such an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley's.

Oh, you saw his tomb!

Yes, I did; and I thought of you so much as I read the inscription, "Cor Cordium."

And is there not something from one of Ariel's songs?

Yes:—

"Nothing of his that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

And have you learnt to love Shelley yet?

Yes, one cannot help but love him, because he is so loveable, but that does not mean that one must admire the man. He was all through his short life a visionary, a man in whom intellect and even conscience itself were slaves to fancy and imagination, an "ineffectual angel," as Matthew Arnold calls him.

But if you object to the man, you must, at least, admire the poet.

Yes, I admit he forces upon us the conviction of his genius, but I fancy Shelley's genius is like the pearl in the oyster, a beautiful disease.

I see quite well what you are driving at, but I beg of you once more to judge him from a purely intellectual point of view and not as a rational, sensible member of society. Put aside the fact that he was expelled from Oxford as an atheist, that he was threatened with imprisonment as a republican, or that his life was one continuous revolt against the then-existing social and religious beliefs.

But one cannot put such things aside. His poems are interlarded with discordant blasphemies against all that is sacred to Englishmen.

Oh, Shelley had too catholic a mind to be a consistent Englishman! But are you sure you read his poems with an unbiased mind? Take, for instance, "Prometheus Unbound," which he produced in Rome. It was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the baths of

Caracalla. Shelley says himself: "The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama." It is based upon the mighty tragedy of Æschylus, in which Prometheus is tortured by Jove for the benefits he had conferred on suffering humanity. This poem must be pronounced one of the most astonishing creations of human genius. Its music and magnificence, the boundless scope of its conception, the sublimity of its moral inspiration, together with the swing and the roll of its lyric majesty compel one to acknowledge Shelley Prince of Song. Do you not remember the agony of Prometheus, bound to his rock by the tyrannic power which has loaded him with unutterable, unfathomable woe?—

"Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape, or sound of life.
Ah me! alas! pain, pain, ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas! pain, pain, ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's wingéd hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by;
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind:

While from their loud abysses howling throng
The Genii of the Storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail."

Yes, it is fine verse. Are you an admirer of the Cenci too.

I cannot imagine half-hearted admiration of Shelley; to me he is an object of sheer devotion. Yes, the Cenci is perhaps the grandest tragedy which has been produced since Shakespeare wrote. But I think it is as a lyric poet that Shelley is especially unrivalled. His lyrics constitute some of the most sensitive, the most imaginative, the most entrancing poetry we possess. The "Ode to the Skylark" breathes the very rapture of the bird's soaring song, and the "Ode to the West Wind" is a lyric of exquisite beauty.

What was that poem he wrote to an Italian lady? I forget the title.

Ah, the Epipsychidion!

They say it was inspired by a beautiful Italian lady.

Yes, by Emilia Viviani, who in her rich southern beauty seemed in her physical and spiritual loveliness to be the type of that ideal beauty which from early childhood had haunted Shelley's imagination. Unfortunately, like the rest of the women he loved, she was but mortal; yet she inspired the greatest love song of the universe. Poor Shelley, not on earth could he find the realisation of such divine love as that to which he aspired!

" Woe is me!

The wingéd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of Love's rare universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire."

Well, Shelley never had a more ardent admirer than you are.

No, I love him in all he wrote; from that pathetic and prophetic prelude to the "Revolt of Islam" right through to the moment when he wrote of Keats:—

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

SIXTIETH CONVERSATION.

March 19th, 190—.

Here is the list you asked me for of English proper nouns about the pronunciation of which there is such difficulty.

Oh, thank you so much, and have you put the correct pronunciation?

Yes, I have, but some of them seem the most unlikely pronunciations.

Oh, I am sure they will be correct. All you do is usually correct.

My sisters call this the puzzle page. Shall I read it to you?

Do, please.

Chanranald must be sounded as if written Clanronald. Derby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the *th* is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyreden is pronounced as Lirden, and Pepys as Pepis, with the accent on the first syllable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first *o* becomes short *u*, and they are called Munson, Punsonby. In Blount the *o* is silent, and the word becomes Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him should be pronounced Brooam or Broom. Colquhoun, Duchesne, Marjoribanks, and Cholmondely—four formidable names to the uninitiated—must be called Cohoon, Dukarn, Marshbanks, and Chumley! Cholmeley is also pronounced Chumley. Mainwaring and M'Leod must be pronounced Mannering and Macloud. The final *x* in Molyneux and Vaux is sounded, but the final *x* in Devereux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the *e* becomes short *a*, and the word is pronounced Kar. In Waldegrave the *de* is dropped, and it becomes Walgrave. Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley. Buchan is pronounced Bukan; Beauclerk or Beauclark, as Beauclare, with the accent on the

first syllable; and Beauvoir as Beever. Wemyss is pronounced as Weems, and Willoughby D'Eresby as Willowby D'Ersby. St. John must be pronounced as Sinjin as a surname or Christian name; when applied to a locality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John. Montgomery or Montgomerie is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllable. In Elgin *g* takes the hard sound it has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soft sound as in gin, as it also does in Niegel. In Conyngham the *o* becomes short *u*, and the name is called Cuningham. In Johnstone the *t* is silent. Strathan should be pronounced Strawn; Heathcote, Hethkut; and Hertford, Harford. In Abergavenny the *av* is dropped, and it is called Abergenny; and the *n* in Penrith, which is called Perith. Beauchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; Burke, Burk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but as a surname it becomes Gor. Eyre should be pronounced Air; Du Platt is called Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys as if written Knowls; Menzies as if written Mynjes; and Macnamara must be pronounced Macnamarah with the third syllable accented. Sandys should be spoken as one syllable—Sands; St. Clark is also one word—Sinclair; and St. Leger is called Selleger. Vaughan is spoken as one syllable—Vawn; and Villebois is pronounced as in French. Villiers is called Villers; Tyrnhitt is Tirritt; and Tollemache is pronounced Tollmash. Beaconsfield must be Beckonsfield; Bethune, Beeton; and Milnes. Mills. Charteris is aristocratically called Charters, and Glamis Glams. Geoghegan is always spoken as Gagan, and Ruthven as Riven. Norwich and Lincoln are pronounced Noritch and Linkun; and Mytholmroyd, Mythumroyd, with the accent on the first.

Oh, thank you, thank you, how kind of you to make that long list for me.

Not at all. I hope it will be useful.

SIXTY-FIRST CONVERSATION.

March 23rd, 190—.

Are you an admirer of Ruskin's? I suppose you are too devoted to Carlyle to be a worshipper at Ruskin's shrine.

Oh, no, I find great analogy between those two apparently diverse writers. Their differences, I think, were more a matter of form than of essence. The one showed the beauty of truth, and the other the truth of beauty. I look upon them as inseparable.

It is generally admitted that as far as mere descriptive power goes, Ruskin is the greatest prose-poet of the age, is he not?

Yes, but not only prose-poet, he was a philosopher; life, not art, was really his theme. It was, I have heard it said, the chief provocation of his life to be looked upon as a word-painter instead of a thinker.

But the world has been slow to recognise in him the seer faculty, I fancy.

Yes, because the world had a pre-conceived notion of Ruskin's ultra-æstheticism, and they could not conceive of him grappling with grave problems of life.

• And I am one of the sceptics. Do you really call him a philosopher?

Yes, I do not hesitate in calling him as true a philosopher as Carlyle. Neither of them formed a system of philosophy like Spencer; but if, by philosophy we mean the science of the relations of all knowledge to the necessary ends of human reason, then truly Ruskin was a philosopher.

I think that both he and Carlyle were compounds of the moralist and the poet, not what anyone could correctly call philosophers.

You remind me of an Italian who called Carlyle "il poeta mancato."

Well, I think that witticism not far off the mark. To me both Carlyle and Ruskin never seemed as if they could step out of the pulpit.

They took life very seriously; but you must recollect

that they came of serious puritanical families, where religion, hard, Calvinistic religion, was so imbued in their natures, that no amount of pure philosophy could quite overcome it.

I like that story of the stoicism of Ruskin's mother, who, when the baby Ruskin was burning his tiny fingers by touching the brightly-burnished tea-urn, said to the nurse: "Let him touch it, let him touch it; he will burn himself, and learn not to do it again!"

Yes, it was a hard school for a baby in arms, was it not?

Then there is a story of Carlyle's taciturnity which I like; it is so characteristic of the man.

What was that?

Alfred Tennyson had called upon Carlyle, and they sat and smoked together by the fire-side for an hour or so without interrupting the silence by one word. When the pipes were out, and Tennyson rose to go, Carlyle grew quite enthusiastic about his friend's visit, and exclaimed: "Eh, Alfred, Mon, do come agen, we've had a grand time!"

Oh, that's rare, that's rare! By-the-bye, can you suggest a volume of Ruskin's, not too profound, for my little daughter to read? She informed me yesterday that she is anxious to study Ruskin's style.

"Sesame and Lilies" is an ideal book for a young girl; and the style is so elegant, and at the same time so convincing. I think Ruskin's success as a writer lies in his fearlessly original way of thinking out his own thoughts and compelling language to express them. His style is certainly the most perfect in the English language.

He had no faculty of making use of common materials, had he?

No, neither as accepted opinion nor accepted phrase; and this independence, this personality, gave a singular charm to all his writings. Buy "Sesame and Lilies" for your daughter, by all means.

I will. I know she will be delighted.

SIXTY-SECOND CONVERSATION.

March 26th, 190—.

Tell me, father, what must one know to get one's B.A.?

Well, my dear son, the degree of B.A. at Cambridge is a very variable quantity, and the recipient may be a man of great learning, such as the Seniors in the various triposes, or may only have passed an examination no more difficult than the London Matriculation. Under any circumstances he will have to matriculate—a very simple process at Cambridge, involving only the payment of a fee and the writing of his name on the University roll.

Is that what matriculation means?

That is what it means at Cambridge. All students, too, must pass what is called in University slang the "Little Go," which is a somewhat easy examination in classics, euclid, arithmetic and algebra. After passing the "Little Go," students bifurcate into two classes, honour-men, and poll or pass-men. Honour-men have only to pass an examination in the "additional" subjects, as they are called, that is, three papers containing questions in trigonometry, mechanics, and advanced algebra, before commencing to read for the tripos or final honours examination.

And what are the subjects for the tripos?

The tripos may be taken either in classics, mathematics, theology, moral science, or law and history, and possibly in some other branch of study. The honour-men are, after examination, divided into three classes, and the top man is called the "Senior."

And what about those who do not go in for honours—the poll-men, do you not call them?

Ah, poll-men, after passing the "Little Go," read for the general examination, which consists of nearly the same subjects as the "Little Go," only somewhat more difficult, with the addition of a paper on mechanics and hydrostatics, and questions on Shakespeare. Finally, they take what is called a special examination in history, law, theology, etc., confining themselves, however, to one

subject only. The questions in this examination, which is called the "Special," are much easier than those in a tripos.

Is it difficult to get into a University, father?

Difficult, my dear boy, what do you mean?

Well, are there not a lot of preliminaries?

Before going up to Cambridge, a certificate signed by an M.A. of Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham, testifying to good morals and mental fitness must be obtained.

And what does it cost to go to Cambridge?

As to cost, that varies quite as much as the qualifications for the degree. Both our great Universities have now adopted the non-collegiate system, which allows students to be members of the University, and take a degree without attaching themselves to any particular college. In this case a student would only pay University fees, and be exempted from all college charges, which are the most costly items in a Cambridge man's bill; but those who don't enter a college miss all the privileges attached to such institutions, and are merely University men, not collegians.

But that enables a greater number of young men to get a University education, does it not?

Yes, this cheaper method corresponds to the system adopted at the German and Scotch Universities.

Also in Italy, Father, they do not live in the Universities.

I believe not. The fees of these students at Cambridge are very small, and they can live very comfortably in town-lodgings licensed by the University almost as moderately at Cambridge as elsewhere. It is not dear; I have known non-collegiate students go through the University at a cost of not more than £70 a year.

And how much does it cost for a collegiate?

Oh, £100 a year is the very least a Cambridge man, living in college, spends annually during his University residence. The principal items in a college bill (I quote from memory) are—Tuition, £6; college dues, £2; dinner in hall, £8; groceries, bread, etc., £3 10s.; rent of rooms, say, £8; bedmaker, 10s. Add up these figures

and multiply by three, and the total is £84. There only remains £16 for various items; and I have not mentioned the fee of £8 per term for a private tutor, which expense is absolutely necessary if one decides to read for honours.

That brings it up to £125 a year, does it not?

Yes, about that.

SIXTY-THIRD CONVERSATION.

March 30th, 190—.

Can you suggest a nice English book for the Easter holidays—just something I can pick up at odd moments.

Prose or poetry?

I think I feel in the vein for poetry.

And something easy, I suppose?

Yes, not anything too deep.

Have you read FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám?

No, I have not. But I have heard of the book. Who was Omar Khayyám? What a formidable name!

He was a scientific Persian poet who wrote at the time when the Normans were subjugating England. He was a mathematician, astronomer, and metaphysician.

Oh, then he will be too profound for my taste.

Not at all. The message of the *Rubáiyát* is not one of thought, but of the uselessness of thinking.

Ah, that must be rather original! It does not sound like the eleventh century.

It confirms one's convictions that there is nothing new under the sun. Evolution of thought is all very well, but it only brings us round again by a circuitous route to our starting-point.

I think I would rather have something less philosophical, some simple English or Scotch poetry.

Have you read Burns?

I tried to do so, but I found his poems such awful rubbish; I really could not read them.

I am not surprised to hear you say so; but there are two or three rare gems amongst Burns' poems. Have you read "Scots, wha ha'e"?

No, I don't think so.

Then you have no idea of Burns' genius. "Scots, wha ha'e" is a glorious ode to Scottish liberty, worthy to have fallen from the lips of the Bruce before leading his men to do or die at Bannockburn.

Scots, *wha, *ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
 Scots, *wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha *sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman *fa',
 Caledonian! on *wi me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do or dee!

* Ha'e, to have; wha, who; wham, whom; dee, die.
 fa', fall; wi', with.

What a splendid war ode!

Yes, and Burns is just as much a poet when he writes of love. Listen to this:—

O, wert thou in the *cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My *plaidie to the angry *airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I' shelter thee;
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee *blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy shield should be my bosom,
 To share it *a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 *Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
 The desert were a paradise, if thou wert there;
 Or were I monarch *o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 *Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

That is lovely! How simple and sweet!

It is supposed to have been composed for Jessie Lewars, who waited upon Burns so tenderly as he lay upon his death-bed. Later on it caught the fancy of Mendelssohn so much that he embalmed it in a lovely melody.

It reminds me of a love-song by Victor Hugo, but I cannot remember quite how it went. It was lovely, and this is even more so, I think. I will really read Burns if I can borrow a copy.

I will lend you mine for the holidays.

Thank you. And how long will the holidays be?

Well, to-morrow is Good Friday, there will be no more lessons until after Easter week. That will be Monday, the eleventh of April.

Is to-morrow the first of April?

* Cauld, cold; airt, air; blaw, blow; a', all; sae, so;
 plaidie, plaid; wad, would; o', of.

Yes, it is April Fool's Day. Take care they do not make an April Fool of you.

Oh, they could not, it is Good Friday to-morrow.

SIXTY-FOURTH CONVERSATION.

April 11th, 190—.

I have had such a strange vivid dream!

Dreams are often incredibly vividder than life, are they not?

Yes, really, mine was more moving than any printed page I ever read.

Do tell me what you dreamt.

Well, it will be hard to convey the impression of reality to another: I seemed to stand in a great mansion surreptitiously, and to be bewildered by its many and steep stair-cases. I had a conviction of duty, of a goal to be gained by these same stairs, dangers to be passed, froward faces to be conciliated, cavities to be jumped, a ghostly chamber to be braved. And although the mansion was a princely habitation, I had to shun all easy approaches to the garret whither my duty was impelling me. All night long, in stealthy haste, I climbed the stairs, stair after stair, and •flight after flight, in endless series; and at every second step a rat-eaten hole where footing was insecure. All night long I smelt the stench of innumerable vermin; and the rats, mild-eyed lords of the back-stairs, went on gnawing away the foundations, and hardly paused as my precipitous feet fled by.

Then there were baffling blank walls which confounded me, for, although they rose sheer and intact before me, I had the conviction that ingress was possible if I could but find the secret spring. It lay high up, and I had to make a superhuman jump to reach the opening, and a suffocating struggle to squeeze through, and, lo, a ghostly chamber lay below me. Fear propelled me, I had to jump down into it, and stumbled, half falling, into the appalling lair of death.

At this point my horror was so intensified that I barely noticed what I saw, but with daylight retrospection I

recollect a bed upon the floor composed of old garments of a seedy brown or black, with here and there a human bone peering out ; and an aged woman, dressed in tattered black, stretched out her lean hands deprecatingly as I picked my way gingerly over the bones. "Hush!" she half hissed through her boneless gums, and made sign to me not to disturb the dead, "hush!" Still, her aspect was not unfriendly, and she seemed to understand the horror of the situation to one who had not, Rizpah-like, kept grim vigil over death. On I fled, hardly suppressing a cry, so great was the horror I felt at the contact with corruption. Now and then I brushed by single hostile passengers, and was called on, as I disappeared, to give account for my doings in that place ; but my sense of a duty to perform still impelled me forward, and I vouchsafed no reply.

As the goal of this breathless race there lay before me three clean deal-floored garrets, one leading into the other, yet I still retained the conviction that the floors were undermined by rats, and that the planks afforded but a thin shell of safe-footing, so skirting the room with squeamish step I made a circuitous route and gained consecutively the second and the third room. The loadstar had been duty ; the goal—what was it? A room bare of furniture, a huge pile of ground maize reaching half-way to the ceiling, and dozens of sleek, mild-eyed, well-fed, friendly-looking rats quietly regaling themselves on the pungent cereal.

A moment of entire unconsciousness seemed to follow in which a life-time might be contained, and then I, dreaming, found myself descending the palace steps. Very different this time, was my sensation of security as I based my feet upon noble marble stairs, or paused to distinguish my way amongst the colossal pillars which bewildered my gaze. Happy faces welcomed me as I completed my descent. I was no longer a fugitive stranger, no longer an intruder, no longer impelled by rude necessity, no longer impeded by insolent interrogation. Ruin, and danger, hostility, and death were no longer companions of my struggle. The incubus was lifted.

And shall I interpret your dream?

Yes, do, if you can.

Of course I can. The stairs are difficulties and obstacles in your way to happiness; dangers—some apparent, some half-hidden, lie in your path, these are the rat-holes. You are sensitive, and will be appalled by the horrors you encounter as you were by the smell of the vermin. But you will go on steadily. Then there comes a time when you hardly know how to act, or where to turn, but a sense of duty compels you to go forward, and although you think for one hesitating moment that there is no escape from difficulties, you find a loophole, and get through as you did through the cavity in the wall. Sorrow and death, too, await you, but finally you reach a good provision which is shown in your dream by great heaps of maize—emblems of plenty, and your happy descent is a blessed old age, full of beauty, ease, honour and love.

Would it might be so!

I have no doubt it will be so.

Do you believe in happiness?

Yes, in contentment, and a mild sort of satisfaction which will do instead of the happiness we believe in when we are young. We do not need happiness, you know, and not many of us have much right to it, if you come to think of it.

Oh, yes, I protest, we do need it, and we have a right to it! We were not born to be unhappy, and I, for one, refuse to be so on principle.

Well, darling, I wish you all the happiness your dream foretells, but I must say it sounded a little like nightmare!

SIXTY-FIFTH CONVERSATION.

April 14th, 190—.

Can you help me with a few anecdotes about Queen Victoria? I am collecting anecdotes about her, and so far have only been able to get proofs of her ability to snub people.

Well, I am afraid those I know are somewhat of the same nature; I wonder if they are the same as yours.

Perhaps they are not. Please tell me them.

My story is of a young Army officer who was invited to dine with the Queen at Osbourne. Oddly enough he had no idea of court etiquette and was very much astonished to see all the guests at the royal table imitating their sovereign's taciturnity. The silence grew oppressive to the uninitiated guest, and at last he decided to make a colossal effort to relieve the dullness of that dinner-party. So he gathered all his resources together, and told the most racy story he could think of. But no one seemed to see the point of it, and he felt a most decided pressure of his foot under the table from the toe of a maid-of-honour who sat next to him. This he took to be encouragement to proceed in the racy vein, so he capped his first story by a second one. Still that incomprehensible unanimous silence on the part of the Queen and her guests, and another encouraging pressure from the neighbouring toe under the table. He grew quite desperate. Would nothing break that tense silence? Why would no one try to make things go a little more easily? Why were they all so irresponsible to his efforts at story-telling? As he concluded his third anecdote, the Queen laid down her knife and fork, folded her arms deliberately, and looking directly at the smart young officer said with scorching irony: "We are not at all amused!"

What a lovely story! Where did you get it from?

I heard it from a lady who was present. It is very characteristic of Victoria, is it not?

Yes, but my stories are poor beside it. However, if you will permit me, I will add it to my book of reminiscences.

Certainly, it is quite authentic. Then there is another, but not quite so funny. One day, when the Queen was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then rather a wilful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. The

Queen gave several reproving looks at her, without avail. At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand; but the awful voice of royalty stayed them.

“Stop, gentlemen!” exclaimed the Queen. “Leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief.”

There was no help for it. The royal footmen let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough. But the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry.

It was hard but wholesome, I suppose. Poor Princess Victoria, I should not like to have been so snubbed.

Then I remember an incident which gave the Queen a temporary popularity in Ireland about 1849. She and the Prince Consort were driving in their roomy carriage to an exhibition; of course the streets and windows were thronged; there were only bright faces and the air was filled with cheers. She bowed very affably; the Prince held his hat a little before his forehead and hardly bowed; the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward, took up his flat cap and held it rather gracefully as if to show that he would have bowed were the Queen not present. But Prince Alfred looked sulky and kept his cap on his head. The Queen did not appear to see, but she did. She whipped off the cap with one hand and with the other gave him a slap on the face. It was done in an instant, and without any change of countenance. Thundering cheers marked the approval of the multitude.

It sounds like Victoria, does it not?

Yes, she was very strong-willed. Will it do, do you think, for your collection?

Oh, yes, all three will do splendidly, thank you so much for troubling to tell me so nicely. It is so good of you.

Not at all; I am glad if I have been able to help you a little.

Oh, you have!

SIXTY-SIXTH CONVERSATION.

April 18th, 190—.

Good-morning, Colonel Parkinson, how is it we have not seen you for such a long time? You are quite a stranger!

I've been to Egypt—to Cairo, and it is the most fascinating city in the world.

Have you really been to Egypt?

I have; and I am bound to say that although I have been in most of the great cities of the world, I am compelled to pronounce Cairo the most charming of them all.

It is very oriental, is it not?

It is more oriental than Damascus.

Really?

Yes, and more fascinating than Paris, and immensely more picturesque than Naples. There is nothing in the world so wonderful and romantic as an Arab city; and of all Arab cities Cairo is the queen.

The tales of the "Arabian Nights" came from Cairo, did they not?

Yes, and I assure you that when I am living there I feel as if I were living in the "Arabian Nights."

At what hotel did you stop?

At Shepherd's. They have a terrace which is a revelation of colour and romance to a northerner, I assure you. Camels stream down from the Nile region with Nubians on their backs, their coal-black faces thrown into striking relief by their white turbans. Dreamy Turks, with their long pipes, smoke gravely on their ambling donkeys. Blind beggars plead for alms, invoking the blessing of Allah on all who show them mercy. Itinerant cooks, with portable kitchens, sell their comestibles to customers who dine in the streets. Vendors of oranges with dusky faces and baskets piled with the golden fruit cry, as we pass: "O oranges, sweeter than honey!" Sellers of water,

clothed with costumes rich with Eastern colour, ply their trade, chinking their brazen saucers to give notice of their coming. Haughty pashas flash by, lounging in their victorias behind beautiful Russian horses. Ladies flutter to and fro like doves in their light-coloured silk cloaks with soft eyes gleaming above the muslin veils which reach from the nose to the feet. Women of the poorer class move wearily onwards, clothed in thin blue gowns, beneath which their limbs are clearly defined—some full of youth and grace and others bowed with the weight of years. The serpent-charmer pauses in front of you, and setting down his bag upon the pavement calls out his snakes to the music of his wailing reed. Next comes the sorceress with her chickens hidden in her breast and her cry of "Galla! galla! galla!" as they appear or disappear at the bidding of the dark enchantress. English soldiers of the army of occupation stalk proudly past to the music of their clinking spurs, and now the dusky crowd make way for the carriage of Sir Eldon Gorst, before which the Arab outrunners dart gracefully along with their lithe limbs and richly-embroidered vests.

What a lovely scene it must be! How I wish we could have been with you! Why, it must make the most utterly *blasé* European find food for astonishment and wonder.

Well, you know how tired of travelling I was, and how I refused to be amused even in Naples. But I assure you, Cairo is a striking panorama; and add to this the general sense of light and brightness and the exhilaration of an atmosphere more buoyant than you have ever breathed before.

Oh, we must contrive to go to Cairo before we die!

You must go next year. It is getting too late now. The hot season is beginning.

Yes, really, I must persuade my husband to go next year.

If you will, I will get my wife to go again; she is nearly as much in love with Egypt as I am. We must make a party, and go to Shepheard's together.

SIXTY-SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

April 21st, 190—.

We English are not very much liked abroad, are we, Miss Hardinger?

I think we are rather unpopular on the continent.

Unpopular is a mild term for the general dislike they bear us. A friend of mine who has lived abroad for many years says it amounts to a cordial hatred.

Well, I think we are but little understood as individuals. As a nation we are admired, and perhaps our well-being is just a little envied, but I do not believe we are hated. Why should we be? I think the main reason for our unpopularity lies in our bad manners.

But is it a fact that the English are ill-mannered?

Not at home. In their own country and amongst their own people their manners are as kind as their sentiments are sincere; but I must confess that I have often felt ashamed of the behaviour of my compatriots abroad. They judge by their own insular standard, and often treat with cold rudeness people who merit a cordial regard. I will give you an example: As I was travelling from Naples to Rome some English ladies who were with me in the compartment called to a porter for water, and an Italian lady who had just got into the carriage, and who knew that the water happened to be bad in that neighbourhood, begged them in Italian not to drink of it for fear of fever.

Well, that was very courteous on her part.

Yes, but this solicitude for their well-being was regarded by the English travellers as a gross impertinence. They not only glared at her in surprise, but quite forgot to thank her for her kindly injunction, and proceeded to quench their thirst.

But did they understand her, do you think?

Oh, yes, they understood her quite well; but they ignorantly enough thought she was foolishly nervous about little things, and resented her interference as a breach of good manners. She, still anxious to prevent them from taking enteric, and unable to believe that they had under-

stood her, repeated her reasons for interference, whereupon they smiled at each other incredulously and drank on. Of course she felt uncomfortable, and they, no doubt, felt they had snubbed her as she deserved for interfering with their right to do as they liked. The English always judge everybody from their own point of view, and so in travelling, they not only look ridiculous, but very often seem actually rude or unkind.

But barring some eccentrics, whose doings are a tradition wherever Britons foregather, the English are very distinguished in their manners, you must confess it.

I think I should say that their home habits, and their bearing in society at home are irreproachable, but they have no adaptability, and once they are in other lands amongst other races they become rude through sheer incapacity or unwillingness to understand diversity of feeling or difference of custom.

In short you think we ought to modify our manners according to circumstances?

Yes, I think that the rigid manners of the Englishman, accentuated by the dislike he feels for foreign gush, become almost ridiculous once he has crossed the Channel; and considering that he is travelling for his own pleasure or economy, and is conferring no particular benefit upon the natives whose land he treads, the least he can do is to conform with good grace to the etiquette of the country he is invading in search of pleasure.

It would make him more popular, no doubt.

Yes, and be conducive to his own pleasure in the end.

SIXTY-EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

April 25th, 190—.

What do you think of the new woman question?

I think that the woman question is not new, although most of us speak as if the subject had originated within the last few years. If we go back to classic times we find that the ancient philosophers had considered most of our modern problems. Plato thoroughly sifted the subject of

woman's status as a rational creature; he quite tore away the veil of sentiment which shrouded her.

But if you tear away the veil of sentiment which envelops woman, and leave her destitute of the halo of grace and love which is her natural diadem, she becomes a sort of hybrid monstrosity. I have quite a horror of the new woman—the emancipated one, I mean.

Well, the abolition of sentiment is one of the characteristics which the advanced woman shares with Plato. Most men, even the philosophers, have assigned to women the life of the affections, but Plato gives them the life of reason. The maiden, fair and pale, love-sick and dependent, could not have existed in Plato's Republic.

But are women able to reason? That is the question. Would they not be carried away by impulse even if they were emancipated?

Well, I for one, do not agree with those who think that men have the monopoly of the reasoning power; the gifts of Nature are scattered regardless of sex, and the differences which we see daily are the result of heredity and environment. Plato considers that women are the same in kind as men, endowed with similar capacities, but in a lesser degree.

But the ultra-advanced woman of to-day not only aspires to become the equal of man, but even his rival.

Yes, and there I think they are wrong. I consider them the same in kind but lesser in degree. They will never be able to equal man in physique, for instance.

Yes, that is just it, there are physical differences, and therefore we may conclude that psychical differences are also to be found. Indeed, the mind and body act and re-act on each other; you cannot separate the mind from the body. I think with Spencer that if women understood all that is contained in the domestic sphere, they would ask no more—the right education of children is a high function. Spencer says, and I agree with him, that there is no higher.

But all women cannot realise this, and they wish to have the same employments and the same interests as men. They cannot be content to rock a cradle.

And yet if they could only come to consider that the physiological and psychological development of an infant is a grander study and a higher function than the pursuit of drudgery in an office or the excitement of the Stock Exchange, they would be content with their lot. Why, the making of the future of both men and women lies in their hands if they only knew it. And they would abdicate this power, give away this privilege, to play at rivalry in sinews and muscle, in money-making and motoring. It is a monstrous pity, I cannot call it anything else.

You are as great an enemy to the emancipation of women as ever Queen Victoria was. She called the advocating of women's rights a mad, wicked folly.

And so it is. Woman will become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings, if she is allowed to unsex herself. Surely the aspect of them on bicycles in divided-skirts or masked in motor-cars is the most sickening sign of the times. I never see one but I think of their poor neglected infants, suckled with false teats, fed on malted milk or Mellin's Food whilst the mothers grow lean and flat-breasted in emulating the sports of men. And then they are surprised at the degeneration of the race and the rapid appalling increase of insanity in the land!

SIXTY-NINTH CONVERSATION.

April 28th, 190—

Are you addicted to castle-building, Hilda?

I used to be constantly erecting baseless fabrics in the air and peopling them, but I have lost the habit since I married. I am seldom left alone, you see, now.

Oh, I could not give up my castle-building! As soon as ever I am left alone, the door of my fancy is left open, and out comes a whole array of ideas and images infinitely more interesting than real life. I love to be alone, and get quite lonely in society.

I think that that habit of dreaming comes of your being an only child; solitary children, and especially those who live in the country, are prone in afterlife to feel the pas-

sion and poetry of life, and the kinship and nearness of Nature more than those who have brothers and sisters and who are town-nurtured.

I certainly contracted my devotion to Nature in solitary rambles as a child; and to this day, I find more friends on a bleak Derbyshire moor, amongst the fern and heather, than I have ever been able to draw to myself in fashionable drawing-rooms. There are hedges and ditches in Derbyshire could tell you of the splendours and the glooms which illuminated and clouded my childhood's vision. I could, blindfolded, lead you to spots where the confessions of a child's soul were poured out, and where something in Nature heard and replied. And the music of Nature, heard in the fir-tops, on wild wet nights when the sighing of the wind made music which thrilled me to the fibres of my child's being, I have heard little equal to it save Wagner since. Then I believe that solitude develops a strong personality, too; children learn to know their own thoughts in loneliness, for all their ideas revolve round the central personage, "I."

Well, I sometimes think there is prophesy in children's visions. Warren Hastings, in boyhood, dreamed of regaining the home of his ancestors, and during all his great and troubled public career he kept this object in view, and Daylesford saw him its master in the course of years. Disraeli had mental visions of men hanging breathless on his words, and he saw them verified.

I remember when I was a child my dream life was infinitely richer and more varied than the daily life I led. My childhood was passed amid chill scenes and stolid prosaic grown-up people, and yet I doubt if any favoured town-child has ever beheld in imagination the fairy throng that peopled my young world.

Do you believe with Wordsworth that the child is father of the man?

I do indeed, and I believe that we are never nearer to Nature than when we are children.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

PART II.

FIRST LETTER.

6, High Street,
Norwich,
May 1st, 190—.

My dear Miss Gower,

As this is the first English letter which I write to you, it must be very simple, or you will not understand it. You will be surprised to hear its contents: I have a dear little puppy to give away. It is heart-rending to have to do so, but one cannot have more than one dog in a house. My puppy is so tiny that you could put it in your pocket easily, and I want to find a good home for it. I have already baptised it "Tiny," and it is so small a little thing, that I am sure you will accept it.

Please love my little pet; it will indeed be a lucky dog to have found so kind a mistress.

With kindest regards,

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

MAUD STEVENSON.

SECOND LETTER.

Stockfield Villa,
Ipswich,
Suffolk,
May 2nd, 190—.

Dear Miss Wood,

A friend of mine in Naples wrote to tell me that you were making a collection of post-cards, and that you were anxious to have some English ones addressed directly to you: I also am a collector of illustrated cards, and should be delighted to make an exchange with anyone in Naples.

The Neapolitan cards are so very picturesque; they make one long to see the spots so full of rich colour, but, alas! England is far away from this "Partenope" of the ancients, and so I must content myself with views and letters which reach me from time to time from your beautiful Italy.

If you would like to begin this exchange, please send your cards (coloured ones, only) to the above address, and I will send you views of our dear England.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

AUSTIN BRAIME.

THIRD LETTER.

67, Huskisson Street,

Liverpool,

May 3rd, 190—.

Dear Mrs. Stanley,

I cannot tell you how sorry I was to find you ill in bed when I called the other day. I hope that by now you are quite well, and that the next time I come I shall have the pleasure of finding you at home.

You have never told me if you belong to a tennis club? You know that I am entirely devoted to open-air life, and although not a very first-rate player, yet I am fond of tennis, and should be delighted to play with you. There are many clubs here in Liverpool, English, German, or Anglo-German, and even Italian, although the Italian colony is but small; if you have not yet begun to play, please allow me to be your teacher. I go to the Spring-Gardens Club, there is a nice lawn there; the subscription is only a pound for a three months' season ticket. Do not hesitate, but join my club. It is lovely!

My kindest regards to Mr. Stanley and yourself,

Yours affectionately,

DAISY STOCK.

FOURTH LETTER.

14, Brough Corner,
Barker Square,
Lancaster,
May 4th, 190—.

My dear Boys,

Can you tell me of a nice week-end excursion? I am so tired of giving lessons and correcting exercises that I want to go out to the country for at least three happy days. The weather is propitious, is it not?

Such a feeling of summer is in the air that I really must put away my books and lay down my pen and be off.

Where shall I go to? That is for you to decide. One boy friend suggests New Brighton, but I do not feel inclined for New Brighton. Give me a long list of excursions.

With kindest regards,

Believe me, dear Boys,

Your affectionate teacher,

ALICE COLEMAN.

FIFTH LETTER.

14, Surrey Villas,
Southampton Square,
York,
May 5th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Baylis,

I am delighted to hear how you have been enjoying yourselves in Rome. I envied you all through Eastertide, you may be sure, seeing the Pope, driving on the Pincio, doing the thing quite grandly in a splendid hotel. Why, you must be quite out of love with England after such a delicious time, are you not?

I felt sorry for Mr. Edward Baylis, who had a great ambition to join you in Italy, and after all had to stay at home with not the brightest of Easters! What did I do?

Not much. I went on the water with some fishermen in a very roughly-made boat; ate too many oysters, and was consequently ill afterwards, but on the whole I was pretty happy. Let us have a long account of your stay in Rome, won't you?

Kindest remembrances,

Yours sincerely,

LUCY CLARKE.

SIXTH LETTER.

14, Edgeworth Road,
Lincoln,

May 6th, 190—.

My dear Augustus,

Will you do me a favour? It is this: I want to send a photograph of my tiny apartment to my cousins in France, and as I know that you are a first-rate photographer, I venture to hope that you will bring your camera to my house on one of your holidays and take one or two photographs of the rooms. We must choose a sunny day, must we not? And one on which we are quite free from lessons so as not to be interrupted.

Thank you for the loan of your delightful "Boy's Own Paper." Although I am not a boy I quite appreciate its racy pages, and I have learnt lots about football and cricket, motor-cars and balloons.

Would you like me to lend you some of my books? I fear they may not be quite to your taste; but if you like to choose one, I shall be delighted to lend it to you.

With love,

Your affectionate teacher,

DORA LEE.

SEVENTH LETTER.

26, Church Road,
Maidstone,
May 7th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Rochester,

What is this game of "Lotto" about which Neapolitans are so profoundly interested on Saturday afternoons? I want to write an article about it for an English paper or magazine, and so far I have refused to believe that any government could be so selfish as to allow the whole population of a poor country to impoverish itself by a weekly vice.

Will you tell me who initiated this "Lotto," and what is the annual gain to the government. All about it, in fact.

Excuse the trouble I give you so repeatedly, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,
FLORENCE GOLDENBY.

EIGHTH LETTER.

Selwyn,
Woolthorpe Road,
Worcester,
May 8th, 190—.

My dearest Cousin,

Just a line to wish you many happy returns of your birth-day, and to thank you for the beautiful photo. you sent last week. It is just like the dear old place! What lovely summer weather, is it not? I like to think of your being so much better that you can go out into the garden, and take long drives in this delicious sunshine. Indeed, this is the first year since your accident that I have felt a birth-day wish was not an irony. Let us hope that each coming year will find you stronger, and more able to enjoy the long life we all wish you.

I hope to go on the river boating to-morrow, if it is fine. Have many invitations, but little inclination to accept them.

How is your dear baby? Can she walk yet? I imagine her toddling about from chair to chair followed by your loving mother's eyes. Send me all your news. Love and a kiss to both.

Your own affectionate cousin,

EDITH.

NINTH LETTER.

12, Northampton Place,

Stafford,

May 9th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Heygate,

I am fascinated with D'Annunzio, and am very anxious to read all his works. Is it possible that amongst your numerous novels you have one of his which you could lend to me? I have just finished "The Triumph of Death"; its atavism is simply frightening, but it is a profound scientific, artistic and psychological study—a work of art, in fact. Would there were more such in our language! I want to read his "Flame of Life." Have you it, and if so, will you lend it to me? It would really be a work of charity, for I have simply nothing to read just now; my book-shelves are all exhausted. I will show you a lovely caricature of the Superman when you come to see me, it is so beautifully supercilious—quite telling! You will roar with laughter at the slant of the shoulders and the twist of the moustache. What a strange mixture the man must be! But at any rate he understands the Beautiful and knows how to enchain her.

With united kind regards,

Yours faithfully,

NORA DUDLEY.

TENTH LETTER.

Haworth Road,
Exmouth,
England,
May 10th, 190—.

Dear Sir,

Your fame as a heart-specialist has reached us even in England, and as I have been for some time really anxious about the condition of my heart, I am coming to Naples early next month, and beg you to give me a fixed day and hour in which to have a thorough examination.

My faith in you arose from the fact that you do not delude your patients into impossible hopes of longevity. I wish you to tell me the bare truth, even though it may be ugly, and all the truth.

Awaiting your answer,

I am, Sir,
Faithfully yours,
HELEN BROUGHTON.

To Doctor Antony Cardarelli, F.R.C.P.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

3, Park Lane,
London, W.,
May 10th, 190—.

My dearest Girls,

"Time flies on," as I think your little song says, and yesterday I called to say good-bye to you, for in a few days I shall be leaving London for the sea-side. Unfortunately you were not at home, so I must use the cold medium of pen and paper to bid you farewell. I hope that you will have a very happy summer in your country place which everyone tells me is a perfect paradise! Let me hear from you from time to time, and send me word of all you do and think. I also shall write to you now

and then, and above all I shall look forward to our return to dear London, which never fails to attract me again after a few months' sojourn by the sea. I never felt such a strong love for any place in my life, and if it were not for want of rest and change of air, should be glad not to go away. My friends call me a cockney!

Good-bye, dears; looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you all blooming in the autumn,

Believe me, as always,

Yours most lovingly,

GLADYS TENNENT.

TWELFTH LETTER.

Acoc's Green,

Birmingham,

May 12th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Kinnaird,

A lady friend of mine is engaged to be married to an Italian gentleman, and she asked me the other day what certificates would be necessary for the marriage of a Protestant with a Catholic. I replied that I did not think a religious marriage would be possible, whereupon she was very much upset, and begged me to find out more carefully what is the law in this matter.

She is English, a Protestant, and is to marry an Italian. She has only one certificate—her birth-certificate, but I fancy there will be need of a second certificate to show that she has not previously contracted a marriage, and that she is entirely free. I think it is called the "Nulla Osta," but perhaps you will be able to tell me more minutely all about it. You are a budding lawyer and should know all these things by heart. Where is such a marriage contracted, at the Consulate or where?

Forgive me for troubling you again; if you have time to call upon me, I should be glad, as then I should be able to ask further particulars if I did not understand something. My friend is greatly worried about this

wedding ; I should be very glad to be able to tell her that a religious marriage could be made. Is it possible with the consent of the Pope?

However, it must be a real marriage and not one of those which may be dissolved upon the slightest pretext, so that the civil ceremony is of the first importance and the religious one secondary.

Once more forgive me for so much trouble, and believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

TOM O'NEILL.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

Horeham Grange,

Hertford,

May 13th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Dacre,

How kind of you it is to invite me to your sister's pianoforte recital! You cannot think how delighted I should have been to hear her play, but unfortunately I have a busy day on Sunday. First, in the morning, I must have two teeth drawn and a third filled with gold, a painful operation which leaves one with very little inclination to see strangers, and much less to listen to music. Nevertheless I should have ventured out had it not been that I expect several visitors during the afternoon and that I must pour out tea and make myself generally agreeable.

Please write and tell me how the recital comes off. I hope you will have a full hall.

With kindest regards to yourself and your sister,

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

HAROLD MOSTYN.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

14, Cavendish Street,
London, W.,
May 14th, 190—.

Dear Mrs. Horsley-Beresford,

Do you know that our dear Daisy is in a darkened room, with her poor eyes bandaged, under the oculist's care?

Yesterday I got a letter from her in an irreognisable hand. Imagine my dismay when I found out what it meant—that this women's emancipation craze had deprived her of her sight! It is really too cruel, the more so as she has absolutely no money and her expenses must be doubled with the oculist's fees and extra service which must always be paid for.

I intend to economise and send her a pound a-month as a gift. Will you do the same? May I hope that you will make this sacrifice during these months in which she, poor thing, can earn nothing? She is such a true friend, and would certainly do as much for us if we were placed in such unhappy circumstances.

I shall send my donation on the first of June, if you could send yours on the same date it would be splendid. Let us do it together.

With love,

Yours affectionately,
EVELYN HALL.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

The Vicarage,
Portledge,
Dorsetshire,
May 15th, 190—.

My dear Doctor Molesworth,

If you really meant that you would buy the engravings, here they are. But if it was only a joke, why, then, do not hesitate to send them back; they are very

pretty, but I know nothing whatever of their value, and think that perhaps they have not much intrinsic value. Do as you like.

Our united kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET NOEL.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

18, Hyde Park Corner,
London, W.,
May 16th, 190—.

My dear Isabel,

I cannot tell you how grieved I was not to have been at home on the fourteenth when you were so sweet as to call upon me. We are in London only until the end of the month, after which my husband must join his regiment at Aldershot. He is Senior Major of the 55th, and so, of course, our life is a rambling one, as we must go wherever our regiment is called.

My "At Home" day is Thursday, every Thursday here in town, but if you should feel inclined to drop in in a more friendly fashion for a tête-à-tête, I should be charmed to have a chat all by our two dear selves. At five o'clock I am at home every day except Friday, and it would be really sweet of you to repeat your visit.

We give a dance here on the 31st, but for that you will receive a formal invitation in due course. I only hint at it so that you may reserve that evening for us also.

With love,

Yours ever,

HILDA HYLTON.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

Roads and Rivers Office,
Whitehall,
May 17th, 190—.

Dear Rutherford,

I have to meet a valuable and childless uncle at Longacre at three this afternoon and help him to choose a brougham. You, who are the favourite nephew of Miss Golding Howard, will understand that I must not keep his August Goutiness waiting. It is an awful bore and I cannot see how I am to get my work done. May I ask you to see my letters for me. I do not suppose there will be many after two, and you are no end of a fellow for dashing through correspondence. Of course you are the only man in the office I could trust to do them. Smythe can't even spell, besides, he is such a fussy beggar—no initiative.

Many thanks in advance,
Yours ever,
FORSTER JONES.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

"Sweet Home,"
Naples,
May 18th, 190—.

My dear Gertrude,

So you want to come to Naples and you would be glad to know the best hotel to come to. There are so many hotels, I really hardly know which to advise you. Let us say Bertolini's, perhaps. It is right above the town, and has an excellent view of the whole bay with Vesuvius and Posillipo.

It is beautifully fitted up, and the cooking is excellent, there is a lift and a terrace which is perfectly charming, but it is entirely English, and you will not get any idea of Neapolitan life by going there. The trail of the tourist is over it all! However, if you wish for a pleasant rest, it is perhaps better to go where it is to be

found according to English ideas. The water in Naples is very pure, as they have Serino water brought in pipes, and the climate is heavenly, I assure you.

When you arrive let me know, and I will come at once to see you, and we may then go together to Pompeii and Vesuvius, to the museum and the aquarium, all of great interest to strangers, and especially so to you.

My love,

Yours ever sincerely,

MARY GERTRUDE COKAYNE.

NINETEENTH LETTER.

1, Deanery Street,
Park Lane, W.,
May 19th, 190—.

Dear Randolph,

There is much work to be done between now and Thursday. Do you not know that a man in your position cannot afford to hold himself aloof from his voters? Canvassing is a perfectly legitimate means of showing your constituents what your policy really is, and of assuring them that it is they whom you mean to represent in the House. Here is a list of valuable votes:

Hobbs, cab-proprietor, doesn't want museums open on Sundays—calls it the thin end of the wedge.

Nibbs, rag-picker, wholesale, methodist, strong on morality, beats his wife!

Fletcher, well-fed owner of a yacht, churchman, don't offend his ideas of sabbath-keeping.

Day, farmer, hunts his own fox, inclined to bow to the gentry. "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

For the moment you need them, so don't keep too aloof. Where you are known, all is safe.

To-morrow, then, at Hobbs', half-past ten.

Yours ever,

CHARLES BOWYER NORTON.

TWENTIETH LETTER.

Castle Forbes,
Newtownforbes,
Co. Longford,
May 20th, 190—.

My dearest Gwendolyn,

The other day I heard from Freda that you were actually going to Venice this summer, and as I want so much to see you, I am only waiting for your confirmation of this piece of good news to decide to go to Venice also.

Where are you staying now? As I have not the faintest idea, I am sending this letter to your bankers, and hope that you will get it without much delay. I suppose, however, that you are spending May in London, doing the season right royally, flaunting your pretty toilets in Hyde Park, riding in the Row, etc. ! What is your latest creation? Colonel Halket told me that you had made a great success in turquoise baby-velvet and Brussels lace at the regimental ball. You always had great audacity in colours. Do you remember the day we decorated the dinner-table with wild poppies and how I waxed some stalks and put a bunch of them in your hair. How sweet you looked ! Like some wild gipsy.

Now, let me know if you are really coming to Venice and when? And also where you will put up. Tell me all about yourself.

Always your loving friend,
ETHEL GRAFTON.

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.

The Manor House,
Pembroke,
May 21st, 190—.

My dear Doris,

Illustrated post-cards have always been my pet abomination, but I never dreamt that they would usurp

the place of those long, delightful letters which you used to write to me periodically.

As a collection I consider post-cards the most inane objects of research. Fancy making a collection of articles so cheap that you can have them four a-halfpenny, and so abundant, that if you accept all, you must buy a new album every week to contain them, and have a new library built once a year in which to stow away your inartistic rubbish.

But you say: "They are so artistic!" Yes, some of them, a few of them, but if you make a collection you must accept all; hideous, vulgar, and even indecent ones. No, no, let us collect Roman coins, or chemists' drug-pots, or stamps, but not post-cards!

And then to the point—the sore point: to think that you should substitute this rubbish for the beautiful letters of long ago is simply too cruel.

But I will pay you in your own coin; I also will confine myself to post-cards; I will send you the very cream of ugliness and we shall see who will tire the sooner.

Yours sincerely,

CONSTANCE EMILY HEATHCOTE.

P.S.—I am still working away at my music here, six hours a-day. There is an excellent academy not far from our house, and if you would only decide to give up your butterfly existence, you might come to us and do a little work too, and pick up Welsh.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

39, Portland Street,
May 22nd, 190—.

Dear Lady Blanche,

To publish a book—not an easy matter or a pleasant one. To begin with, we have too many books to publish,

and the publishers fight shy of new authors with their untried wares.

Had you asked my advice about the writing of a new book I should have given it you in a nut-shell, "Don't do it," but as the book is already a fact, well, we must try to see it in print and hope that it will not be one too many.

There was a time, in the days that were earlier, when the writing of a book was a rare and solemn task, to be approached after years of devout and arduous preparation. Now it is all rush and fever and fret, and novelists cheerfully contract to write books in the next century without asking themselves if there will be any books in them to write by then.

Well, to the point: What do you think of sending your manuscript to the Society of Authors, of which George Meredith is the President? There, for the moderate sum of two pounds, your manuscript will be read and subsequently criticised. If the criticism be good, a publisher will not long be wanting, and if it be bad, then the only method which remains is to hawk your wares round from publisher to publisher until you find one willing to pay for it or at least to print it.

Not a very encouraging prospect, you will say, but I may add that the English public is not a difficult one provided you flatter John Bull a little.

Wishing you every success, dear Lady Blanche,

Your faithful tutor,

ARTHUR LEIGH.

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER.

Barton House,
Upper Beulah Hill,
Norwood, S.E.;

May 23rd, 190—.

My dear Henrietta,

The garden is looking so lovely after the rain, that I feel sure you would like to come out to Barton House to

have lunch with us in our dear summer-house.

I am rustivating here in true Arcadian fashion, and there is real danger that if I see no more civilised people than myself, I shall soon join the genus cabbage.

In order to prevent such a calamity, come and talk to me of the doings of great cities. I shall expect you as early as eight o'clock in the morning, by the first train; and if you do not come on Thursday I shall expect you on Friday, and if you do not come on Friday, on Saturday, and so on until you *do* come.

With love,

Yours affectionately,

FLORENCE CECILIA PAGET.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.

Villa Lilliput,

Naples,

May 24th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Dixie,

They say that women can take the University course here in Naples (which surprises me not a little in a country where women have not the shadow of liberty), and as you know, I have long desired to study Philosophy. At home one can only do so in a desultory fashion, so I have decided to take the course.

Will you tell me all you know about it? What hours I should have to spend there, or if you even think it better to go instead to some college. Are the women-students at the University treated with respect? Do they sit apart, or with the men-students? Are they usually chaperoned, or not, and lastly but not least, do the professors treat their work with masculine disdain?

Now, if you are too busy with pending exams to give me all this information be sure not to write. I shall not, of course, begin until the opening of the new

scholastic year, so there is ample time for discussion and decision.

With kindest remembrances,

Sincerely yours,

VIOLET TOLLEMACHE.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER.

84, Grosvenor Square, W.,

May 25th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Fairfax,

Do you remember a certain Miss Stewkley, a middle-aged, soft-voiced lady who hailed from Australia, from Sydney, and who subsequently lived for some years in a Ladies' Club at Addison Road, West Kensington?

She often talked to me of you, and of your famous Sydney Morning Herald, as collaborator of which she suggested that I should go out to Australia. Now at that moment I was intent upon other plans which seemed to me then of more importance than the regenerating of the world through the columns of a daily paper. I have lived here and there on the Continent studying language, and manners and men, but after a few years of this vagabond life, change palls upon one, and there comes a moment when to settle down seems the most beautiful thing in the world.

Such a moment has come to me, and it is therefore that I write to beg of you to take me upon your newspaper staff. I am used to the pen, and surely amongst the heterogeneous matter of your "Herald," you can find work for which I am adapted.

Do not refuse my services, for I am determined to come and work as a journalist in Sydney, and if you refuse me a corner of your paper I shall be constrained to set up an opposition journal of my own.

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLOTTE HOWARD.

TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER.

Enford,
Pewsey, Wilts,

May 26th, 190—.

Dear Miss Cadogan,

What writers must we read? A great question involving a great answer: there are so many books to read and there is so little time to read them, that I want to indicate to you only the very cream of our English literature.

First then, when you can understand him, there is Shakespeare; read his tragedies, and of the comedies I should only care to advise "As you like it," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Remember that the plots are the least Shakespearian, being almost entirely borrowed. Put aside the story, and observe the way the master creates his characters—types they may be called—universal types of humanity. For lyric poetry Shelley stands absolutely alone.

Then there are Ruskin and Carlyle. Read them together or nearly so. See their similarity and their differences, the ornamental beauty of the one, the rugged truth of the other, and the truth in the beauty and the beauty in the truth. Do not forget Green and Macaulay; although the latter is called by more severe historians a novelist, but the former will give you a pure idea of the English people. If you love science and philosophy read Darwin and Spencer. They will mark an epoch in your thought.

Then for lighter reading there is Charlotte Brontë for masterly English and powerful description. George Eliot, Thackeray and Dickens for wonderful delineation of character, and of our own days I would mention George Meredith for a literary puzzle—good mental gymnastics, and Stevenson and Kipling and Wells, no one else is worth reading, or at any rate I understand no one else, cannot judge of them; they are not to my taste.

But is not this enough for several years? By the time you have accomplished this task, you will no longer need

my advice, for your taste will either be formed, or else it is hopelessly bad and not worth the cultivating.

Good-bye, pleasant work,

Ever yours affectionately,

RALPH DOUGLAS MINTO.

TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER.

Primrose Cottage,

May 27th, 190—.

Dear Mr. Caryngtown,

Is it true that you belong to a boating-club? And if so, can you tell me if young ladies are allowed to join? You know that in our country boating is as much a sport for young ladies as for men. I have a girl-cousin who sculls beautifully, and I should like to learn to row too. I never did so in England, because my doctor said it was dangerous for my heart, which was then in rather a weak condition, but now that your beautiful Naples climate has restored me to a fair amount of health, I feel that I should like some sort of healthy recreation, and I want you to tell me all about your club. What is the annual subscription? Are there any lady members, and if so, who are they? What kind of boats have you—Canadian canoes, skiffs? I fear my wrists are not strong enough to manœuvre a heavy oar, I am not clever in physical exercises, and shall need your help, and beg you to give me my first lesson in the art of rowing. Will you?

Forgive the trouble I give you, and

Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

IVY GEORGIANA FRANCES RAGLAN.

TWENTY-EIGHTH LETTER.

Buchanan Castle,
Glasgow,
May 28th, 190—.

My dearest Sybil,

When are you going to write to me again? Not since long before Christmas have I had a letter from you!

I want you to do me a favour; it is this: I have been asked by someone whom I wish very much to oblige if I will get her some specimens of Italian confectionery. They are for an "International tea-room"—a new craze to get money for charity. She has to provide German, French and Italian tables—has cakes coming from the two former countries but knows no one in Italy. If you will let me have a post-card saying you will get them, I will send you a postal order by return. They want one of several kinds of typical Italian cakes (only those that will keep fairly well), then they will copy them for sale, at any rate to look like the original ones. If you could let me have recipes as well it would be splendid. I will send the order when I hear from you.

Love from all,

Yours ever affectionately,
EMILY RUTH WILMOT.

TWENTY-NINTH LETTER.

Navy and Military Club,
May 29th, 190—.

Dear Vauncey,

They are all done and ready to be presented to D'Annunzio. Thank you so much for your kindly help. Indeed you were a friend in need. Footlights and tights were respectively rendered by "ribalta" and "maglia"; "straccio" was corrected into "strappo" and certain horribly intransitive English verbs converted into Italian transitives ones.

What an idiosyncratic language is this English of ours which I am supposed to have at the tip of my pen and yet often fail to translate exactly! Imagine my trying to explain the expressive vulgarity of our London h'less "Arry," and propounding the perplexing meaning of "crackling of thorns under a pot."

Well, our friend the author is a man of genius, and he may invent a meaning to all I have written. Sunday's "Morning Post" will come out in due order, and perhaps give us new ideas on the subject.

Once more my sincerest thanks.

Yours ever,

ROBERT OFFLEY ASHBURTON.

THIRTIETH LETTER.

Warslow Hall,

Ashbourne,

Derbyshire,

May 30th, 190—.

My dear Eva,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune!"

You know the rest, and now, no doubt, you want to know the reason of this rhapsodic beginning to what will turn out to be a most commonplace letter.

Well, I *must* make a fortune! I feel the lust of gold upon me, begrudging me every hour and every minute spent in the dry occupation of earning a mere pittance.

Did you ever feel so, as if you were simply weary of drudgery, and defied Life to keep you poor any longer?

And how to make a fortune? There's the rub! I have many ideas on the subject, diverse and some of them very doubtful of success. What about taking six cups of strong extra-black tea, shutting doors and drawing blinds and forbidding entrance into my sanctum, until, out of the depths of my prolific imagination I have produced a novel so startling, so sensational, so altogether new, that

it shall run through four thousand copies in a month?

Once I tried this method, but although I called "spirits from the vasty deep," they would not come. I shut the doors, I even locked them, I sipped the tea, Lipton's best black, I waited, I took my pen, I waited again, I called those genii of imagination—they did not come.

It must have been the fault of the tea, don't you think so? I shall try "Massawattee" the next time I hold converse with the gods.

What about emigration to some half-barbaric islands where nature provides fruit enough for life, and where the aborigines have need of governing? Such appropriating of other people's land is called, by the English, civilising, and might be lucrative, but alas, I am not a man, so unless I don breeches and waistcoat and grow a moustache, not all the genius of a Bonaparte could help me in that direction.

I have it: Spiritualism. A second Annie Besant, communion with the other worlds. This would enjoin clairvoyance, theosophy, prophesy—pretence!

Can you not devise a means of making a fortune? There must be an El Dorado somewhere, and we must be those who are meant to find it.

Your loving friend,

DOROTHY VERNON.

THIRTY-FIRST LETTER.

International Hospital,

Rome,

May 31st, 190—.

Dear Sir,

I have now been in the International Hospital for more than two months, and although I have been under medical care and well-nursed, there is very little improvement in the state of my health—so little, indeed, as to bring me to the sad conclusion that I shall never be very much better.

Looking at my case from this point of view, it becomes apparent that I cannot profit indefinitely of your great goodness to me, as they have told me repeatedly that the hospital is not for chronic cases, and then comes the perplexing problem, what am I to do? I have absolutely no home and no money to speak of. I hardly know how to formulate the request I am about to make, for I feel it is an immense one, but my sheer helplessness throws me upon your sympathy and help.

Would it be possible for you, as British Consul, to send me to England free of expense, and to send me to some Convalescent Home which would receive me gratis? I know there are such homes for poor and invalided governesses, and you, naturally, would have more influence, and even authority than anyone else.

The English chaplain was good enough to write me a recommendation for entry into such a home, but I fear that alone such a recommendation would be next to useless. May I hope that you, on your part, will do something for me?

Subjoined is a list of guilds which a friend procured for me, unfortunately she had no influence, but she feels sure that if the Consul were to write, I might get in. In my chronic state of weakness I am not even able to formulate an application; this letter is written for me by a friend. Thus you will see that it would be quite impossible for me to be sent home adrift as it were.

Trusting in your goodness to help me once more.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully,
MARY WILSON.

To H.B.M. Consul, Rome.

PART III.

Business Letters.

Letter of Application for Vacancy as Clerk.

46, Lexington Avenue,
New York,

June 1st, 190—.

Messrs. Hope Bros.
Gentlemen,

Having heard that you have a vacancy in your office for a correspondence clerk, I take the liberty of offering you my services.

I am an Italian, from Naples, twenty-eight years of age and single; have taken my degree in law, but not wishing to practise, came out to New York last month with a view of entering upon a commercial career.

I should be glad to enter a house like yours with a view of gaining experience, and should not consider present emolument so much an object as the prospect of a permanent and respectable situation.

I know several languages (German, French, Italian and sufficient English to make myself understood), book-keeping (single and double entry), am willing to give security to the amount of 10,000 francs, to be placed, however, in a substantial bank.

Should you entertain my offer, I would use my best endeavours to prove worthy of your trust.

For references apply to Messrs. Lowe & Hobbs, London.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,

HENRY MARSH.

Inquiry as to Solvency of a Firm.

Sheffield,

June 2nd, 190—.

The Lancashire Bank, Limited, Manchester.

Dear Sirs,

We shall feel much obliged by your furnishing us with a report as to the respectability, means and standing of Messrs. Wilkins & Co., of your city.

Please accept our thanks in anticipation of your reply.

We are, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED YOUL & Co.

To Stop Payment of a Cheque.

Liverpool,

June 3rd, 190—.

Messrs. Jones, Rainforth, & Co.

Gentlemen,

Please stop payment of cheque, No. 862, for £78 6s.—drawn in favour of Mr. James Knight, and dated 6th May, signed by myself.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

JOHN PRENDERGAST.

Referring to Publishing of a Manual, etc.

Fetter Lane,

London, E.C.,

June 4th, 190—.

Miss Jane Winthorpe,
Madam,

Referring to yours of 28th ult., we should recommend "Life of Carlyle," by Nichol, 2/- net.

As regards the printing of a manual, we make it a rule not to estimate unless we have the manuscript in our hands; indeed we could only give a very approximate idea without it.

We are, Madam,

Yours truly,

SAMUEL BROWN & O'BRIEN.

Letter authorising Payments, etc.

New York,

June 5th, 190—.

Baring Bros., Naples.
Gentlemen,

We beg to confirm our cablegram of to-day requesting you to make the following payments:—

Lire 6,000 to Stephen Holme, Calitri, account of George Newnes, New York, Registered.

Lire 12,000 to Giovanni Nasti, 3 Via Papagallo, Messina, account of Samson & Hardy, New York, Registered.

We requested you to deliver the following message to payee: "Remistrum."

Lire 8,000 to Smith & Sons, Naples, account of George Saville & Co., Boston, Mass., Registered.

Please compare this confirmation with the original cable transfer as received by you, noting any possible errors and acting on same at once.

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

LEWIS DAWSON, MCHENRY & CO.

To a Shop, ordering Goods and requesting Patterns.

7, Blake Street,
Loughborough.
June 6th, 190—.

Miss Quinn would be much obliged if Messrs. Day & Martin would send her, by return, twelve yards of calico, as good a match as possible to the enclosed pattern. Also half-a-dozen stand-up lady's linen collars, price 18/- the dozen. She would also be glad if Messrs. Day & Martin would send her patterns of the latest things in Spring prints, blouse stuffs in light wool, or anything useful for washing purposes.

Will Messrs. Day & Martin kindly make out their account and forward it at once.

Circular Announcing the Establishment of a New House of Business.

417, Holborn,
London,
June 7th, 190—.

Messrs. Thompson & Co., Manchester.
Gentlemen,

We have the honour of informing you that we have this day established a house of business under the firm of
Wilkie and Higgins.

We hope that ample capital, joint experience and thorough acquaintance with business matters will enable us to give satisfaction to all who may honour us with their confidence.

Begging you to take note of our respective signatures, we refer you to the undermentioned firms, and have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servants,
JOHN WILKIE.
JAMES HIGGINS.

John Wilkie will sign: Wilkie & Higgins.

James Higgins will sign: Wilkie & Higgins.

References permitted to

Messrs. H. Fletcher, London.

„ Legrand, Paris.

„ Miggishhoff, Berlin.

„ Braime, Glasgow.

Enclosing Cheque for Account of a Third Party.

84, Park Street,
London, E.C.,

June 8th, 190—.

Bank of Italy, Rome.

Sir,

Please find enclosed cheque for 2,000 lire, and place to the credit of your clients, Messrs. Hudson & Co.

Yours faithfully,
EDWIN JOHNSON.

Confirming Cable Transfer.

London,

June 9th, 190—.

National Bank, Rome.

Dear Sirs,

We beg to advise you that the sum of £5,000 has been paid to your credit with the London Steam Co. Limited, of this city, proceeds of cable transfer received from the Treasurer of the American Express Co., New York.

We are, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,

GRANGER & GRANGER.

Memorandum.

Piccadilly, W.,

June 10th, 190—.

Madam,

Your letter of the 9th duly to hand. We shall be glad to receive copies of the book you are writing with 20 per cent. discount on sale. Your account will be settled every three months.

The title is well-chosen as you think.

Truly yours,

WILLIAM DAWSON & SONS.

Inquiry as to Solvency, etc.

47, Strand,

London,

June 11th, 190—.

Messrs. Holme & Smollet,

Dear Sirs,

We have recourse to your kindness in asking you to be good enough to furnish us with as full particulars as possible regarding the means and standing of Messrs. May & Fryer of your city. We may mention that it would specially interest us to know whether they may quite safely be entrusted with a consignment of grain to the value of £10,000 in advance of payment.

Thanking you beforehand for any communications which you may favour us with, and assuring you of the most confidential use of the same.

We remain, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

JAMES HAGGART & Co.

Reply to Inquiry as to Solvency of a Firm.

Paris,
June 12th, 190—.

Messrs. Haggart & Co.

Dear Sirs,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letters of the 26th of May and 12th inst.

Although we say that the firm May and Fryer is sound, it is but fair to tell you, in confidence, that their reputation is not entirely above suspicion; that this suspicion attaches itself chiefly to a want of delicacy and scruple in their business, of which many people have from time to time raised complaints, so as to diminish the credit which the firm used to enjoy.

We cannot, however, limit the extent of credit you may be disposed to give them, except in so far as the foregoing may determine you.

Trusting in your discretion,

We are, dear Sirs,,
Yours truly,
HOLME & SMOLLET.

Memorandum.

124, Great Tower Street,
London, E.C.,
June 13th, 190—.

The Colonial Bank, Liverpool.

Sir,

We now return your bulletin No. 1071 with some information marked thereon, which we communicate in strict confidence, and without prejudice or responsibility.

We are, Sir,
Yours truly,
WILLIAMSON & PORTER.

Circular Letter of Credit.

London,

June 14th, 1909.

Gentlemen,

This circular letter of recommendation and credit will be remitted to you by Hugh Carden, Esq., of Edinburgh, a gentleman for whom we claim from you a friendly reception, and we beg you to give him an opportunity of entering into business relations with the large landowners of your country. Mr. Carden belongs to one of the richest families of Scotland, and himself superintends his extensive and flourishing estates. As he intends looking over the land in the neighbourhood of Berlin, you will oblige us by paying every attention in your power to his family, who having accompanied him thus far, will remain a few weeks in your city during his short absence.

As to the funds which Mr. Carden will require, we beg to open a credit with you in his favour for the sum of £5,000 (five thousand pounds sterling), which you will please to pay, indorsing on this letter each of the sums he will have received to the full amount of his credit. Please add to the amount your commission and all other expenses, and draw on us for the whole sum at the best possible rate of exchange, and at the date customary in your town.

Assuring you that due honour will always meet the drafts for the payments you will make to Hugh Carden, Esq., the receipts for which you will be kind enough to send us, we beg to thank you beforehand for the attentions you will show to this gentleman and his family.

Trusting to have the pleasure of rendering you similar or other services, and begging you to command the same at any time,

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

FAIRBURN & BRIGHT.

Acknowledging Receipt of Money Order.

Chicago,
June 15th, 190—.

Colonial Bank, Naples.
Gentlemen,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 20th ult., enclosing for credit to your account, our money order for \$14.70.

We have to ask that hereafter you will not forward this Company's paper for credit to your account with us. Our paper paid by you should be charged to our account in lire as already arranged; as there is no profit in these money orders other than that obtained from exchange, you will appreciate our desire in this matter.

We have, in this case, however, credited you for the above, value June 6th.

Yours truly,
DAVID MATSON,
Second Asst. Treasurer.

From Italian Consulate referring to Birth Certificate.

7, St. Paul's Street,
Leeds,
June 16th, 190—.

Madam,

In reply to yours of the 24th inst. re certificate of birth, I beg to say that in accordance with the requirements of the Italian Authorities, a translation is usually attached to such certificates when legalized.

I therefore informed you on the 11th inst. that the certificate would be translated.

On receipt of the amount I will forward it to you and there will then be no difficulty on the other side.

I am, Madam,
Yours truly,
HUGO FERRY.

Letter Offering a Cargo of Coal.

Cardiff,

June 17th, 190—.

Messrs. Brent & Baylis.

Dear Sirs,

I should be glad to hear if you are now willing to entertain the purchase of a cargo of steam coal or patent fuel from this side. Freights at the present time are extremely low, and it is therefore a good opportunity to secure a cargo cheaply. The present price of Admiralty List Large Coal, qualities at my option, is 19/11 per ton c.i.f. Naples. Best Monmouthshire Large, such as Ebb Vale or Griffin Nantyglo, is 18/5 and small coal 13/3. I should be glad if we could arrange to do some business together, and you may rely that I should at all times be willing to give you the very lowest prices.

If there are any other qualities that you would like to have quotations for, I shall be glad to quote on hearing from you.

Awaiting a favourable reply,

I am, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES SEDGEWICK.

Notifying Admission of a New Partner.

Mincing Lane,

London, E.C.,

June 18th, 190—.

Dear Sir,

We have the pleasure of advising you that we have this day admitted as partner in our business Mr. Thos. Henry Lawless, who has had considerable experience in coal and shipping business, and shall in future trade under the style of

Fletcher & Lawless.

We herewith beg to take the opportunity of thanking you for your past support, and of soliciting a continuation of the same. You may rely upon your interests having every attention and your orders being executed with promptitude.

Begging your attention to our respective signatures,

We remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

F. FLETCHER & LAWLESS.

Mr. F. Fletcher will sign: Fletcher & Lawless.

Mr. T. H. Lawless will sign: Fletcher & Lawless.

Advice of Consignment of S/S.

Cardiff,

June 19th, 190—.

Messrs. Hobbs & Hobbs.

Dear Sirs,

The S/S "Jessie" left Barry yesterday for Genoa, where she is expected to arrive about the 27th inst.

We have much pleasure in consigning the steamer to your care, and trust that you will have everything in readiness to discharge her as quickly as possible.

Kindly note that all telegrams which may arrive addressed "Hardy" are intended for the captain of this steamer, and see that the same are put aboard as soon as possible after arrival.

Please collect freight in cash and remit to us through the Credit Lyonnais, with instructions that same is to be placed to the credit of our account at the London City and Midland Bank, Bute Docks Branch, Cardiff, and kindly notify to us that you have done the same.

We are, dear Sirs,

Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY & SONS.

Letter Offering to Act as Agents.

17, Huskisson Street,
Liverpool,

June 20th, 190—.

James Watson, Esq.

Sir,

In case you are not represented in this city we should be glad to come to an arrangement with you upon mutual terms, to act as your agents here, for the purpose of securing for you contracts and coaling orders for bunkers to Liverpool steamers calling at your port.

Awaiting the favour of an early reply,

We are, Sir,

Yours obediently,

VILLIERS & JARNIMAN.

Re Detention of Seamen Deserters.

Port Pirie,

June 21st, 190—.

James Simmonds, Esq.

Dear Sir,

We have much pleasure in stating that yesterday we received notification from the Sub-Collector of Customs here, to the effect that the Secretary of the Minister of External Affairs of the Commonwealth had instructed that the obligation under the agreement of the 20th November referring to the seamen deserters from the Italian barque "Shenir" may be considered as terminated.

In due course you will receive from our Head Office in Melbourne, a supplementary statement of expenses in connection with the above-mentioned absurd detention.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. HAMLIN-WHITE.

Offering Shares.

45, Lombard Street,
London, E.C.,

June 22nd, 190—.

Ralph Johnson, Esq., Ballington, Leek.

Dear Sir,

The offer in our Exchange of 500 Nelson Preference Shares at 15/- may interest you as they yield 8% with a very wide margin of security, as the annual profits exceed £50,000 and the Preference dividend only requires £3,600.

If desired I will send you the Company's last balance-sheet.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES BESTWICK, Manager.

Letter re Printing of a Manual.

17, Hardwick Terrace,
Launceston,

June 23rd, 190—.

Messrs. Philips & Co.

Dear Sirs,

I herewith send you a manuscript entitled "Trusts," and should be glad if you would give me an approximate estimate of the cost of printing 500 copies in paper covers. At the same time I should be glad to know of any publishing firm who might be willing to bring it out at their own cost, giving me a royalty upon it.

Yours truly,

ALBERT MASON.

Offering Cargo of Coal and Enclosing Quotations.

Glasgow,
June 24th, 190—.

Thomas Neville, Esq.
Dear Sir,

We should be glad to know if you are open to buy Scotch coal at the moment, and for your guidance quote to-day:—

Best Hamilton Ell at 16/-
Dysart Main ,, 15/3
per ton c.i.f. Naples, shipment June, July, payment
three months' acceptance, payable London.

At present "Best Hamilton Ell" is exceedingly cheap in comparison with Newcastle coal, and we think you would do well to secure a cargo whilst our market is somewhat easy.

Trusting that you will favour us with your esteemed orders,

We are, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
L. COWAN & SONS.

Letter Proposing to Enter into Business Relations.

Chicago,
June 25th, 190—.

Messrs. Sheppard & Bull,
Gentlemen,

Mr. Henry Henderson, of your city, whom we were fortunate enough to meet in New York, spoke in high terms of your firm, and assured us that we could not entrust our affairs to better hands than your own. We hasten, therefore, on Mr. Henderson's recommendation, to ask you if it will suit you to receive our consignments of tobacco and cotton, and take upon yourselves equally the liquidation of our engagements to the value of the goods so sent.

Should you accept our proposal, be good enough to send us a *pro formâ* account sale, in order that we may have some notion of the expenses and usages of your place.

We are, Gentlemen,
Most truly yours,
LEWIS BIDLAKE & SONS.

Proposing the Opening of an Account.

Naples,
June 26th, 190—.

Messrs. Lewis Bidlake & Sons.
Gentlemen,

We have to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 10th of May, and hasten to reply.

We willingly accept your proposals, and shall be delighted to see relations established between our two houses that may prove mutually advantageous.

You may rest assured that we will do all in our power to merit the good opinion with which Mr. Henderson has inspired you, and to show ourselves worthy of the confidence reposed in us.

We hasten to satisfy your wishes by sending you enclosed a *pro formâ* account sale, that may serve you as a basis for future operations. Our terms are two per cent. commission, and two per cent. *del credere*.

We shall be ready to make advances to the extent of two-thirds of the invoice amount of goods consigned to us for sale on receipt of invoice, bills of lading, and orders for insurance.

It is unnecessary to observe that we shall send you accounts of the state of the market by all the boats leaving for Chicago.

We remain, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
SHEPPARD & BULL.

Letter Announcing Refusal of Acceptance.

York,
June 27th, 190—.

Messrs. Smith, Richards & Co.
Gentlemen,

As you will have seen by our telegram of this morning, which we beg to confirm, Messrs. White & May have refused the payment of their acceptance for

£500, due to-day,
stating that they had not the necessary funds in consequence of the non-arrival of some remittances they expected.

They promise, however, to honour your draft in a few days. We have had a protest made out, and shall keep it together with your bill, awaiting your instructions whether you wish to have it returned or not.

We are, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
FISHER & SIMMONDS.

Letter about Dishonoured Acceptance.

Birmingham,
June 28th, 190—.

Messrs. White and May,
Gentlemen,

We have just been informed, to our great surprise, by our banker that you refused the payment of your acceptance for

£500, due yesterday,
saying that you had not the necessary funds to meet it.
As the bill was drawn at three months from the date of our invoice, we are really much astonished to hear of your using the above pretext, for you had plenty of time to provide the money.

We hear that you promise to pay in a few days, and therefore allow you till the end of this week; but if at

that time the bill is not honoured, we shall be under the necessity of putting the matter into the hands of our solicitor.

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

SMITH, RICHARDS & Co.

Letter of Introduction with View of Obtaining Post for Bearer.

Dublin,

June 29th, 190—.

To the Right Honourable The Earl of ———.

My Lord,

The bearer of this letter is the son of my late colleague and friend, Sir George Charles Mason, who was well-known to your lordship when in India.

I have ventured to commend him to your Lordship's notice, as he is desirous of obtaining a post in England; and feeling assured that your lordship will use your generous influence to obtain for him such employment as will give him an insight into political circles.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

WALTER HENRY HARRIS.

Letter of Inquiry as to Payment of Charity.

Charity Commission,

Whitehall,

London, S.W.,

June 30th, 190—.

Sir,

A complaint having reached this office to the effect that the interest upon a sum of £125 given to you by Mr. Poyser for investment for the benefit of the

Parochial School has recently been withheld, I am to call your attention to this complaint, and to request that, if any instrument in writing declaratory to the trusts of the sum in question has been executed, the same may be forwarded to the office and that the circumstances complained of may be explained.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM FLETCHER.

To H. Harvey, Esq.,
Derby.

PART IV.

Grammatical Questions.

EXAMINATION PAPER I.

July 1st, 190—.

1. Translate with due regard to the tenses, and accounting for the construction:—

He has been dead for a fortnight. I saw him a year ago. It is a year since I saw him. I have not seen him for three days. I have been thinking of going to Australia for a long time. It is a year since he broke his leg. How long is it since you bought that suit? I bought it more than a year ago. How long is it since Richard wrote to you? I have had no news of him since he went to The Havannah two years ago. Have you been here a long time? I have been here for a quarter of an hour, not more.

2. What auxiliaries require the preposition "to" after them when followed by a verb in the infinitive? Give examples.
3. Distinguish between to lie and to lay, hung and hanged, dead and died, farther and further, to rise and to raise, to sit, to set, and to seat, laden and loaded, freighted and fraught.
4. Make abstract nouns from the following:—
Bright, wide, true, king, rich, long, wise, white, beautiful, man, manly, child, childish, sincere, boycott, fellow, pure, hardy, free, pleasant, hard, cheerful, read, happy, knight, pope, neighbour, companion, friend, brother, mother.
5. What is the historic present? Give examples.

6. Write out two distinct forms of the negation of the English imperative respectively with the verbs "to cry" and "to weep." Explain their different uses.
7. Give the plural of the following:—
Knife, fox, aquarium, quantity, boy, fly, life, ox, potato, man, gentleman, mussulman, dragoman, penny, goose, child, tooth, mouse, thief, fish, church, day, box, analysis, muff, turf, vortex, basis.
8. Write out the Present Imperfect and the Past Imperfect tenses of:—
To be able, to caw, to taboo, to lease.
9. From what are the following words derived?
Men, chip, hunt, ditch, tale, bath, breach, engineer, cashier, trustee, smithy, shadow, husbandry, spinster, kitten, speech, truth, singer.
10. Write a Composition on one of the following subjects:—
"Modern Italian Poetry."
"Should the English adopt Phonetic Spelling?"

EXAMINATION PAPER II.

July 5th, 190—.

1. Give rules for the names of metals, sciences, actions and countries, with examples and exceptions.
2. Make nouns from the following verbs, showing the agent of the action:—
To plot, to plod, to plead, to please, to administer, to collect, to protest, to tempt, to beg, to brag, to spin, to sing.

3. Compare:—

Nice, pretty, handsome, wet, stiff, hopeful, sage, neat, dirty, horizontal, tall, able, clever, smart, jolly, merry, idiosyncratic.

4. Translate into French, German or Italian with due regard to the tenses:—

Daisy had been married a year when you came to live with us. They have been promising to give us theatricals for more than a month. A long time ago they proposed to act "Hamlet." How long have they been working at the new railway? They have been working at it for more than three years. It is four years since they began it. How long has your father been dead? He has been dead for a month. How long is it since you lost your little sister? We lost her a year and a half ago, and since then we have not gone into society at all.

5. Change the Active Verbs in the following sentences into passive ones without altering the sense:—

Wellington conquered Napoleon. He told me. The cat caught the mouse. Jane sang a song. I often write my letters there. She told us that we could not go. Sir Samuel Baker explored the Nile sources. Give honour to whom honour is due. The Prussians defeated the French in almost every battle.

6. Tell the tenses of the Verbs in the following sentences:—

The warrior bowed his crested head. James swam the river. I have thanked him for it. We will go in the morning. They had won the victory. Sweet is the work. I shall have finished my book to-morrow. I have spoken the words. I saw the snare, and retired.

7. Put appropriate prepositions in the vacant spaces:—

To speak a person.	To laugh me.
To send a nurse.	To talk it.
To telegraph ... a doctor.	To think you.
To inquire ... that matter.	To apply you.
To inquire a person.	To reproach a fault.
To tell a friend.	To listen a song.
To say a child.	To decide something.
To write your uncle.	To trifle a person.
To appeal the judge.	To think „ „
To approve ... the action.	To be adequate .. a thing.
To provide .. my children.	To differ another.
To ask a calendar.	To prevent doing.
To hear a friend.	To confirm a thing.
To rely your word.	To second „ „
To depend .. your honour.	To accuse a crime.
To aid an idea.	To disapprove...an action.
To confide a friend.	To bestow a child.
To sympathise .. „ „	To pray help.
To dream „ „	To wait you.
To wait a customer.	To cope difficulties.
To be astonished ... you.	To put up insolence.
To be surprised ... „	To call God.
To despair „	To blow the candle.
To correspond .. a friend.	To mix ... the ingredients.
To restore honour.	To profit .. your kindness.
To feel your trouble.	To prevail .. your brother.
To answer ... your letter.	To bind a wound.
To reply „ „	To call a friend.
To want work.	To call the post.
To give a project.	To draw the bill.
To dwell an idea.	To meet a relation.
To be tired „ „	To part a friend.
To make accounts.	To make ... your writing.
To hit an idea.	To fall a fellow.

8. Supply possessive adjectives:—

When the sea gives up —— dead. The sun
goes forth from —— chamber in the sky. The

moon walks in — brightness. Charity drops — loving tears. Time carries — hour-glass in — hand. For winter came; the wind was — whip. The man-of-war dropped — anchor.

9. Give the plural of the following words:—

Goose-feather, step-son, hanger-on, do-little, major-general, ox-harrow, maid-of-all-work, errand-boy, book-maker, man-child, woman-singer, coachful, spoonful, Miss Hallam, General Roberts, Doctor Brown, sales-woman, chimney-sweep, landlady, attorney-general.

10. Write a composition on one of the following subjects:—

“Have We One Personality or Many?”

or

“Was Shakespeare ever in Italy?”

EXAMINATION PAPER III.

July 8th, 190—.

1. Translate into French, German or Italian with due regard to the tenses:—

I have had a sore throat for three days. The doctor was here two hours ago. He has not been here this morning. I expect my cousin this evening, but I shall not wait for him. As long as you remain in Naples I hope that you will come to study English with me. Have those children been playing long? They had been playing for two hours before I came, and since then they have been playing for an hour and a half. How long has your aunt been dead? She has been dead for six months. My father had been dead for two years when my aunt died.

2. Write out the Past Perfect tense of:—
To write, come, walk, work, wander, wonder,
swim, love, jump, eat, crawl, drink.
3. Supply Verbs:—The cattle — fat. The scales
— correct. The spinach — good. Business
— depressed. Her hair — golden. The
hairs — long. The contents — black. The
macaroni — good. The furniture — old.
The rice — cooked. His advice — good.
The news — false. Progress — perceptible.
His wealth — acknowledged by all. The
grain — ripe. The grapes — spoilt by the
phylloxera. The scissors — sharp. The oats
— damp. The drawers — dry. The dregs
— thrown away. The ashes — good for
cleaning purposes. The bellows — not neces-
sary. The riches of America — well-known.
The compasses — new. My breeches — too
short.
4. Explain the following onomatopoetic words:—
Hugger-mugger, tittle-tattle, hurdy-gurdy, riff-
raff, helter-skelter, pell-mell, hoity-toity, hurry-
skurry, hurly-burly, willy-nilly, harum-scarum.
5. Give the singular of the following:—Swine, genii,
geniuses, mice, kine, pease, series, pence, phe-
nomena, radii, seraphim, stimuli, emphases, foci,
effluvia, animalcula, larvæ, oxen, geese, genera,
calves, brethren, crises, species, teeth, loaves,
cherubim, dice.
6. Form Verbs from the following nouns by internal
change:—
Gold, top, shelf, price, advice, glass, cloth,
ditch, bath, practice.
7. Write out the Objective form of:—
I, thou, he, she, it, one, who, and the nomina-
tive of us, you, them.

8. Make adjectives from the following words:—Silk, rain, dirt, life, north, love, gentleman, play, law, sing, walk, fruit, kindle.
9. Give the feminine of the following words:—
Bachelor, old-bachelor, boar, buck, colt, drake, earl, gander, hart, abbot, ambassador, arbiter, margrave, Czar, hero, sultan, peer, shepherd, marquis or marquess, wizard, mayor, horse, stag, lord, confidant.
10. Write a composition on one of the following themes:

“ Is Paraffin Good for Baldness? ”
or
“ Is Life Worth Living? ”

EXAMINATION PAPER IV.

July 12th, 190—.

1. Correct:—

I dare to fight. Come to see me. I may to work. I bid you to study. I need not to go. I make them to obey. I can to understand; and state your reasons for the corrections.
2. Show the pleonasms in the following sentences:—

Have you got a book? Did ever man have such a bother as I? I saw it with my own eyes.
3. What construction is required with the following verbs:—To order, to wish, to want, to desire, to permit, to allow, to direct, to request, to require. Give examples.
4. What is the meaning of the following words:—

Christmas-box, army coach, tip, pants, pumps, pyjamas, cant, sympathetic, loyal, boycott, stage, blockhead, dog-days, hoyden, flirt, shrew, past-master, hound, cantab, oxonian, wall-eye, witana-

gamote, woolsack, woodcut, wiseacre, fresh-man, wire-puller, witling, poetaster, boxing-day, tanner-cab, lobby, little-Englander, lock-out, wool-gathering, whipper-in, field-day, bosh, windfall, book-worm, free-lance, milksop, don, cad, snob, dandy, nincompoop, pet, prig, noodle, country-bumpkin, foggy, maffick, bungalow, nabob, polo, fop, tomboy, swindle, tell-tale, chatterbox, quack, sweetheart, dunce, dad, eavesdropper, sneak, Irish bull, shoddy, poll-man, ragging, whole-hogger, busy-body, tittle-tattle, coxcomb, King's English.

5. Make adjectives from the following words:—Win, winter, wear, abhor, absorb, abysm, damn, Darwin, brace, leprosy, light.
6. Give the present participle of the following:—To die, lie, lay, vie, run, bet, dig, hop, hope, slip, rub, carry, tap, try, sin.
7. Give the plural of the following words:—Addendum, hoof, gymnasium, glass, wolf, loaf, die, louse, foot, deer, stomach, sheep, cannon, canon, monarch, genus, genius, madam, larva, nebula, oasis, ass, fife, chief, handkerchief, wharf, wife, staff, flagstaff, compass, peeress, trout, grouse, narcissus, calyx, tyro, piano, distaff.
8. Write out the Present Imperfect, Past Imperfect, and Imperative affirmatively of the reflexive verbs: To tie one's-self, wash one's-self and deceive one's-self.
9. What conjunctions require the next verb to be in the subjunctive?
10. Write a short essay on one of the following:—
 "Heredity: Are Acquired Qualities Inherited?"
 or
 "Was Hamlet Mad?"

EXAMINATION PAPER V.

July 15th, 190—.

1. Translate into French, German or Italian with due regard to the tenses:—

Is it a long time since you left off reading novels? I have not read novels or poetry for six months and I am glad of it. The children have been studying since this morning. The baby has been sleeping since nine o'clock this morning. Last year they were making a new railway through the mountain, and they were cutting down a great many trees. I have had the pleasure of knowing you for several years. We have been walking in the dust for more than two hours. They had been digging the garden for two hours when all at once they found a fossil of great beauty. How long has Mr. Stewart been ill? He has been ill for nearly a fortnight; he had already been ill for a week before he called a doctor.

2. Correct any mistakes and give your reasons for doing so:—

Give me the hand. Stephen has lost the sight. France and Greece are beautiful countries but I do not like Corea. The Vesuvius is in eruption. Have you some vestas? If you have some, give me them. The supper is ready. The gold is the root of all evil. I am not as old as you. He is the oldest son. Between you and I that man is greatly over-rated. That wife of my cousin's makes him a good housekeeper. If he speaks so, he be a liar. Who do you think I met this morning? I will be killed, and nobody shall save me.

3. What are the different uses of "like" and "as" in English? Account for the construction in the following:—

This watch is like mine. Do as I tell you. Gold, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master. He lives as though he were rich, but how he lives, I know not. He acted like a gentleman. He behaved as a gentleman.

4. Compare:—Good, bad, ill, evil, little, much, many, far, near, fore, in, out, low, late, old, worthy, red, high, coarse, thin, wan.
5. Give rules for nouns ending in sh, ch, s, x and o; and for those which end in y preceded by a vowel and those in y preceded by a consonant.
6. Decline in the singular and plural:—Woman, prince, baby, ass, gentleman, mouse.
7. Give the feminine of the following:—Beaux, boy, bull, cock, dog, gentleman, husband, king, monk, friar, ram, sir, sire, steer, duke, founder, heir, lad, priest, spinner, heritor, testator, executor, sultan, he-goat, man-servant, cock-sparrow, male-child, hero, god, emperor, author.
8. Which are the silent h's in the English language?
9. Write out the simple and emphatic futures of the following verbs:—
To wire, carve, steer, buy, baulk, tell.
10. Write a short essay on one of the following:—
“The Greatest Thing in the World.”
or
“Is Man the Child of Circumstance?”

EXAMINATION PAPER VI.

July 19th, 190—.

1. Translate into good Italian, German or French, accounting for the English construction:—

You are that boy's uncle, are you not? It would be well to tell him, would it not? I wrote the letter, did I not? You went out earlier than usual, did you not? How clear the water is, is it not? You could do me this favour, could you not? The grapes will be ripe in a week, will they not?

2. Correct:—

It is me, do not be afraid. There is a great difference between you and I. Charity sheds its loving tears. The ship dropped its anchor. He lives in Hyde Park Corner, at London. I have been in Rome. The newspapers of New York. I have been yesterday to see the museum. I went to Rome once. My mother is laying on the sofa.

“See a pin and let it lay,
You'll want a pin another day.”

Lie the book down. Who did you speak to?
Come quick, your mother waits for you.

3. Write out the Future Progressive forms of:—To telegraph, sail, play, die, wire.
4. Give the plural of the following words:—

Phenomenon, memorandum, magus, stimulus, stratum, terminus, thesis, vertebra, crisis, tobacco, birthday, cargo, class, watch, hero, folio, canto, grotto, junto, portico, quarto, solo, soliloquy, dwarf, jelly, hippopotamus, seraph, amanuensis, valley.

5. Show which is the root and which the suffix or affix in the following words:—

Manly, falling, digger, youthful, undone, hand-ful, wooden, southern, foolish, thirsty, hundred-fold, dreadful, auditor, sponsor, atheism, musician, handy, heavenly.

6. Make adverbs from the following:—
Bad, noble, wicked, kind, soft, sweet, proper.
7. What is the plural of the following compound words:—
Commander-in-Chief, aide-de-camp, sister-in-law, tooth-brush, knight-errant, penny-a-liner, chimney-sweeper, hair-dresser, man-of-war.
8. Illustrate the use of the diminutive terminations:—
-kin, -let, -ling, -ock.
9. What parts of speech are the words written in italics:—
The child is not *well*. I cannot *well* say. Leave *well* alone. He is *on* the house. He ran *on*. He is *in* the garden. He walked *in*. They never saw a ship *before*. The world was all *before* them. They all ran away *but* him. He was *but* one of the many cowards who ran away. I go, *but* I will soon return. He sat *next* me. He is the *next* person. He comes *next*.
10. Write a short essay on one of the following themes:

“Does Money go Everywhere?”

or

“Business is business, and the man who has no business has no business to be in business.”

EXAMINATION PAPER VII.

July 22nd, 190—.

1. Translate into good Italian, German or French:—

I went to Mr. Smith's yesterday evening. I have just come from my uncle's. I shall come to see you to-morrow. I shall be at your house at five o'clock. We were at Mrs. Fletcher's a few nights ago. Call at the post for the letters. Call on me. Call at the bank. Call on the banker. Call at the banker's. I have come from Paris. I am going to Paris. I live in Naples. I live at Sorrento. I live in Capri.

2. After the following conjunctions implying contingency or doubt the subjunctive must be used. Therefore correct:—

He is careful *lest* he falls a prey to the disease. I reckon not *so* it lights well-aimed. Seek out his wickedness *till* thou findest none. *That* thou appearest not unto men to fast. *If* he goes, I shall go too. *Unless* he goes, I cannot be free. *Although* he pays, he is not rich.

3. Enumerate the names of those regions or towns which require the article in English.
4. Mention those adverbs which must be placed between the subject and the verb, or between the auxiliary and the verb, give examples.
5. Correct the following, giving your reason for so doing:—

John's and William's house. Elizabeth and not Mary's reign was renowned for brilliant discoveries. I do not want none. He is the most wisest person. You will not have no more. This garden is the richest of the two. I didn't see nobody. He don't listen to me. I drunk it yesterday. Neither

he nor his brother were there. Everyone must judge of their own feelings. The phenomena observed was very interesting. She writes better than me. It is easier said than done. He had not began his studies.

6. Personify the following nouns, and supply pronouns or possessive adjectives:—

The power of England is great — governs one seventh of the world. Wisdom uttereth — voice. Hope points — finger on the wall. The sun sheds — golden rays o'er the mountain top. The sea gives up — dead. Death brings — sickle to reap — harvest.

7. Conjugate "*ought*" as far as you can without other auxiliaries.
8. What two masculine nouns are derived from the feminine in contradiction to the general rule?
9. Write out the two subjunctive forms which are required respectively after the conjunctions "*that*" and "*if*" with the verbs to learn and to teach.
10. Write out clearly your opinion on one of the following topics:—
- "Are the poor happier or unhappier than the rich?"
- or
- "Is Marriage a Failure."
-

EXAMINATION PAPER VIII.

July 26th, 190—.

1. Translate into French, German or Italian:—

The London fogs. The New York Herald.
The judge's wig. The horse's head. He lives at

a mile's distance from here. A day's journey. A moment's reflection. My horse is here, the Captain's is there and my father's is in the stable. The eye of God is upon us. For God's sake be quiet! The Duke of Devonshire's family. The friend of your father's cousin. Have you cleaned the legs of the table?

2. What verbs require the conjunction "and" after them when followed by a verb in the infinitive?
3. Write out in all their simple tenses the verbs to lie and to lay.
4. Correct, giving your reasons for doing so:—

We will not annoy you farther about this. Yesterday your father has spoken to the minister. Why don't you lay down if you have a headache? I laid down yesterday and it did me no good. The man-of-war's crew. Let you and I endeavour to do our duty. Who is there? It is them. Who are you? I am him you seek. Did your father go passed here? Yes, he past. I put the ring in the box. Speak no farther about it. How much are you paying for your house? I shall tell you a tale. Give me your umbrella, I shall put it down. Jack does not want to go out, but he will go. I shall think about what you have said.

5. What is the origin of the following words:—

Cockney, bankrupt, boycott, Whitsunday, tennis, teetotaler, whist, wheelwright, Christmas, dandelion, damask, quiz, wassail, quaker, brougham, tantalise, tannercab, Shrove-Tuesday, Whitsuntide, Maundy Thursday, maffick, woman, book, braggadocio.

6. Explain the following expressions:—

To be on all fours. To make a clean breast of

it. I have the whiphand of you. Was it the off leg, or the near leg? It was the off wheeler which kicked. Ah, I thought it was the near leader. He is a splendid whip. He is a freshman, but he looks like a don. Oh, I thought he was a B.A.! He is a toady. No, he is not a toady, but he is a wire-puller. And a hanger-on, believe me. He is well-known on the turf. He is a chip of the old block. He is feathering his nest nicely. She has gone off terribly lately, has she not? Who was Senior Wrangler? Cheek by jowl. Do not give me away. We are at cross purposes. He discovered a mare's nest. For the moment he is pot-boiling. He is wasting his powder on small game. That is rather a tall order, isn't it? He puts on a lot of side. I am in the blues. You are out of sorts.

7. Explain the following poetic forms:—doth, spake, quoth, seemeth, hath, ye, thither, whither.
8. Write down the transitive forms of to rise, lie, sit.
9. When do verbs redouble their last consonant? Write out the present imperfect and the past imperfect of the following verbs:—

To dim, limit, debar, hanker, commit, debit, bet, forget, slam, refer, transmit.
10. Write a short dissertation on one of the following subjects:—

“Would it be well if everyone had to work for his own living?”

or

“How to be happy though married.”

EXAMINATION PAPER IX.

July 29th, 190—.

1. Account for the construction in the following sentences, translating them at the same time into German, French or Italian:—

I do not wish the pianoforte to be put into this room. Come here, I wish to speak to you. Nobody wants you to do it, if it is not convenient. Nobody wishes to bathe. I desire you to rest. I prefer the book to be put here. I think so. I believe not. We Italians. We teachers. I shall come and see you to-morrow. Will your mother come with you? No, she will not.

2. Decline the following pronouns in the singular and the plural:—

I, he, she, it, one, who, we, you, they.

3. How many imperfect forms have we in English corresponding to the French and Italian "je parlais" and "parlavo"? Write them out affirmatively and negatively.

4. Correct if necessary, stating your reasons:—

The man that you saw was my friend. That nose of yours is crooked. That dog of yours is vicious. Lie down your pen and be off. Neither him nor me are guilty. The fleet have orders to sail on Monday next. I shall come for my lesson Tuesday.

5. What are the rules for the uses of "after" and "afterwards," "first" and "before," "until" and "as long as," "as far as"? Give examples.
6. Write out the present imperfect and past imperfect affirmatively of the following verbs:—To coo, match, miss, crush, box, fry, hiss, pay; and the

imperative negatively of to boycott, guess, bless, pinch, sneeze.

7. Correct the following illiterate letter:—

12, Clarendon Square,

December 10th, 190—.

My dear Miss Gainsborough!

It is quite true that if one wants to conserve his health one must not burn the candle at both ends as you say you have done lately. I shall come to see you to-morrow, but in the meantime I bid you to go straight to bed. Let us talk no farther about the burning of midnight oil. A friend of mine begun so, and in the end he hung himself,—not at all an attractive end for a clever fellow, was it?

Now you are more wise than him, I hope, and will not risk to ruin your whole future by such imprudence. Such crises come to all young folks, when they must stop, arrested by their own impetuosity, and look around and see exactly where they stand. A great thing in this life is to recognise ones own limitations, and having established them to observe them minutely.

Such a crisis has come to you, my dear young lady, so until I come, go straight to bed and rest.

Your faithful old doctor,

EDWARD MALLET.

8. Give an example of English blank verse.

9. Scan the following measures:—

“Over wide and rushing rivers,
In his arms he bore a maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather.”

Longfellow.

“The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.”

Scott.

“Teach me to love thee as a man in prayer,
 May love the picture of a sainted nun,
 And I will woo thee, when the day is done,
 With tears and vows, and fealty past compare,
 And seek the sunlight in thy golden hair,
 And kiss thy hand to claim thy benison.”

Eric Mackay.

10. Write an essay on one of the following themes:—

“Corporal Punishment in Schools,”

or

“Man and Superman.”

Subjects for English Composition:—

Motoring.

Friendship (what it should mean).

How to make a fortune.

The Simple Life.

The poor man.

The rich man.

The American girl versus the French or English.

The Suffragette.

Tell me a story, mother.

Socialism.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Is Spiritualism a fraud? Are women fickle?

Was Hamlet mad?

Paris.

Cremation versus burial.

Is consumption curable?

Should novels have a purpose?

Will war ever die?

Style or matter?

Will America have an aristocracy?

Realism versus romance.

Opinions on Oscar Wilde, Ibsen, Wagner,
 Baudelaire, Meredith, Tolstoi, Maeterlinck,
 Carlyle, D'Annunzio, Anatole France, Zola,
 Carducci, etc.

Is a perfect translation impossible?
What are the spots on the sun?
What is Truth?
Is England declining?
Darwinism.
Shakespeare or Bacon?
Far from the madding crowd.
Are Trusts immoral?
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."
The mere Man.
A mere Woman!
Nature or Art?
The greatest thing in the world.

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown."

Tennyson.

"Italia! Oh Italia! Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty!"

Byron.

"Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo."

Shakespeare.

LIST OF IRREGULAR VERBS.

Present.	Past Imperfect.	Past Participle.
Abide	Abode	Abode
Arise	Arose	Arisen
Awake	Awoke, <i>awaked</i> *	<i>Awaked</i> *
Bear (to carry)	Bore or bare	Borne
Bear (to bring forth)	Bore or bare	Born
Beat	Beat	Beaten
Become	Became	Become
Begin	Began	Begun
Behold	Beheld	Beheld
Bend	Bent	Bent
Bereave	Bereft	Bereft
Beseech	Besought	Besought
Bespeak	Bespoke	Bespoken
Bid	Bade or bid	Bidden
Bind	Bound	Bound
Bite	Bit	Bitten or bit
Bleed	Bled	Bled
Blow	Blew	Blown
Breed	Bred	Bred
Bring	Brought	Brought
Build	Built	Built
Burn	Burnt or <i>burned</i> *	Burnt or <i>burned</i> *
Burst	Burst	Burst
Buy	Bought	Bought
Cast	Cast	Cast
Catch	Caught	Caught
Chide	Chid	Chidden
Choose	Chose	Chosen
Cleave	Clove or cleft	Cloven or cleft
Cling	Clung	Clung

* The parts of the verb in italics marked with an asterisk are regular.

Present.	Past Imperfect.	Past Participle.
Clothe	<i>Clothed*</i>	<i>Clothed*</i> or clad
Come	Came	Come
Cost	Cost	Cost
Creep	Crept	Crept
Crow	Crew or <i>crowed*</i>	<i>Crowed*</i>
Cut	Cut	Cut
Dare	Durst or <i>dared*</i>	<i>Dared*</i>
Deal	Dealt	Dealt
Die	<i>Died*</i>	<i>Died*</i>
Dig	Dug	Dug
Do	Did	Done
Draw	Drew	Drawn
Dream	Dreamt or <i>dreamed*</i>	Dreamt or <i>dreamed*</i>
Drink	Drank	Drunk
Drive	Drove	Driven
Dwell	Dwelt	Dwelt
Eat	Ate	Eaten
Fall	Fell	Fallen
Feed	Fed	Fed
Feel	Felt	Felt
Fight	Fought	Fought
Find	Found	Found
Flee	Fled	Fled
Fling	Flung	Flung
Fly	Flew	Flown
Forget	Forgot	Forgotten
Forgive	Forgave	Forgiven
Forsake	Forsook	Forsaken
Freeze	Froze	Frozen
Freight	<i>Freighted*</i>	<i>Freighted*</i> or fraught
Get	Got	Got
Gild	<i>Gilded*</i> or gilt	<i>Gilded*</i> or gilt
Gird	<i>Girded*</i> or girt	<i>Girded*</i> or girt
Give	Gave	Given

† When regular "to hang" means to take away life, when irregular to fasten by a nail or peg. For instance, we say "The murderer was hanged," but "The coat was hung up."

Present.	Past Imperfect.	Past Participle.
Go	Went	Gone
Grave	<i>Graved*</i>	<i>Graved*</i> or graven
Grind	Ground	Ground
Grow	Grew	Grown
Hang	† <i>Hanged*</i> or hung	<i>Hanged*</i> or hung
Have	Had	Had
Hear	Heard	Heard
Heave	Hove or <i>heaved*</i>	<i>Heaved*</i>
Hew	<i>Hewed*</i>	Hewn
Hide	Hid	Hidden
Hit	Hit	Hit
Hold	Held	Held
Hurt	Hurt	Hurt
Keep	Kept	Kept
Kneel	Knelt or <i>kneeled*</i>	Knelt or <i>kneeled*</i>
Knit	<i>Knitted*</i> or knit	<i>Knitted*</i> or knit
Know	Knew	Known
Lay	Laid	Laid
Lead	Led	Led
Leave	Left	Left
Lend	Lent	Lent
Let	Let	Let
Lie	Lay	Lain
Light	Lit or <i>lighted*</i>	Lit or <i>lighted*</i>
Lose	Lost	Lost
Make	Made	Made
Mean	Meant	Meant
Meet	Met	Met
Mow	<i>Mowed*</i>	Mown
Pay	Paid	Paid
Pen	<i>Penned*</i> or pent	<i>Penned*</i> or pent
Put	Put	Put
Read	Read	Read
Rend	Rent	Rent
Rid	Rid	Rid
Ride	Rode	Ridden
Ring	Rang	Rung
Rise	Rose	Risen

Present.	Past Imperfect.	Past Participle.
Rive	<i>Rived*</i>	Riven
Run	Ran	Run
Saw	<i>Sawed*</i>	Sawn or <i>sawed*</i>
Say	Said	Said
See	Saw	Seen
Seek	Sought	Sought
Seethe	<i>Seethed*</i>	<i>Seethed*</i> or sodden
Sell	Sold	Sold
Send	Sent	Sent
Set	Set	Set
Shake	Shook	Shaken
Shave	<i>Shaved*</i>	Shorn or <i>sheared*</i>
Shear	<i>Sheared*</i>	<i>Shorn</i> or sheared*
Shed	Shed	Shed
Shine	Shone	Shone
Shoe	Shod	Shod
Shoot	Shot	Shot
Show	<i>Showed*</i>	Shown
Shred	Shred	Shred
Shrink	Shrank	Shrunk
Shrive	Shrove or <i>shrived*</i>	Shriven or <i>shrived*</i>
Shut	Shut	Shut
Sing	Sang	Sung
Sink	Sank	Sunk
Sit	Sat	Sat
Slay	Slew	Slain
Sleep	Slept	Slept
Slide	Slid	Slid
Sling	Slung	Slung
Slink	Slunk	Slunk
Slit	Slit	Slit
Smell	Smelt or <i>smelled*</i>	Smelt or <i>smelled*</i>
Smite	Smote	Smitten
Sow	Sowed	Sown
Sew	<i>Sewed*</i>	Sewn
Speak	Spoke	Spoken
Speed	Sped	Sped
Spend	Spent	Spent

Present.	Past Imperfect.	Past Participle.
Spill	Spilt or <i>spilled</i> *	Spilt or <i>spilled</i> *
Spin	Spun or span	Spun
Spit	Spat	Spit
Spread	Spread	Spread
Spring	Sprang	Sprung
Stand	Stood	Stood
Steal	Stole	Stolen
Stick	Stuck	Stuck
Sting	Stung	Stung
Stink	Stank	Stunk
Stride	Strode	Stridden
Strike	Struck	Struck or stricken
String	Strung	Strung
Strive	Strove	Striven
Swear	Swore	Sworn
Sweep	Swept	Swept
Swell	<i>Swelled</i> *	Swollen or <i>swelled</i> *
Swim	Swam	Swum
Swing	Swung	Swung
Take	Took	Taken
Teach	Taught	Taught
Tear	Tore	Torn
Tell	Told	Told
Think	Thought	Thought
Thrive	Throve	Thriven
Throw	Threw	Thrown
Thrust	Thrust	Thrust
Tread	Trod	Trodden
Wear	Wore	Worn
Weave	Wove	Woven
Weep	Wept	Wept
Win	Won	Won
Wind	Wound	Wound
Work	<i>Worked</i> * or wrought	<i>Worked</i> * or wrought
Wring	Wrung	Wrung
Write	Wrote	Written

PART V.

Idiomatic Expressions.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS I.

August 1st, 190—.

What a *well-bred* lady is Mrs. Travers!

Yes, she is as well-bred as her husband is *ill-bred*.

Do you think him ill-bred?

I think him more than that, I call him *a cad*.

And why?

He has such *caddish*, ill-bred ways.

Well at any rate he has *thorough-bred* horses.

Bought with his wife's money. He is a *cockney*, and does not know a horse from a mule. Then he is a *bully* as well as being a cad. He *bullies* his wife into giving him as much money as he wants.

And does she submit to being bullied?

For the sake of peace perhaps.

He puts on a lot of side at the club. But they say it was you who *got him into* the club.

Well, I did it *on the spur of the moment* to please Mrs. Travers, *poor thing*.

And now, I bet, you are *heartily sick of him*.

I should rather think so! He is *such a bore*.

Ah, he *bores* you now, does he?

He always bored me.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS II.

August 2nd, 190—.

Well, *old fellow*, and how did you *get on* at your exams?

Oh, I *got through* all right.

And what did you do in mathematics?

Got through *by the skin of my teeth*.

I think you had been *resting on your oars* a little too much at the beginning of the term, had you not?

Yes, I don't know *what was the matter with me*, but I could not *stick at it* this term at all.

Perhaps you are *in love*?

In debt, not in love.

Poor old chap! You must *creep round* the governor in the vacation.

No, *Dad* will not pay my debts; they must *run on* until *I am of age*.

When are you of age?

I shall be twenty-one next March.

Then you *come into a nice round sum*, don't you?

A few thousands, but they will soon *be swallowed up* by my creditors.

But how much do you owe?

Oh, my dear fellow, I am *head over ears* in debt.

Well, you must *pay up*, of course, and then you must make it a *hard and fast rule* never to get things on credit again.

Oh, no, I shall never *get into debt* again, I *promise* you.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS III.

August 3rd, 190—.

I say, Gillford, I have *found you out*!

And in what have you found me out, may I ask?

Come along, old man, don't pretend to be so innocent.

Well, *what's up*?

Why, of course I know *all about it*.

All about what?

That you tried *to run away with* my cousin last Thursday.

I advise you *to mind your own business*, if not *you'll catch it*.

And I *have half a mind* to show you up to her father.

You would not do that, you would not be such a *sneak*.

Well, I'll *let you off* this time, but don't do it again, that's all.

No, I shall not do it again, because the young lady has *changed her mind*.

Ah, *that accounts for it*, I heard that she was going *up to London* for the season.

Really? Then she has quite *given me up*.

Yes, I am afraid there's *but a poor chance* for you now; you *put your foot into it* by *trying on* an elopement.

Women are like weathercocks.

Well, *old chap*, you are *down on your luck*, so you think they are all as changeable as the wind.

The odds were all against me, you know.

Well, you'll perhaps *get your innings* one day.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS IV.

August 4th, 190—.

And so this Muirhead is *dubbed* "Prince of poets"!

Yes, I feel *bound* to compare him to Shakespeare.

And I call him a poetaster. There is neither rhyme nor reason in what he writes.

Oh, you must not *snub* a son of genius; his last creation is a poem *at first hand*. It will go of itself, it needs *no puffing*.

Well, taste just now is *at a low ebb* in England, and even worse *stuff* than Muirhead's is *palmed off* as poetry upon an ignorant public. I wonder that no humorous critic dares *show him up*. Not one of his poems *would stand* being *held up to ridicule*.

Oh, well, it is easier to teach the mob to *throw a brick-bat* at a fool than to worship at the shrine of a saint.

You *allow* him to be a fool then?

No, he is not a fool, neither is he a man to be studied *at bay*. You must *enter into the spirit of* his poems.

And listen to his silly *hankerings after* immortality?

Well, do we not all hanker after something?

You are very unsympathetic towards him.

Because I think he is a *humbug*.

Ah, no, he is no humbug. He is far too *downright a fellow* to profess what he does not believe. He has often been *hard put to* for money but he has always refused to pander to the public taste.

Well, he seems *to have hit it off* pretty well at last at *any rate*.

Yes, the *hobgoblins* of poverty and dependence have at last been driven from his door. And he is *to be made a lion of into the bargain*.

Well, *every dog has his day*, but Muirhead has no desire *to be lionised* whatever.

Well, *don't let us fall out* about his trash, *for heaven's sake*.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS V.

August 5th, 190—.

Get up, *you lazy beggar!* What are you doing in bed at this hour?

Oh, is it late? What o'clock is it?

You have *overslept* yourself, I think.

Yes, but *I was dead beat* last night.

I never saw such a *chap* as you for sleeping; I've been out already for my *dip*.

Well, I *tramped* all the way from Vesuvius yesterday evening. I am *fagged out*.

Well, you look just like a *tramp* in those pyjamas.

Yes, they are not too *æsthetic*, are they?

What a *lout* you are with that *mop of hair!*

Well, *out of the way!* I must take my *tub*. I've *slept like a top*, and I feel *all the better for it*.

I should rather think so! Why, you've *slept the clock round*. I say, what are these?

Boot-trees.

What for?

My boots. To keep them in shape, you know.

Oh, I never heard of such nonsense. Why, my boots *keep in shape* or *get out of shape* as they like, I could never *bother* with boot-trees.

Well, you never could be called a *dandy*, could you?

I? Never. But I am sorry to say I cannot *return the compliment*, you always were a dandy. When you come down of a morning *you look as if you had come out of a bandbox*, you are so *speck-and-span*.

Well, one likes *to look a gentleman*.

I content myself by being one, and never mind the looks. I should hate to look *dandified*!

Well, then, I congratulate you on looking anything but a dandy, for one might mistake you easily for a *coster-monger*.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS VI.

August 6th, 190—.

Would you be so good *as to change me this half-crown?*

I am sorry I cannot change it for you, I have given out all *the change* I had. There is not a halfpenny in the till.

What shall I do? I have no change.

Oh, Sir, any of these shops will *give you change*; at the haberdasher's, for instance, or at the fishmonger's.

Thanks awfully. Oh, *by the bye*, have you any of that Australian Burgundy I used to get from you?

No, I am sorry, Sir, it is all *sold out*.

That is a pity. It was a *first-rate* wine.

At any rate it was cheap, Sir.

Well, *at the rate of* six shillings a-bottle it was not too cheap.

Then all our wines are unadulterated. How did you like the last champagne we sent you, Sir?

Not *dry* enough, not nearly dry enough.

Oh, I must make a note of that. I warned our shopman to be careful to send you the *old mark*. Can we send you anything to-day, Sir?

Half-a-dozen brandy, nothing more.

Good-day, Sir.

Be careful about the mark; and, *by the way*, have you sent the sodas I ordered yesterday?

Yes, we sent a score of syphons this morning.

Well, do not forget to mention that the champagne was not dry enough.

Oh, no, Sir, I promise that you shall have no more complaints to make *on that score*.

Thank you. Good-day.

Good-day, Sir.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS VII.

August 7th, 190—.

What's *the score*?

We twenty, you sixty-five.

Have you *scored*?

No, you scored, did you not?

Ah, yes, *it had slipped my memory*.

What a nice new *suit* you have!

Do you like it, do you think it *suits* me?

Yes, and it *fits* you perfectly.

Is it *suitable* stuff for tennis?

Yes, but tennis is not a *fitting game* for you; with your heart-disease it might *do you harm*.

What harm can it do me? *It does me good*.

Well, sometimes such a good is *good-for-nothing*, you know.

Will you come and *see me off*? I leave by the 9.15 train.

Oh, please excuse me. I don't like *seeing folks off*.

Don't be so sentimental, *for God's sake*!

Where are you off to?

I am off to see the *old folks* down at Buxton.

Well, *come and look me up* when you return, won't you?

Certainly. But I shall stay awhile down there if the place *suits* me.

Oh, it is sure to suit you, the air is splendid, but they are rather *straitlaced* down there, you know.

Narrow-minded, I imagine, are they not?

Oh, rather!

Well, so long as they *hold their peace* I *don't care a fig* what they think.

But they don't hold their peace. *That is just it*, you know.

Well, good-bye old chap. *Let me hear from you* from time to time.

Good-bye. Pleasant journey!

Thanks awfully. Give my kind regards to your people.

Thanks. Good-bye.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS VIII.

August 8th, 190—.

I say, Hamilton, is it true you *have signed the pledge?*
Not a bit of it. Who has been stuffing you?

Yes, *I am told* that you have become a teetotaler.

I have no need to sign the pledge. Why, I never was *tipsy* in my life, much less *drunk*.

Are you cramming hard now?

By Jove, I am!

And who is your *crammer*?

An Army coach, of course.

Does he *coach* well?

Yes, he is *well up* in all the *posers*, but he is a *perfect boor* in his manners.

Ah, *that is something like*, I have a *fop* for a coach, and *he rubs me up the wrong way* awfully, *I can tell you*.

But you work in a *slipshod* sort of way, don't you?

I work *by fits and starts*, but you know I always was a *duffer* at exam. work and Army exams. *are enough to drive one mad*.

This wind *is enough to blow one's head off!*

Come to my *diggings*, and have a cup of tea with me.

Where do you *dig* now?

In the High Street.

And who *digs* with you?

An Oxford chum; a fellow with an imperturbable drawl.

Shall I be *in the way*?

Oh, no, he *lies low* when I have friends.

Is he a *don*?

Oh, he's clever, but he's very *matter of fact*. The poor fellow's *at his wits' end* just now.

Why?

Family affairs. They don't know *how to make ends meet*, and he threatens to *throw all up and go off* to Australia.

That *would be a pity*. Has he taken *his degree*?

His *B.A.*, and now he is going in for his *M.A.* It would be an awful pity to throw all up now.

That it would.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS IX.

August 9th, 190—.

Ah, I see you have a piano. *Do* let me try it?

Do, but it is terribly *out of tune*.

Yes, it is not *in tune*. *I had mine tuned* yesterday; it cost me *five and six*, and I hope it will *keep in tune* now.

Oh, *I say*, will you *send* your piano-tuner *round* to my diggings?

Certainly.

I should be awfully obliged to you if you would.

Oh, *not at all*. I'll send him round one day this week.

What is the time?

Just *on the stroke of six*.

Oh, *I must be off*. One of my patients has had a *stroke*, and *they are expecting me* at a quarter past six. It is pitiable to see him struck down at one blow. His poor wife sits stroking his hair *to send him to sleep*.

Hard lines for the family, isn't it?

Yes, he was the bread-winner of course.

Did you read *the leader* this morning?

In the "*Times*"? Yes, what a *masterly stroke* was that speech of Chamberlain's!

Splendid, wasn't it? Will you come for a row on the river after your visit?

All right, but you must *be stroke*.

All right, I'll *be stroke*.

Then I shall *expect* you about seven o'clock at the Rowing Club.

Yes, but if I am not punctual don't *wait for me*.
All right, I shall expect you though.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS X.

August 10th, 190—.

Oh, *there goes* Grey. Do you know him?

Yes, that conceited fellow in knickerbockers, I know him *by sight*.

Shall I introduce you?

No, thanks awfully, *I'd rather not*.

And why not?

He *thinks too much of himself*, I can see that by the *cut* of his knickers.

No, really, you are wrong, *he's not half a bad fellow* when you know him.

Well, he is not *cut out for* a doctor, is he?

Oh, *I do not agree with you*, I think he is just cut out for the medical profession.

And *why on earth* do you think so?

Because he is so tactful.

Oh, you *would make a cat laugh!* You know he is the doctor of a friend of mine, and the other day he *cut him dead* without the slightest pretext.

Well, of course he could not have done it *on purpose*; he is *short-sighted*—all the family are short-sighted.

Which way shall we go?

I must go to the office and *show myself*; will you *come along* with me?

All right, *if you don't mind*.

On the contrary, I shall be delighted.

How are the markets this morning?

The money-markets? *Flat*, very flat.

Business is awfully depressed just now, isn't it?

Yes, there is nothing to be done—absolutely nothing.

What *has become of* Mr. Hall?

He is *in business*.

And how *is he getting on?*

Oh, his father *has taken him into partnership*, but their

business is *in a bad way*. They are having a *run of bad luck*, I fear, and *they are expected* to fail before long.

Really? I am awfully sorry to hear it.

Yes, a friend of theirs told me that they *could not hold out* much longer.

I hardly expected it, did you?

Well, yes, I have known they were *in low water* for a long time. My father is very *upset* about them, and he will help them, I know, if he can, when the *crash* comes.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Here we are at the office. Will you come up and say "*how do you do*" to the *Pater*?

No, I will not *bother* him. I know what a *bore* it is to be bothered when one is busy; give him my kind regards.

Thanks, I will. Good-bye, then.

Good-bye, take care of yourself.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XI.

August 11th, 190—.

You look *out of sorts* this morning, Percy, *what is wrong*?

I am not quite the thing. I *did not sleep a wink* last night, and I feel *out of sorts* this morning.

I, too, had a sleepless night. You *rubbed me up the wrong way* last evening, with your *nonsense*.

Well, you always *have your own way*, Daisy, *whatever I may say or do*. You will always *get your own way*.

I do not understand *what you are driving at*, Percy.

I mean that you are selfish, and you make my life a burden to me.

Oh, Percy, you *fly into a passion* at the merest trifle. I must get Papa *to teach you how to behave*.

No, darling, I *dote on you*, but you look at things in quite a *different light* from what I do.

Yes, we look at things from quite a *different point of view*; you are right.

But, Daisy, *our happiness is at stake*. We cannot go on like this.

Well, *if the worst comes to the worst* you won't lose much.

Do you mean that you will *run away*?

That's understood, of course, if you go on like this.

Come, come, let us have no more of this, it is nonsense!

Well, you know *I took a fancy to you* just because you were so gentle.

Well, let us *make it up*.

And to-morrow you will begin again *worse than ever*.

No, probably I shall *blow my brains out*.

Oh, do not reiterate that *old saw*, it is quite *thread-bare*.

Well, *give my hat a brushing*, *that's a good girl*; all the servants are *tired out*.

So you see I made you *give in*.

That's a matter of course. I always give in to you. My boots *let in water*, I must *have them soled*.

I will have them done for you.

Thanks awfully. You are a *little brick*.

You must *have your hair cut*.

Yes, *I will get it cut* on the way to the city.

But are you going *on foot*?

Yes, the cab-drivers are *on strike*.

How many *strikes* there are *now-a-days*!

Well, one must *take things as they come*. *I'm off*. Good-bye, darling.

Good-bye, dear.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XII.

August 12th, 190—.

This pack of cards is not complete; we cannot *have a game*.

Ah, yes, I remember, the *ace of diamonds* and the *knave of spades* are missing, I think.

No, the *three of clubs* and the *six of hearts*.

Ah, here they are under the newspaper. They have *turned up*.

Shall we have a game? Will you *shuffle*?

Yes, it is *my shuffle* and *your cut*.

Who deals?

It is Miss Violet's *deal*.

Oh, is it her deal? Then please deal for her, she is such a bad dealer.

It is your turn to play.

Yes, but I *don't know which way to turn*, I have such a *bad hand*.

I congratulate you.

Thanks awfully. Well, *here goes!*

Ah, not so bad after all.

I am a bad partner, I can assure you.

Well, I think *we are six of one and half a dozen of the other*. I never was a good whist-player.

Well, we shall win this game, I think. Your trump came just *in the nick of time*.

Don't let us *count our chickens before they are hatched*. Violet is a *first-rate player*. She knows how to *drive one into a corner*.

She is a *chip of the old block*, her father was a *splendid hand at whist*, you know.

Yes, whist was his *hobby*, was it not?

Do you play "Bridge"?

I should rather think so! "Bridge" is all the rage now-a-days. Is it my turn to play?

Yes, and I will *give you a hint*.

No, thanks, I prefer to do without hints. I must *be on my guard against Violet's trump*.

Screw up your courage!

There, she has trumped again! Have you *scored*?

Yes, I have scored.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XIII.

August 13th, 190—.

How far have you got in your novel?

I have got half way through.

And does novel-writing *pay*?

Oh, no, literature never pays. Novelists *live from hand to mouth*.

It must be hard work to *live by one's wits*.

Well, I do not live entirely on novel-writing; I have my profession and write *at odd times*.

The editors *reap a good harvest*, I think.

Yes, the editors are all *money-grubbers*.

I thought of writing a novel myself.

Don't; it won't pay you.

Oh, I should not *care for that*, if it covered the expenses of *printing*.

And what is your novel to be about?

Something startling, something quite *out of the common*.

Well, you must *work out your apprenticeship*, you know, novel-writing does not *come natural* to anyone, one must be apprenticed to it just as to any other trade.

Oh, I should sit down and write *on the spur of the moment*.

Ah, no, my boy, one only succeeds *by dint of* hard work. *Practice makes perfect*, and novel-writing is an art like any other, and a very subtle art it is.

Well, my idea was to imagine a striking situation, remarkable circumstances, you know, *something taking*.

Well, *tastes differ*, of course, but there is a reaction just now against extravagances in literature, the natural school will be the school of the future.

Well, you have *plenty of go*, at any rate your books are first-rate.

Thanks awfully! You are a *queer fellow*.

Well, if it is queer to be an admirer of yours, then I certainly am queer.

Well, you are *well-meaning*, so I will forgive you for being a little queer sometimes.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XIV.

August 14th, 190—.

Well, Jack, are you quarrelling again with your step-brother?

Yes, you know *there never was any love lost between Joe and me*.

No, I see you are always *at daggers drawn*; but do not make yourselves *the laughing-stock* of the neighbourhood. It is *silly* to quarrel; *it is not worth while*.

Well, I do not see why I should be the *scapegoat* when he is the principal *scapegrace*, and then, too, he is always a *stumbling-block* in my path, my father will never listen to me because of him.

Well, I think he is a *busybody*, but *it would be just as well* for you to go off to America or Australia. *Here the game is not worth the candle.*

I agree with you that *it would be just as well*, but I hate *giving in* to him, he is such a *scoundrell*!

He *gulls* your father, does he not?

I should rather think so! He *gulls* everybody.

And what does he *live on*? Does he live on his income?

He *lives on tick*.

And who gives him *tick*?

Those who think he has a *private income*.

You look very unsettled, poor fellow; I'm awfully sorry for you.

Yes, but when *I get my leave* I'll go abroad and never come back again.

Well, come and dine with us this evening at any rate.

Thanks awfully, but I cannot go home to dress.

Come as you are, it is quite a friendly affair, or if you like, I will lend you a *dinner-jacket* which will fit you beautifully. *It is just your cut.*

Thanks awfully, you're awfully kind, but your wife will *make fun* of me *dressed up in borrowed feathers*.

I will tell her you have had to pawn your *evening clothes*, and she will be full of pity for you. Oh, we'll *have her on* splendidly.

Oh, don't tell her *anything of the sort*, she would take *it all in*, coming from you.

Yes, *I bet she will*; we'll have some rare fun.

No, *I say*, I don't like *practical jokes*!

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XV.

August 15th, 190—.

Ah, Fred, you *have been playing truant* again, old boy!
Yes, I had no money to *pay the fees*, so I was obliged to play truant.

We are both of us in the same box, I think, but let us go in, and we can *pay up* another day.

But *how awkward we shall look* if they ask us for the money!

Well, *let us put a good face on a bad business*. We can pretend that the fees *have slipped our memory*.

You are very *off-hand*! *How do you get on* with your new *chum*?

Oh, we don't get on together at all, we are *at daggers-drawn*.

That's awkward when you *dig together*.

Yes, but we do not occupy the same rooms, *he is up-stairs* and *I am down*; *his window looks out into the yard* and *my door opens on the street*.

And how *did you fall out*?

Why, he wanted to have me always at his *beck and call*, and I simply *could not stand it*.

I *suspected* it.

And then he is such a *skinflint*; he always *wants to eat his cake and have it*.

Why don't you *give him a broad hint* to go?

Oh, I have given him so many hints, but *he can't take a hint*.

He is a *funny fellow all the same*.

Yes, but he is a *lazy devil*, he does nothing the *live-long day* but smoke.

He is *getting stout*, isn't he?

I should say so! He is *living in clover* here. I don't know how he will get on elsewhere. I don't know any-one else who would *put up* with his nonsense.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XVI.

August 16th, 190—.

Where shall I *lay the cloth*, Sir?

Lay for two in the breakfast-room, and if a tall gentleman calls, *show him into* the drawing-room.

Yes, Sir.

Oh, and James, I must get that piece of old furniture I told you of *at any cost*.

I will try to get it for you *at cost price*, Sir, but I doubt if it will go into the study, Sir.

Yes, the room is ten feet high.

I think it is lower, Sir.

Well, *have it sent on approval*, and remember *I am not particular* about the price.

All right, Sir.

You will say that if it suits the room it will be *paid for upon delivery*.

And shall *I call at the tailor's*, Sir, on my way to the furniture-dealer's?

Ah, yes, that would be *killing two birds with one stone*. That is a *capital idea* of yours, James.

And *what's to be done with* the old sideboard, Sir?

Oh, that can be put into the lumber-room.

I should be very glad to have it, Sir, if you have no further use for it.

All right, that *will be a good riddance*.

Bread has risen in price, Sir.

Ah, really? Well, *what's to be done?* Living is expensive here. Poke up the fire, James, in my bed-room, and you will *keep the fire in* in the drawing-room. *By-the-bye*, did you get that book I told you about?

It is *out of print*, Sir. What sweet shall I order, Sir, for lunch?

Take anything you like, *it is sure to do*, and, James, I may not be home to dinner.

Then I *will turn out* the dining-room, Sir, shall I? .

Mind you do nothing of the kind. Give the silver a good rubbing up.

All right, Sir, and thank you for the sideboard, Sir.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XVII.

August 17th, 190—.

I *am dumfounded*, I hear Daisy has sued Eric for *breach of promise*; can it be true?

Yes, I believe so, she is quite capable of *going in for a breach of promise case*.

But did he really *propose to her*?

It appears so. They say he fell *head over ears in love with her* and proposed *on the spot*; then he found out what a terrible temper she had and wished *to get out of it*.

She must have been *in a terrible pet*.

Oh, rather, to sue for breach of promise.

Poor Daisy, *it was hard lines to be jilted*, and after being so tremendously admired, too.

Well, I think *it served her right*, you know.

Do you? *You are rather hard on her*, I think; I always liked Daisy, she is such a *plucky girl*.

And so do I, she is a *good-hearted lass*, but she is a *flirt*, and flirts are unbearable; then, too, she is a *spoilt child*.

She was always a *great pet* with her father, as she was an *only child*, and she *has always had her own way*.

Yes, he simply *dotes on* her, they say. He gives her a thousand a-year just for *pin-money*.

And how does she spend it?

Oh, the parsons help her *to get rid of* a good deal of it. They take her to visit in *the slums*, and then she *sets all sorts of societies on foot*, and money *slips through Daisy's fingers* pretty easily.

She is a *splendid match*.

Yes, why don't you *go in for* her yourself, if you admire her so?

Oh, I should never dare to propose to Daisy, she is a *madcap*, and I am afraid of madcaps.

And yet you are a madcap yourself in some ways.

Well, at any rate I am not a flirt.

Oh, flirting is a harmless occupation.

Yes, but I would rather not have a flirting wife.

Poor little Daisy.

Yes, she has *got herself jilted*, hasn't she?

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XVIII.

August 18th, 190—.

Do you *take in* a paper?

Not a newspaper. I *am taking in* the "Review of Reviews" this year.

Is it worth taking in?

Oh, rather! It is one of the best reviews of the day.

Oh, I am glad to hear that. I thought that it was rather a *take-in*.

The "Review of Reviews"? *Not a bit of a take-in*; it is a splendid paper, I assure you.

I *have subscribed to* a library here, but I *was taken in* for there is absolutely nothing but old books in it.

Ah, the English libraries abroad are great *sells*; they are usually *made up of* all the rubbish which people leave behind them in travelling; a good book is seldom left behind.

Have you *made up your mind* when to go home?

No, and I *don't care a rap* if I never go home.

Nor should I *care a straw* if I never saw England again, but I must *get back* for Christmas or I *shall catch it*, the Governor has written that it is my *bounden duty* to start at once.

And do you consider it your bounden duty?

Well, I must *give in* to Dad, of course, but it *goes against the grain*, I assure you, to leave Italy in such a hurry. England is such a *dull country* after a few months' cosmopolitan life.

Ah, the English *take the cake* for dulness!

What is that noise? Have you *left the tap running*?

No, I *turned it off*.

I'm going to bed, *I'm done up*.

I'm *awfully fagged* too.

What *stuffy* little rooms these are!

Yes, they're not too airy. By-the-bye, did you *forward that letter* which came for Joe?

Yes, I forwarded it to his new address.

Are you going to the ball to-morrow?

Yes, aren't you? *All the swells of the place* are going.

Oh, *I don't care a fig* about the swells. I'm all right if they provide a good floor and *heaps of* pretty girls.

There will be heaps of women, simply heaps.

Funny idea, isn't it, to have a ball on a Sunday.

The better the day the better the deed!

I say, you have *made a triumph* of the Princess Elza!

Don't *chaff* me.

I'm not chaffing you. Didn't you see *what a fancy she has taken to you?*

Don't be a fool, old fellow, you don't imagine, I hope, that I am going to *get myself into hot water for the sake of a pretty face*, do you? *I'm an old stager* you know, I do not easily fall in love.

Well, this time *you have had a narrow escape*.

I say, *I'm knocked up*. Good-night, old fellow, I'll tell you *the ins and outs* of this affair another day, I'm too fagged to-night.

Good-night. Sleep well, pleasant dreams.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XIX.

August 19th, 190—.

Holloa, Fred, I *have a long score to reckon* with you! What about?

About *the scrape you got me into* the other day. *You played me a nasty trick*.

Ah, yes, I just wanted to talk to you at length *on that score*. *I am quite puzzled about it*.

Puzzled indeed, I *don't see where the puzzle comes in*. You saw the engravings at my house, *fell in love with* them and offered to buy them. They were *dirt cheap*, and so I told *my chum* that you had bought them for a guinea a-piece and sent them round to your hotel, whereupon you calmly sent them back saying you *could not afford* them.

Well, I must apologise to you; *I allow* it was rude of me, but I have been *put on short allowance*, and I simply cannot afford to buy any pictures just now.

My friend was simply *dumfounded* when I told him what a trick you had played me.

Well, don't *bear a grudge against* me *for heaven's sake*, old boy, I *didn't do it on purpose*.

Oh, no, I have no spite against you, only you *put me into such an awkward position*, that was all, I was bound to buy the prints myself, of course.

Then you have made a splendid bargain.

Yes, and *I beat the poor fellow down* to fifteen shillings *a-piece*. I could not afford any more. *I have not a penny to bless myself with*, you know.

We are both *in the same box*. Come along with me to the theatre to see "*Lady Windermere's Fan*"; I have had the loan of *a box*.

No, thanks, not to see that play. I do not care for it, it is *overdone*.

It is *quite the rage* now.

Yes, I know, but I don't like it, *it rubs me up the wrong way*.

You are cross with me, and it is I who have a right to be cross with you.

Oh, no, I am not cross with anybody, but I object to Lady Windermere, I think she is an ass; and then I don't like *the dress circle*, I get giddy; I always prefer *the stalls* or even *the pit*.

And how would you do if you had to go into the *gallery*.

I should *do without*, I hate getting giddy.

Well, come along to the theatre with me, we can walk as far as the Haymarket, and *if it comes on to rain* we will take a cab.

No, thanks, awfully, you're very kind, but I'd rather not. I *really cannot swallow* Lady Windermere with her prudish notions.

Well, you are not *called upon* to admire her, and there is Mrs. Erlynne as an antidote. She is not a puritan at any rate, and the men's talk is racy enough.

I cannot stand that *milksop of a girl* who says nothing but "Yes, mamma."

Well, she stands for a type of the *bread-and-butter school-girl*, that is all they *can* say, you know. They are not famous for repartee. Well, good-bye, if you really won't come.

Good-bye, a pleasant evening. I hope you'll enjoy yourself.

Thanks, I wish you were coming too.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XX.

August 20th, 190—.

Have you heard that Molly has *gone on the stage*?

Yes, I was tremendously *taken aback*. She made her *first appearance in public* at a matinée as "The girl I left behind me," did she not?

Yes, her mother is nearly *out of her mind* about it, they say.

She may well be. The stage is no safe place for Molly.

Oh, I fancy she's pretty capable of *looking after herself*, don't you?

I should be sorry if a sister of mine were *to take it into her head* to be an actress, I know that.

Oh, of course, but no sister of yours would ever take it into her head to be anything of the kind.

Well, Molly's *not a bad sort*.

On the contrary, she is not at all a bad sort.

I fancy she has *taken up acting* with the idea of taking some of the burden off her mother's shoulders.

Well, she is very attractive, I remember seeing her act in private theatricals, she was delicious.

Yes, she *will turn her theatrical talent to account* now.

I suppose her people *went against her going on the stage*.

For the sake of appearances, of course, and she was so young, why, she *was not even out*.

Really? Well, she will *get to know* lots of people in the theatrical world.

Yes, but not very desirable people, I fear.

They say Lord Esher is *paying her marked attention*.

Oh, *that's the way the wind blows*, is it?

Yes, they say he *is deeply in love with her*.

Well, Molly will *look after the main chance*, I'll bet.

Ah, that explains it, I met Molly with Lord Esher the other evening, he was *taking her home* after a matinée.

Yes, he takes her home every evening, they say.

Well, if *she strikes while the iron is hot* she may become Lady Esher.

She will have a *good-looking* husband.

Do you call him handsome? He is better *side face than full face*, don't you think?

Ah, he is a fine fellow, he is *well-built*.

Yes, he is *squarely-built*. Is it true that he is an *excellent shot*?

Yes, he's a *fair shot*, but he *brags* a little of his shooting.

Well, now he will have something else to think about if he is *at Molly's beck and call*.

We treat the matter as a joke. His people don't want him to marry an actress, you know.

Well, *that's his look-out*, isn't it?

His father says *he is out of his mind*.

Oh, fathers always say their sons *have a screw loose* when they wish to marry poor girls.

And I think they are right; *when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window*.

So you don't believe in *bread and cheese and kisses*?

Ah, no, I am a *practical fellow*.

Well, I know lots of young couples who seem happy enough although *they live from hand to mouth*.

Esher *will get tremendously cut* by all the *decent families* if he marries Molly.

What nonsense you talk, just as if Molly were not a lady!

Well, perhaps *they'd stand a better chance* in the country, but I can't fancy Lady Manners, for instance, *calling upon* the "Second Mrs. Tankery."

What rot! As if Lady Manners or any of that *canting lot* could act the "Second Mrs. Tankery" *for their lives*. I cannot *put up with* such cant!

You stick up for Molly then?

Without doubt, I think she's a *brick*.

Ah, well, I think Esher *stands in his own light* if he marries a girl *off the stage*. *It doesn't do*, it's a *question of tone*, you know. It is not considered *good form*.

Good form be hanged!

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXI.

August 21st, 190—.

Don't bother me, Gladys, with your sad prognostications, you always were one of Job's comforters.

Why am I one of Job's comforters?

You are always *a wet blanket*.

Oh, I do think *you are unfair* to call me a wet blanket because I see things as they really are and not *through rose-coloured spectacles* as you do.

You are always so *self-possessed*, Gladys.

And you are so *off-hand*, dear.

Well, we will not *call each other names*, it is too ugly.

Do you play golf?

Yes, but *I have played truant* at the club lately.

Really, *that is a pity*. It is such good exercise for you.

Oh, *exercise be bothered!*

How many members have you?

About fifty members, I think, but I am going to *send in my resignation* at the end of the season.

Really?

Yes, but I don't wish anyone to know it yet, so *don't let the cat out of the bag*.

The club *is not turning out* very well, I think, is it?

No, nearly all the members are thinking of sending in their resignations.

And how is that?

It is badly-managed, and it is *on the wane*.

I don't know *how* it is, but all athletic clubs *die a natural death* in this place.

Because the members are not *all of one mind*. They are continually squabbling amongst themselves.

How awfully *silly!*

Yes, as soon as a club *is getting fairly under weigh* they begin their endless bickerings.

It would be a great pity to let this one *die out*, why don't you try to *get the thing into focus*.

It is too late. They *have made a complete mess of it, it can't go on*.

But why don't you try *to take the matter up*? It can't be so difficult *to put the thing to rights*. I'd *join the club* and *stand by you*.

No, they would only all try to introduce their new-fangled notions and ruin the whole affair, it is better *to skedaddle*.

I think it is a pity *to give in* at the first difficulty.

Ah, if you had been the secretary as I have for a year, you would be glad enough *to throw up* the whole thing.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXII.

August 22nd, 190—.

Well, Dolly, *what's the matter with you*? Why are you so *down-in-the-dumps*?

Oh, don't worry me, *I'm in the blues*!

And don't you prefer rose?

Don't *make fun of me*.

I'm not making fun of you, seriously I prefer rose to the blues.

Leave me alone, *I am out of sorts*.

Do not get angry, Dolly, and I'll say I prefer blue.

You are a quiz. I hate *quizzing folks*.

Well, if you will persist in having a *fit of the blues*, I am bound *to quiz you out of it*. But tell me seriously, what is the matter?

No, I prefer to be left alone. I never can *open my mind* to anyone when I am down-in-the-dumps.

Poor old thing!

Do you know that Bob *has been plucked*?

Ah, *now you have given yourself away*, it is because Bob has been plucked that you are so desperately unhappy!

I am awfully sorry for poor old Bob.

I knew that if he passed this Civil Service exam. it would be *by a fluke*; he is a *duffer*.

Oh, *don't be so hard on him*; everybody is *down on him* now-a-days.

Well, *he's done for now*, that's certain; he *may just as well* take his ticket for Australia and become a *cow-boy*.

I do not realise your drift.

I mean that he will never *get a berth* in England now.
And why not?

Because we have too many *smart chaps* for all the vacant berths, nobody will dream of taking a *dunce*.

Oh, I think *it is all the other way about*. I know *heaps of asses* who have got splendid berths just through influence.

Yes, influence *goes a long way*, but competition is very keen now-a-days; the polytechnics *are turning out* able fellows *by the hundreds*.

Poor Bob *is down on his luck*, and I suppose you do not know that *I am engaged* to him.

No, really, I did not, but *privately*, I suppose.

Yes, quite privately, but I intend to *stick to my bargain*.

That's very plucky of you, I must say,—awfully plucky.

Oh, I think it is simply natural. A good woman will not *give a fellow up* because he is down on his luck.

Well, I'm sure *I wish you both good luck*, he *is a lucky dog* to have got such a plucky girl.

Poor Bob, you cannot deny that you have not a very high opinion of his intellectual powers, but he is very *good-hearted*.

You must both *go off to Australia*.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXIII.

August 23rd, 190—.

Get out of the light, Tom, please.

I beg your pardon; I did not know that I *was standing in your light*. But do put away your work, *it is so trying for the eyes* to sew *in the twilight*.

Oh, never mind my eyes, they are excellent.

I'm glad to hear it. I, on the contrary, am awfully *short-sighted*.

I am *short-tempered*, and *short-legged*, but not short-sighted.

Well, won't you put down your work and come *out of doors* for a stroll?

By all means, if you like. Where is Maggie, see if she will join us.

Oh, Maggie *is telling her beads* in the private chapel, *it would never do* to disturb her *just now*.

Then if you will wait whilst I *put on my things*, I'll not be long.

I will go and gather *a button-hole* in the garden whilst you are putting on your things.

Do, and please gather one for me too.

Where shall we go to?

It is all the same to me.

Would you like to go and see the Mint?

Oh, that would be *awfully jolly*!

You would like to? *That's a good job*, I'm glad *I've hit upon* the right idea.

Oh, yes, the old walks *pall upon* one so.

Hurry up, won't you? *That's a good girl*!

Yes, I'll hurry up. Is it cold?

Yes, you must *wrap up* well or you will *catch a cold* after being *shut up* in the house so long. It's biting cold.

Here I am, Joe, *shall I do*?

No, that hat *does not go well with* your tie.

Oh, *don't be so particular*! *It's the fashion* now to wear blue and green together.

All right, come along, you must *be on the look-out* for the motor-cars, and not *get run over*.

Ah, what's this? *No thoroughfare*, and how shall we pass?

We must *go round by the side street*.

It is a little *out of our way*, but *it does not matter*, we have *heaps of time*.

Oh, by-the-bye, I forgot to pay you that sixpence you lent me yesterday.

Don't mention it. It will not break me.

No, but allow me to pay it now I think of it, *short reckonings make long friends*, you know.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXIV.

August 24th, 190—.

Is Sir James Burrell *a good whip?*

Yes, he is a splendid whip, but he is a very *bad-tempered fellow*.

Oh, I *thought* he *had the character of being* a good fellow.

Well, yes, he has *a good character*, but *a horrid temper*.

At what hotel *does he put up*, do you know?

At the "Grand," but he is always out riding or driving.

Do you know if he speaks French?

Broken French, I imagine; I do not think he has ever stayed *any length of time* in the country.

I wanted to introduce a friend of mine who *has just come over* from Paris, to him.

I would do *no such thing*.

And why not? I promised to.

Well, if I were you I should *back out of it*; he would probably insult him; he sneers at everything which is not English, and he *never does anything by halves*—not even sneering.

Oh, *that would be very uncomfortable* indeed.

Yes, he is *a rude fellow*.

But how shall I back out of it? Wesleau asked me for this introduction.

Well, you might warn your friend that Burrell is not *very gentlemanly*.

Oh, he knows that he is a *self-made man*. And *what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh*, you know.

But he is *on an equal footing with* people of the best society here, isn't he?

Oh, yes, you see he is a *sportsman*, and in so small a town as ours we cannot afford to lose such a splendid whip.

What o'clock is it?

I can't tell you precisely, my *watch is slow*.

And mine *is fast*.

Ah, listen; it is just striking three.

Shall we go and have lunch at Haddon's?

It is hardly worth while, I think, it is nearly *tea-time*.
By Jove! It is later than I thought it.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXV.

August 25th, 190—.

I'm racking my brains for a name.

What name?

That's *just* the thing I can't recollect.

Well, whose name?

Mr. *What-do-you-call-him's*.

I really don't know.

Why, that *loud woman's* husband.

But there are so many loud women; they are nearly all loud, or *smart*, as one calls them now-a-days.

But that loud, *gushing* woman who rides with Colonel Halkit in *the Row*.

Ah, I know now whom you mean; you mean,—wait a bit, *I have it*, Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs. What-do-you-call-her? Mrs. Castlehaven!

That's it, Owen Castlehaven. He's *a bad lot*.

He's *not up to much*, they say; and his brother was a *good-for-nothing*. He forged or embezzled, I don't recollect which, and *bolted*.

Really? Well, I'm not surprised, Castlehaven *has been carrying on* now for upwards of twenty years. He will have to *take to flight* before long; *it is getting too hot for him* here.

But many folks believe in him, you know.

Oh, *I'm an old stager*, one cannot take me in easily.

It is well to be on one's guard against him.

Yes, *forewarned, forearmed*. He has often tried to coax me into *taking shares* in his company, but I happen to know that his company is *all a hoax*. I am on my guard against him.

He is great with Jameson, isn't he?

Birds of a feather flock together; but if those two get off *scot-free* much longer, I shall be very much mistaken.

But he *snaps his fingers* at the law, they say.

Well, this time *it's no laughing matter*. I told him so *point-blank*.

And what does he say to that?

He says he knows I shall not *let the cat out of the bag*.

I should have nothing further to do with him if I were you. It is better *to wash your hands* of such a *rogue*, if not, you will *get into trouble* yourself.

Not I!

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXVI.

August 26th, 190—.

You seem to be a little *below par*, Nellie; why don't you take some strengthening tonic?

Yes, I have been a *little seedy* for some time.

Why don't you try a solution of phosphorus? I always take it when I am *not quite the thing*.

And is it good for nervous debility?

It is a *first-rate* nerve tonic, I always buy a bottle when I am *run down*, and I *pick up* immediately.

Really! That is worth knowing. I am so often *out of sorts* in this relaxing place, and I never know what to take. Is it a *patent medicine*?

Yes, it is called: "Birley's Syrup of Free Phosphorus."

I always think that patent medicines are *all moonshine*.

But this is not a *quack medicine*, it is a simple solution formed by distillation and combined with sugar.

I will try it. How much *nervous breakdown* there is *now-a-days*!

Oh, *every other person* you meet is *nervously-exhausted*.

I have *run down* terribly since I have been studying for my *matriculation*.

That's what comes of being a blue-stocking. You have been *burning the midnight-oil*, I'll bet.

Oh, I am not at all a *new woman*; but I think this *break-down* comes from *brain fag*.

Of course it does; the brain is *over-tired* and *underfed*.

I think you are right, and my nerves are *over-strung*.

In short, my dear girl, you are *over-worked*. You are

a woman, with a woman's capacity for work. If you *over-do* your strength, you must suffer for it.

Oh, I am *not so ill as all that*. I shall soon pick up when I can get a little rest and change.

You new women *over-rate* your powers of resistance. You cannot work like men.

But you know that if I take my medical degree I mean *to set up for myself* as a doctor.

And do you think the patients will come to you?

I hope so, but I don't *look ahead*.

Don't *build castles in the air*!

Well, I know there is much prejudice against women-doctors. It's not a *fair game*!

It's a *fad* that will *die out*—this idea of women's emancipation. It will not pay *in the long run*.

Well, who lives longest will see.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXVII.

August 27th, 190—.

And how did the ball *come off*?

Oh, it *went off* pretty well, but I was a *wallflower* all the evening.

It is not possible, you *are joking*.

Yes, *it could not be helped*, we knew very few people.

You must come to the *mess* ball next week and you shall not be a wallflower.

Yesterday evening I *sat out* eight dances; I felt as if I had suddenly become an *old maid*.

Oh, well, there are worse things than old maids.

Old bachelors, perhaps?

Well, that is not quite what I meant, but it will do. Did Miss Violet Smyles *come out* at the ball?

Yes, she *was brought out*, and she *looked as if butter would not melt in her mouth*.

She is a strange girl, she *cannot take a joke*, they say.

No, and what is worse she *cannot see a joke*!

Oh, that is why the fellows all *fight shy* of her.

Yes, and other girls *play lots of practical jokes upon* her.

Which she resents, *I'll be bound*.

What *uncomfortable people* are those who cannot take a joke. But you used to be an admirer of Violet's when she was a school-girl!

Pooch-pooch!

Ah, you *pooch-pooch* it now, but once you were in love with Violet.

Nonsense!

What a *fib!* You know you were!

No, really, I am not a *fibber*. I never was in love with her.

Now *look me full in the face* and say it is not a fib.

You *put me out of countenance*, you *stare* so.

Ah, you see it was a fib, if not, you could not be put out of countenance.

Do you know I had an *accident* yesterday?

Really? A carriage accident?

Yes, my horse *shied* at a motor-car and *ran away*.

And what happened?

I was thrown out, and the shafts were broken.

Really, and you were not hurt?

No, but the dog-cart was ruined, the splash-board was broken in.

Well, *thank your stars* you were not hurt.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXVIII.

August 28th, 190—.

I've *put my foot in it* awfully!

Again, why, you are always putting your foot in it, I think.

Yes, *I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it*.

And now you are making an *Irish bull*.

Quite unconsciously, I assure you; I hate Irish bulls and I hate puns.

I hate puns, but I heard a very good one the other day.

They are all abominable, good ones and bad ones alike. The young fellows do nothing but pun now-a-days.

Yes, but this was really a good one, listen: What do Americans do with their meat?

I'll *give up*.

They eat what they can, and they can what they cannot.

Ah, that is good, but it is more a riddle than a pun, I think.

Yes, it is a good puzzle, but the pun is on the word "can." What were you telling me? That you had put your foot in it again; what have you been doing this time?

Why, I congratulated Nellie Grey on her engagement, and it seems she has been jilted. I was awfully sorry, and I'm sure she thought I'd done it *on purpose*.

Oh, you have *made a mess of it*! She will never forgive you.

Yes, it was *just like me*, I always make a mess of it if I begin to talk with ladies.

Are you going to the mess ball?

No, I am going to a lecture on Monism on that evening.

I imagine that Monism must be your latest *hobby*, isn't it?

Yes, I'm awfully interested in it, and the lecturer is *well worth hearing*. Will you come too?

No, thanks. In all cases I should not miss the ball for Monism, but *I am booked for* a violin recital for the evening of the 10th.

Oh, if you like recitals, I will give you a ticket for a pianoforte recital for this evening. We have all had tickets, but *not a soul will go*.

Thanks awfully. I cannot. I must write *a leader* for to-morrow's paper.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXIX.

August 29th, 190—.

I have had a terrible *row* with my father.

I'm sorry for that.

Well, I'm not; it has *cleared the air* a little.

What was up?

Oh, we had to settle some money affairs.

And have you *cleared the matter up?*

Yes, in a way, not very satisfactorily, though.

Did you hear about *the street row* there was last night?

Oh, that *polling row*! Yes, I heard something of it.

What was the result of *the poll*?

A Conservative majority of seventy-five.

Ah, so the Conservatives have *come out at the head of the poll*.

Yes, the Unionists must *knuckle under*.

For the time being. But I think the Unionists did not *canvass* enough.

No, their member objects to *canvassing*, he calls it *cheating*.

What nonsense! Canvassing is perfectly legitimate.

The Unionist member had *a bad name*, I think amongst the constituents.

Well, I don't know how he got it; *he's not at all a bad sort*.

Oh, *give a dog a bad name, and hang him*.

Have you heard him *speak*?

Yes, but I must confess I did not understand *what he was driving at*. He's not a good speaker.

Well, you cannot say that of the Tory member.

No, he *does not beat about the bush*. He is very lucid.

He *will run with the hare and hunt with the hounds*, I think, don't you?

I should say not. I think he's not a bad sort at all, but perhaps he *hardly knows his ground* yet.

Imagine Thompson's *frame of mind* now he knows the Tories *are in*!

He will have to *bottle up* his irritation.

Oh, when I saw him the other day he *could not contain himself for rage* at Whistler's steady refusal to canvass.

Well, it was an *unheard-of* idea!

Failure was a *foregone conclusion*, of course.

And this refusal of Whistler's *would hardly square with* his theories that *all's fair in love and war*.

Well, *that's over* now.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXX.

August 30th, 190—.

Where did we *leave off* in our story?

I think we left off at page one hundred and six.

No, I think we did not get so far, did we?

We got to where the heroine was to marry a *country-bumpkin* who was *awfully fond of* her, but then a *fop* arrives from London who is really more of a *nincompoop* than the country fellow, but the girl is captivated by the dandy and is not *loyal* to her *Squire sweetheart*.

Ah, yes, I remember now, and there is a *wire-puller* in the shape of the fop's uncle who is in money difficulties, and who believes the girl to be a *good match* for the nephew, but when they find out that she has *not a penny to bless herself with*, they skedaddle *without more ado*, and she has to *fall back upon* the country-bumpkin.

Ah, yes, I remember where the *snob* and the Squire's son meet, and the splendid way in which the country fellow calls him a *cad* and a *blackguard*. They *came to blows* and the poor, despised country-bumpkin *was a match* for the London fop when once he *was put on his mettle*.

I *am longing* to know the end.

Oh, the end is clear enough. There will be tears on the part of the heroine, and *black-mail* on the part of one or two *interested parties*, the hero will proudly refuse the girl's offers of *making it up*, finally he will give in, and the wedding will be *the finishing touch*.

And they will *live happily ever after*.

Of course.

IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS XXXI.

August 31st, 190—.

Do you know that Waters has *given me the cold shoulder*?

And why?

He *took a huff* because I would not go *halves with* him in that toy manufactory.

Did he want you to be a partner?

Yes, he wanted me to be a *sleeping partner*; he needs capital, you know.

Ah, *that's where the shoe pinches*, is it?

Of course I could not *go in for* such an affair; he has the thing *at his finger-ends*, but I know nothing of such a business.

Every other person one meets is *looking out* for money now-a-days. But I don't see why Waters should be so *huffy* about a refusal; one is surely master of one's own money.

He *took me unawares*, and I promised *to think the matter over*; he thought *he was sure of his game*, and *could not swallow* a refusal.

Ah, *he had been counting his chickens before they were hatched*.

That's about it.

Then the manufacture of toys is not a *money-making business* in England. The Germans *have stolen a march upon us* in toy-making.

I believe so. Have you seen Water's brother *lately*?

Yes, poor fellow, he is *in a terrible way*.

Is it true that he is *an opium-eater*?

Yes, he has *taken to opium-eating*, it is *shocking* to see *what a wreck he is*.

A friend of mine told me he had been *quite shocked* to see the change in him. He was such a fine fellow!

Ah, I assure you you would have a terrible *shock* if you saw him now.

Is he *beyond hope*?

He is quite incurable, I'm told.

But they say that there is a cure for opium-eaters now.

Oh, they pretend to cure every kind of disease and vice, but it is all moonshine.

I have just been reading of a cure for drunkenness.

But drunkenness is one thing and opium-eating is another.

One is *at a loss to know* what to believe *and what to disbelieve*.

KEY TO
IDIOMATIC CONVERSATIONS.

KEY TO IDIOMATIC

English.	I.	Italian.
Well-bred		A modo, educato
Ill-bred		Di poca educazione
Thorough-bred horse		Puro sangue
Cad		Cattivo soggetto, mascalzone
Caddish		Villano
Cockney		Abitante di Londra, che ha vissuto sempre nella sua ristretta cerchia
Bully		Individuo sopraffattore, che maltratta chi è più debole di lui
To bully		Maltrattare, imporsi
For the sake of peace		Per amor di pace, di quiete
To put on a lot of side		Darsi delle arie, dell' importanza
On the spur of the moment		Li per li, senza riflettere
Poor thing		Poverina
To be heartily sick of		Averne proprio abbastanza, esserne stufo
I should rather think so!		Altro! Lo credo!
To bore		Annoiare, seccare
Such a bore		Talmente noioso
To get someone into a club		Presentare, fare ammettere una persona in un circolo
II.		
Old fellow		Caro amico (familiarmente)
To get on		Cavarsela, andare d'accordo

CONVERSATIONS.

I.

French.

Bien élevé

Mal élevé

Pur-sang

Grossier personnage

Grossier

Habitant de Londres qui a
toujours vécu dans sa
sphère restreinte

Bravache, brutal, tyrän

Intimider, S'imposer par
des menaces

Par amour de la paix

Se donner l'air important,
se donner l'air de quel-
qu'un

Sous l'impulsion du mo-
ment, sans réfléchir, sur
le champ

Pauvrette

En avoir assez, en avoir
plein le dos

Je le crois bien !

Ennuyer, importuner

Si ennuyeux

Présenter { quelqu'un

Introduire { dans un

Faire admettre { club

German.

Wohlerzogen, gebildet

Schlecht erzogen, ungebil-
det

Vollblütiges Pferd

Ein ungebildeter, gemeiner
Mann

Gemein, ungebildet

Londoner Stadtkind

Unterdrücker, Misshandler

Unterdrücken, misshan-
deln

Um des lieben Friedens
willen

Gross tun

Unter dem Eindrücke des
ersten Augenblicks, ohne
Ueberlegung

Armes Ding

Etwas herzlich satt sein

Das will ich meinen !

Langweilen, belästigen

So langweilig

Jemanden in einen Club
einführen

II.

Mon vieux !

Freund, Alter Knabe !

Se tirer d'affaires

Sich herauswickeln,
herauswinden

English.	Italian.
To get through by the skin of one's teeth	Cavarsela con grande difficoltà
To rest on one's oars	Non darsi troppa pena
What was the matter with me	Che cosa avessi
To stick at a thing	Occuparsi seriamente
To be in love	Essere innamorato
To be in debt	Avere dei debiti
Poor old chap!	Poverino, povero amico
To creep round a person	Fare la corte, cercare d'interessare
The governor	Paterfamilias
Dad	Babbo
To run on	Continuare, andare avanti
To be of age	Essere di età maggiore
To come into	Ereditare
A nice round sum	Una bella sostanza
To be swallowed up	Essere assorbito, inghiottito
To be head over ears in debt	Trovarsi nei debiti fino al collo
To pay up	Liquidare, pagare fino all'ultimo centesimo
To make a hard and fast rule	Farsi un fermo proposito di ...
To get into debt	Fare debiti
I promise you	Vi assicuro

III.

I say!	Senti! Dite! Dica un po'!
To find out	Scoprire, smascherare
Come along, old man	Andiamo, caro amico
What's up?	Che c'è? Di che si tratta?
I know all about it	So tutto, ho scoperto tutto
To run away with	Scappare
Mind your own business	Occupatevi dei vostri affari, Badate ai casi vostri

French.	German.
L'échapper belle !	Mit Mühe und Not davonkommen
Ne pas se fouler la rate	Auf seinen Lorbeeren ausruhen
Ce que j'avais	Was mir fehlte
S'occuper sérieusement de quelque chose	Sich ernstlich mit etwas befassen, annehmen
Etre amoureux	Verliebt sein
Avoir des dettes	In Schulden stecken, Schulden haben
Mon pauvre vieux !	Armer Kerl, Tropf
Chercher d'attendrir quelqu'un pour en tirer parti	Sich bei jemandem einschmeicheln
Le père	Das Familienhaupt, der Alte
Papa	Papachen, Väterchen
Continuer	Fortlaufen, fortfahren
Etre majeur	Majorenn, mündig sein
Hériter	In den Besitz gelangen, erben
Une somme rondelette	Ein hübsches Vermögen
Etre englouti	Verschlungen, verzehrt sein
Avoir des dettes pardessus la tête	Bis über die Ohren in Schulden stecken
Payer jusqu'au dernier centime.	Voll, bis zum letzten Heller bezahlen
Se faire une règle de . . .	Sich etwas zur Regel machen
	Zum festen Grundsatz machen
Faire des dettes	Sich in Schulden stürzen
Je vous assure	Ich versichere Sie

III.

Dites donc !	Hör einmal !
Découvrir	Ausfindig machen, entdecken
Allons nous en, mon vieux	Kommen Sie, komm, alter Freund
Qu'est-ce qu'il y a ?	Was ist los ?
Je sais tout, j'ai tout appris	Ich weiss alles, ich weiss Bescheid
Enlever	Davonlaufen, entfliehen mit, entführen . . .
Mêlez-vous de vos affaires	Kümmere Dich um Deine eigenen Angelegenheiten

English.	Italian.
You'll catch it	Guai a voi
To have half a mind to . . .	Avere quasi l'intenzione di . . .
To show up Sneak	Smascherare, denunciare Vigliacco, spia
To let off	Perdonare, passare sopra
To change one's mind	Cambiare d'idea
That accounts for it	Cio spiega
To go up to London	Andare a Londra
To give up	Abbandonare, rinunciare a qualche cosa
To put one's foot into it	Cacciarsi in imbrogli
To try on	Far la pruova
To be down on one's luck	Non essere fortunato
The odds were all against me	Ho avuto la fortuna contro di me
To get one's innings	Trovare l'occasione favorevole

IV.

To dub	Chiamare, proclamare
Bound	Costretto
To snub	Disprezzare, parlare male di . . .
Poem at first hand	Poesia originale
Puffing	Soffietto
At low ebb	A basso livello
Stuff	Robaccia
To palm off	Lodare eccessivamente una cosa
To stand being held up to ridicule	Sopportare il ridicolo, di essere messo in burla
To throw a brickbat	Criticare, disprezzare
Mob	Folla, volgo
To allow	Ammettere, concedere

French.	German.
Malheur à vous.	Du wirst Dir deine Tracht Prügel holen
Avoir presque l'intention	Halb und halb beabsichtigen
Démasquer, dénoncer	Entlarven
Mouchard	Duckmäuser, Kriecher, Petzer
Pardonner, passer l'éponge	Verzeihen, ein Auge zu- drücken, über etwas hin- weg sehen
Changer d'idée	Seine Meinung ändern, anderer Meinung sein
Tout s'explique à présent	Das erklärt die Sache
Aller à Londres	Nach London gehen
Abandonner, renoncer à quelqu'un	Aufgeben
Faire une bévue	Etwas verderben, die Sache verwickeln, einen Ver- stoss machen
Tenter	Versuchen (mit)
Etre en guignon	Unglück haben,
Avoir du guignon	Das Glück war mir un- hold
Avoir de la veine	An der Reihe sein

IV.

Baptiser	Zum Ritter schlagen; er- nannt, gestempelt werden
Obligé	Gezwungen, verpflichtet
Déprécier, parler mal de .	Verächtlich behandeln, verachten
Poème original, de premier jet	Ein Gedicht aus erster Hand, neu, original
Réclame	Reclame, Marktschreierei
Bien bas	Sehr tief stehen
Sottises, bêtises	Schund, Zeug
Faire avaler	Aufhängen, aufschwätzen, ausgeben für:
Supporter d'être tourné en ridicule	Sich der Lächerlichkeit entziehen, ertragen kön- nen, wenn es ins Lä- cherliche gezogen wird
Déprécier, lancer une pierre dans le jardin d'un autre	Scharf kritisieren, tadeln
Foule, populace	Pöbel
Admettre	Zugeben, eingestehen

English.	Italian.
At bay	Da nemico
To enter into the spirit of . . .	Comprendere, entrare nello spirito di
Silly hankerings after . . .	Stupidi desiderii, ambi- zioni
To hanker after	Desiderare irragionevol- mente
Unsympathetic	Poco benevolo
Humbug	Imbrogli, ciarle, ciarla- tano
A downright fellow	Un uomo onesto, sincero
To be hard put to for	Trovarsi alle strette, in cattive acque
To hit it off	Trovare il modo
At any rate	Ad ogni modo
Hobgoblins	Spettri
To make a lion of someone	Fare una celebrità di qual- cuno, portare alle stelle
Into the bargain	Per sopra più
Every dog has his day	Ognuno ha il suo momen- to di fortuna
To be lionised	Diventare l'uomo del gior- no
To fall out	Litigare
Trash	Sciocchezze
For heaven's sake!	Per amor del cielo!
V.	
Lazy beggar	Fannullone, poltronaccio
To oversleep one's-self	Non svegliarsi all'ora solita
To be dead beat	Essere stanco morto
Chap	Giovanotto, tipo
Dip	Immersione all'aria aper- ta
To tramp	Camminare a piedi
A tramp	Vagabondo
To be fagged out	Essere stanco morto
Pyjamas	Costume da notte per uomo

French.	German.
Aux abois	Ist gestellt (der Hirsch) Bedrängniss (des verfolg- ten (Hirsches)
Comprendre, se pénétrer	In den Geist. . . dringen
Désirs déraisonnés	Alberne Schnsucht, dummes Verlangen nach
Désirer ardemment, avoir bien envie	Sich sehnen, Verlangen haben nach
Peu sympathique	Gefühllos
Farceur, hâbleur, blagueur	Humbug
Un homme honnête, sin- cère, loyal	Ein offenerherziger, ehrli- cher Mensch
Etre en vert	In Geldverlegenheit sein
Trouver le joint, être à la hausse	Glücklich treffen
Au moins	Jedenfalls, auf alle Fälle
Spectres	Gespenster
Porter quelqu'un aux nues, faire de quelqu'un une célébrité	Jemanden zu einer Be- rühmtheit machen
Par dessus le marché	In den Kauf, obendrein
Chacun a son moment de bonheur	Jeder hat einmal seinen guten Tag
Devenir l'homme du jour	Den Löwen des Tages spielen Zum Helden gemacht zu werden
Se brouiller avec quel- qu'un	Sich überwerfen
Bêtise	Unsinn, leeres Geschwätz
Pour l'amour du ciel!	Um Gottes willen!
V.	
Fénéant, paresseux	Faulpelz
Faire la grasse matinée	Sich verschlafen
Etre mort de fatigue	Totmüde sein
Type	Bursche, Kerl
Plongeon	Seebad, Flussbad
Cheminer, aller à pied	Zu Fuss gehen
Mendiant vagabond	Landstreicher
Etre mort de fatigue	Erschöpft sein
Costume de nuit pour homme	Nachtköstüm / Nachtanzug { für Männer

English.	Italian.
Lout	Persona trascurata, sciatta
Mop of hair	Massa di capelli disordinati
Out of the way!	Fuori dai piedi!
Tub	Bagno
To sleep like a top	Dormire come un ghio
To feel all the better for it	Non mi ha fatto che bene
I should rather think so!	Lo credo! Altro!
To sleep the clock round	Dormire dodici ore di seguito
Boot-trees	Forme di stivali
Nonsense	Sciocchezza
To keep in shape	Mantenersi in forma
To bother	Perdere il tempo, annoiarsi
Dandy	Giovane alla moda, figurino
To return the compliment	Contraccambiare il complimento
Dandified	Avere l'apparenza di un figurino
To look as if one had come out of a bandbox	Apparire tutto lindo e elegante
To look a gentleman	Avere l'apparenza di un signore
Costermonger	Persona grossolana

VI.

To change a half-crown	Cambiare una mezza-corona
Change	Moneta spicciola
The till	Cassa
To give change	Dare moneta spicciola
Haberdasher	Merciaio
Fishmonger	Venditore di pesce
By-the-bye	A proposito, giacchè ci siamo
By-the-way	
Sold out	Esaurito
First-rate	Di prim'ordine
At any rate	Ad ogni modo
At the rate of six shillings a bottle	Al prezzo di sei scellini la bottiglia
Unadulterated	Inadulterato, genuino
Dry	Secco

French.	German.
Négligent	Lümmel
Chevelure en désordre	Ein Struwwelkopf
Place!	Platz da!
Bain	Bad
Dormir comme un sabot	Wie ein Murmeltier schlafen
Ne s'en trouver que mieux	Es hat mir gut getan
Je crois bien!	Das will ich meinen!
Faire le tour du cadran	Zwölf Stunden nacheinander schlafen
Formes pour chaussures	Stiefelblock
Bêtise, sottise	Unsinn
Conserver la forme	Die Form nicht verlieren
S'ennuyer, perdre le temps	Sich abgeben, seine Zeit verlieren
Dameret, élégant petit— maître	Stutzer, Geck
Rendre le compliment	Jemandem ein Compliment erwidern
Adonisé, miriflore	Stutzerhaft
Etre tiré à quatre épingles	Sich sehr eigen anziehen
Avoir l'air d'une personne convenable	Wie ein feiner Herr aussehen
Personne grossière	Höker, roher, ungebildeter Mensch

VI.

Changer une demi-couronne	Eine halbe Krone wechseln
Petite monnaie	Kleingeld
Tiroir de comptoir, petite caisse	Geldschublade
Donner de la monnaie	Kleingeld geben
Mercier	Schnittwarenhändler
Marchand de poisson	Fischhändler
A propos	Apropos
Epuisé	Ausverkauft
De premier ordre, de première qualité	Erster Qualität
Au moins	Jedenfalls
Au prix de six shellings la bouteille	Zu sechs Mark die Flasche
Authentique, pur Sec	Rein, unverfälscht Trocken

English.

Italian.

To make a note of a thing

Prendere appunto di qualche cosa

To warn

Avvertire

The old brand

La marca solita

A score of . . .

Una ventina di . . .

On that score

Su questo argomento

VII.

What is the score?

A quanti punti siamo?

To score

Segnare i punti nel giuoco

To slip one's memory

Uscir di mente, dimenticare

A suit

Vestito da uomo

To suit

Andare bene, adattarsi

Suitable

Conveniente, adattato

To fit

Calzare

Fitting game

Giuoco adatto

To do harm

Far del male, essere dannoso

To do good

Far del bene

Good for nothing

Buono a nulla, nocivo

To see off

Accompagnare uno al luogo di partenza

For God's sake

Per amor di Dio!

Where are you off to?

Dove siete diretto?

The old folks

I miei genitori

To be off

Essere in partenza per . .

To look a person up

Visitare una persona

To be straitlaced

Essere riservato, convenzionale

Narrow-minded

Di idee strette, meschine

Rather!

Altro!

To hold one's peace

Star tranquillo,

Not to care a fig

Non importare un fico

That is just it

E precisamente così

Let us hear from you

Dateci vostre notizie

VIII.

I say!

Dica un po'!

To sign the pledge

Impegnarsi a non bere bevande alcoliche

French.	German.
En prendre note	Sich etwas notieren
Avertir	Aufmerksam machen
La marque habituelle	Die alte, gewohnte Marke
Une vingtaine de . . .	Zwanzig Flaschen, Stück
Sur cet argument	In dieser Beziehung

VII.

Combien de points avons-nous? (au jeu)	Wieviel Punkte haben wir?
Marquer les points	Aufschreiben (Spiel)
Echapper, oublier	Vergessen, entfallen

Complet pour homme	Ein Anzug
Aller bien	Gut kleiden, gut stehen
Convenable	Passend
Prendre bien	Kleiden, sitzen
Jeu adapté	Passendes, geeignetes Spiel
Faire du mal	Schaden

Faire du bien	Gut tun
Nuisible	Schädlich, zu nichts gut sein

Accompagner quelqu'un au lieu de départ	Jemandem zur Abreise das Geleit geben, Jemanden nach der Bahn begleiten
---	---

Pour l'amour de Dieu!	Um Gottes willen!
Où allez-vous?	Wo gehen Sie hin? Wo geht die Reise hin?

Mes bons vieux	Meine alten Eltern
Partir pour	Sich nach . . begeben, nach . . . gehen

Aller voir une personne	Jemanden aufsuchen
Etre réservé, sévère	Steif, engherzig, sittenstreng

A l'esprit étroit	Beschränkt sein
Je le crois bien!	Und ob!
Se taire, rester tranquille	Sich ruhig verhalten
Se moquer comme de l'an quarante	Den Teufel danach fragen

C'est précisément cela	Das ist es eben
Donnez-nous de vos nouvelles	Lassen Sie von sich hören

VIII.

Dites donc!	Sagen Sie einmal!
Engager sa parole qu'on ne boira plus de boissons alcooliques	Sich zur völligen Enthaltung von geistigen Getränken verpflichten

English.	Italian.
Not a bit of it	Niente di tutto ciò, neppure per sogno
Who has been stuffing you?	Chi vi ha dato ad intendere?
I am told	Mi è stato detto
Tipsy	Alterato, brillo
Are you cramming hard?	State sgobbando sul serio?
Crammer	Ripetitore per gli esami
An army coach	Ripetitore nelle scuole militari
To coach	Guidare, insegnare per gli esami
To be well up in . . .	Essere ben versato in . . .
Posers	Questioni difficili, difficoltà
A perfect boor	Persona goffa e impacciata
That is something like	Proprio quello che vorrei
Fop	Zerbinotto, damerino
To rub up the wrong way	Dare sui nervi
I can tell you	Vi assicuro
Drunk	Ubbriaco
Slipshod	Svogliato
To work by fits and starts	Lavorare a sbalzi
A duffer	Un cretino
Enough to drive one mad	Abbastanza da far impazzire
This wind is enough to blow one's head off	Fa un vento da cane
Diggings	Alloggio
To dig	Alloggiare
An Oxford chum	Un compagno dell'Università di Oxford
To be in the way	Disturbare, essere di troppo
To lie low	Star tranquillo, eliminarsi
A Don	Persona dotta
Matter of fact fellow	Positivo, pratico giovane
To be at one's wits' end	Non sapere che cosa fare

French.	German.
Pas le moins du monde	Nicht im Mindesten
Qui vous a fait croire cette histoire? Qui s'est moqué de vous?	Wer hat Ihnen das weis gemacht?
On m'a dit, j'ai ouï dire	Es ist mir gesagt worden
Grise	Benebelt, berauscht sein
Est-ce-que vous piochez sérieusement?	Ochsen Sie tüchtig?
Répétiteur pour les examens	Einpauker, Vorbereiter für die Examen
Répétiteur pour les examens dans les écoles militaires	Einpauker in den Militärschulen
Préparer, enseigner pour les examens	Einpauken, für die Examen vorbereiten
Etre bien versé	Gut eingeweiht sein
Questions embarrassantes	Schwierige Fragen
Rustre, homme sans façon	Bauer, Grobian
Justement ce que je voudrais	Das gefällt mir
Petit-maître	Geck, Stutzer
Donner sur les nerfs	Irritieren
Je vous l'assure	Ich versichere Sie
Ivre	Betrunken
Indolent, paresseux*	Nachlässig, unordentlich
Travailler à bâtons rompus	Dann und wann stossweise arbeiten
Crétin	Dummkopf
De quoi devenir fou	Genug um einen verrückt zu machen
Il fait un vent à écorner un bœuf	Welch ein schrecklicher Wind!
Garçonnière, chambres meublées	Wohnort, Behausung
Demeurer, loger	Wohnen
Un camarade de l'université d'Oxford	Universitätskollege von Oxford
Gêner, embarrasser	Im Wege sein, stören
Se tenir à part	Sich ruhig verhalten
Gros bonnet	Grosser Herr, gelehrter Herr
Homme pratique	Ein praktischer, prosaischer Mensch
Etre au bout de son latin	Es steht einem der Verstand still

English.	Italian.
How to make ends meet	Cavarsela (economicamente)
To throw up all and go off	Lasciare tutto e partire
It would be a pity	Sarebbe un peccato
To take one's degree	Prendere la laurea
B.A.	Baccalaureus Artium
M.A.	Magister Artium
That it would	Altro!

IX.

Do let me try	Vi prego, lasciatemi provare
To be out of tune }	Scordato, stonato, non
Not to be in tune }	intonato
To have a piano tuned	Far accordare il pianoforte
To keep in tune	Mantenersi accordato
I say!	Dica un po'!
To send round to . . .	Mandare, inviare
Not at all	Non c'è di che
On the stroke of six	Lo scoccare delle sei
I must be off	Debbo partire
A stroke	Un colpo apoplettico
To expect	Fare assegnamento
To wait for someone	Aspettare qualcuno
Stroking	Lisciando, accarezzando
Hard lines!	Triste cose, doloroso!
The leader	Articolo di fondo
A masterly stroke	Un colpo da maestro
To be stroke	Primo rematore, capovoga

X.

There goes Grey	Ecco Grey
Conceited fellow	Uomo vanitoso, pretenzioso
Knickerbockers	Calzoncorti.
By sight	Di vista
To introduce	Presentare
I'd rather not	Preferisco di no
To think too much of one's-self	Avere troppo buona opinione di sè

French.

German.

S'en tirer

Sich nicht mehr zu helfen
wissenLaisser tout en plan et
partirSich nach der Decke
strecken müssen

Cela serait dommage

Alles im Stich lassen und
weggehen

Prendre son baccalauréat

Es wäre schade

Baccalauréat ès lettres

Seinen Doktor machen

Maître-ès-arts

Artium Baccalaureus

Mais oui!

Artium Magister

Und ob! Wirklich! sehr!

IX.

Laissez-moi toucher

Lassen Sie mich, bitte, ver-
suchen

Désaccordé

Verstimmt, nicht gestimmt

idem

Faire accorder un piano

Das Klavier stimmen las-
sen

Maintenir accordé

In Stimmung bleiben

Dites donc!

Hören Sie mal!

Envoyer chez . . .

Schicken nach . . .

Pas du tout

Keine Ursache

Sur le coup de six heures

Schlag sechs Uhr

Je dois m'en aller

Ich muss gehen

Coup d'apoplexie

Ein Schlaganfall

Attendre quelqu'un

Rechnen, zählen, auf; je-
mand erwarten*idem*

Auf jemanden warten

Caressant

Streichelnd

C'est bien malheureux!

Ein harter Schlag

Article de fond

Der Leitartikel

Un coup de maître

Ein Meisterschuss, Meister-
streich

Brigadier (de canot)

Der erste Ruderer

X.

Voici Grey qui vient

Da kommt Grey

Homme vaniteux, plein de
lui-mêmeEin, eitler, eingebildeter
Kerl

Culotte

Kniehosen

De vue

Vom Ansehen

Présenter, faire connaître

Vorstellen

Je préfère que non

Nein, ich danke

Avoir une trop bonne

Sich zu viel einbilden

opinion de sa personne

Er ist zu eingebildet

English.	Italian.
The cut	Taglio
Not half a bad fellow	Non è così cattivo
To be cut out for	Essere adatto, tagliato per
To agree with	Essere d'accordo, dello stesso parere
Why on earth!	Come mai! come diamine!
To cut a person dead	Togliere il saluto a qualcuno
On purpose	Apposta
Flat	A ribasso
Short-sighted	Miope
To the office	All'ufficio
To show one's-self	Farsi vedere
To come along with	Accompagnare
If you don't mind	Se non vi disturba
How are the markets?	Come va la Borsa?
To become of	Diventare, succedere
To be in business	Essere negli affari
To get on	Cavarsela, andare d'accordo
To take someone into partnership	Associarsi qualcuno
In a bad way	In cattive condizioni
A run of bad luck	Un periodo di disdetta, di disgrazia
To hold out	Continuare a reggersi in piedi, resistere
In low water	In cattive acque
Upset	Afflitto
Crash	La catastrofe
To say "How do you do" to	Salutare, dare il buon-giorno
To bother	Far perdere il tempo, annoiare
A bore	Una noia

XI.

To be out of sorts	Essere indisposto
What is wrong?	{ Che cosa c'è di nuovo?
I am not quite the thing	{ Che cosa è che va male?
	Non mi sento perfettamente bene

French.

Coupe
 Pas du tout méchant
 Etre taillé pour
 Etre du même avis

Pourquoi diable !
 Retirer le salut, battre
 froid à quelqu'un

Exprès
 A la baisse
 Myope
 Au bureau
 Faire acte de présence, se
 montrer
 Accompanyer
 Si cela ne vous gêne pas

Comment vont les cours de
 la Bourse?

Devenir, arriver
 Etre dans les affaires
 Réussir, aller d'accord

S'associer avec quelqu'un

Dans de mauvaises condi-
 tions

Une période de malheur

Résister, tenir bon, conti-
 nuer à se tenir debout

Dans une situation précaire

Affligé
 La catastrophe, le crac
 Saluer, donner le bonjour

Faire perdre du temps

Ennuï

German.

Der Schnitt, die Form
 Kein so schlechter Kerl
 Geboren sein zu . . .

Einer Meinung sein, ein-
 verstanden sein mit
 Warum in aller Welt!
 Jemanden nicht wieder
 grüssen

Absichtlich
 Flau
 Kurzsichtig
 Ins Geschäft, ins Bureau
 Sich zeigen, sich sehen
 lassen

Begleiten, mitkommen
 Wenn Sie nichts dagegen
 haben

Wie stehen die Marktpreise

Werden (aus)
 Im Handel sein
 Vorwärts kommen, sich
 vertragen

Jemanden als Teilhaber
 aufnehmen

Schlecht stehen

Eine schlechte, unglück-
 liche Periode, viel Pech
 haben

Sich halten, widerstehen

In traurigen Umständen
 sein

Betrübt

Krach

Begrüssen, "Guten Tag"
 sagen

Stören

Langweilig

XI.

Ne pas se sentir dans son
 assiette

Qu'y-a-t-il?

Unpässlich sein

Was ist passiert

Je ne suis pas dans mon as-
 siette

Mir ist nicht so recht

English.	Italian.
Not to sleep a wink	Non chiudere occhio
To rub up the wrong way	Dare sui nervi
Nonsense	Sciocchezza
To have one's own way	Fare a modo proprio
Whatever I may say or do	Checchè possa fare o dire
What are you driving at?	Che cosa volete conchiudere, a che cosa mirate o alludete?
To make life a burden	Amareggiare la vita, renderla insopportabile
To fly into a passion	Montare in collera
To teach how to behave	Insegnare a comportarsi
To dote on someone	Andare pazzo per qualcuno
In a different light	Sotto un aspetto differente
Different point of view	Punto di vista diverso
Our happiness is at stake	La nostra felicità è in giuoco
If the worst comes to the worst	A peggio andare
To run away	Scappare
That's understood	S'intende, si capisce
Come, let us have no more of this	Andiamo, basta così, non ne parliamo più, facciamola finita
To take a fancy to someone	Invaghirsi di qualcuno
Worse than ever	Peggio che mai
To blow one's brains out	Farsi saltare le cervella
Old saw	Vecchia storia
Threadbare	Cosa vecchia, troppo ripetuta
To give a brushing	Dare una spazzolata
That's a good girl!	Brava!
To be tired out	Essere stanco morto
To give in	Cedere, ubbidire
A matter of course	Una cosa che s'intende da sè

French.	German.
Ne pas fermer l'œil	Kein Auge zutun
Donner sur les nerfs	Jemanden aufregen, irritieren
Bêtise	Unsinn
Faire à sa guise	Nach seinem eignen Willen handeln
Quoi que je puisse dire ou faire, j'ai beau dire ou faire	Was ich auch sagen oder tun mag
Où voulez-vous en venir?	Auf was willst Du anspielen. Wo willst Du hinaus?
Rendre la vie insupportable	Das Leben zur Last machen
Se mettre en colère	In Wut geraten; wütend werden
Enseigner à bien se comporter	Lehren, wie man sich zu betragen hat
Raffoler de quelqu'un	In jemanden vernarrt sein
Sous un aspect différent	Von einem andern Gesichtspunkte
Un point de vue différent	
Il y va de notre bonheur	Unser Glück steht auf dem Spiele
Au pis aller	Im schlimmsten Falle, wenn alle Stränge reißen
S'enfuir de . . .	Davonlaufen
Cela va sans dire	Selbstverständlich, das versteht sich
Allons, assez comme ça, n'en parlons plus	Komm, lass es nun gut sein, lass uns Frieden schliessen
Se prendre d'une affection pour quelqu'un	Jemanden lieb gewinnen
Pire que jamais	Schlimmer als je
Se faire sauter la cervelle	Sich eine Kugel durch den Kopf jagen
Histoire ancienne	Die alte Geschichte
Vieille histoire	Abgedroschen
Donner un coup de brosse	Ausbürsten
Vous êtes une brave fille	Du bist ein Prachtmädchen!
Etre mort de fatigue	Gänzlich erschöpft sein
Céder	Nachgeben
Cela va sans dire	Etwas Selbstverständliches

English.	Italian.
To let in water	Assorbire acqua
To have one's boots soled	Far risolare le scarpe
To have something done	Far fare qualcosa
To have one's hair cut	Farsi tagliare i capelli
To get one's hair cut	
A brick	Bravo, brava, valente
On foot	A piedi
On strike	In isciopero
Strikes	Scioperi
Now-a-days	Oggigiorno
To take things as they come	Prendere le cose come vengono
I'm off	Parto, vado via

XII.

To have a game	Giuocare, fare una partita
Ace of diamonds	Asso di quadri
Knave of spades	Fante di picche
Three of clubs	Tre di bastoni
Six of hearts	Sei di cuori
To turn up	Essere ritrovato
To shuffle	Mescolare
My shuffle	Mio turno di mescolare
Your cut	Vostro turno di alzare (al giuoco)
To deal	Dare le carte
It is your turn	Tocca a voi
I don't know which way to turn	Non so come cavarmela
To have a bad hand	Avere cattive carte in mano
Here goes	Ecco
Six of one and half a dozen of the other	Zuppa e pan bagnato
Trump	Trionfo
In the nick of time	Al momento opportuno
To count one's chickens before they are hatched	Vendere la pelle dell'orso prima di averlo ucciso, fare i conti senza l'oste

French.	German.
Prendre l'eau	Wasser ziehen, Wasser durchlassen
Faire ressemeler les chaussures	Die Schuhe besohlen lassen
Faire faire une chose	Etwas machen lassen
Se faire couper les cheveux	Sich die Haare schneiden lassen
Brave homme, bonne fille	Goldjunge
A pied	Zu Fuss
En grève	Streiken, Ausstand machen
Grèves	Streike, Ausstand
Aujourd'hui, de nos jours	Heutzutage
Prendre les choses comme elles viennent	Das Leben nehmen, wie es ist
Je file, je m'en vais	Ich gehe

XII.

Jouer, faire une partie	Ein Spiel machen, eine Partie Karten spielen
As de carreau	Carreau Ass
Valet de pique	Pik Bube
Trois de trèfle	Eichel drei, Treff Drei
Six de cœur	Herz sechs
Comparaitre de nouveau	Sich vorfinden, zum Vorschein kommen
Battre les cartes	Mischen, mengen
Mon tour de battre les cartes	Die Reihe, es ist an mir zu mischen
A vous de couper	Es ist an Ihnen abzuheben
Donner les cartes	Die Karten geben
C'est à vous	Die Reihe ist an Ihnen
Je ne sais comment m'en tirer	Ich weiss nicht, wie ich anfangen soll, was ich spielen soll
Avoir un mauvais jeu	Schlechte, niedrige Karten haben
Voilà	So!
Chou vert et vert chou, c'est bonnet blanc et blanc bonnet	Das ist eins wie das andere
Atout	Atout, Trumpf
Juste à point, à propos, à point nommé	Im geeigneten, rechten Augenblicke
Vendre la peau de l'ours avant de l'avoir tué	Die Rechnung ohne den Wirt machen

English.	Italian.
A first-rate player	Un giuocatore di prima forza
To drive someone into a corner	Mettere qualcuno colle spalle al muro
He is a chip of the old block	Chi di gallina nasce conven che razzoli
A splendid hand at whist	Uno splendido giuocatore di whist
Bridge	Bridge
I should rather think so!	Altro! Lo credo!
To be all the rage	Essere di gran modo, far furore
To give a hint	Dare un suggerimento
To be on one's guard	Essere in guardia
To screw up one's courage	Farsi coraggio
To score	Segnare i punti nel giuoco

XIII.

How far have you got?	A che punto siete giunto?
I have got half way through	Sono giunto a metà
Does it pay ?	Rende abbastanza? Trova sufficiente compenso?
To live from hand to mouth	Appena appena, dal giorno all'indomani
To live by one's wits	Vivere di lavoro intellettuale
At odd times	A tempo perduto
To reap a good harvest	Far buona messa, far danaro
Money-grubber	Persona interessata, amante del danaro
I should not care for that	Non me n'importa niente
To cover the expenses	Coprire le spese
Out of the common	Fuori del comune, dell'ordinario
To work out one's apprenticeship	Fare il tirocinio
On the spur of the moment	Li per li, senza riflettere
By dint of hard work	A forza di lavoro

French.	German.
Un joueur de première force	Ein Spieler ersten Ranges
Mettre quelqu'un au pied du mur	Jemanden in die Enge treiben
Il chasse de race	Sie ist nicht aus der Art geschlagen
Bon joueur au whist	Ein ausgezeichneter Whistspieler
Nouveau Whist, Bridge	Englisches Kartenspiel ähnlich dem Whist
Je crois bien!	Das will ich meinen!
Faire fureur, être beau-coup à la mode, le dernier cri	Allgemein Mode sein, Furore machen
Suggérer, aider	Einen Wink geben, andeuten
Etre sur ses gardes	Auf der Hut sein
Se donner du courage, prendre son courage à deux mains	Mut fassen
Marquer les points	Aufschreiben (Spiel) die Stiche anlegen

XIII.

Où en êtes-vous resté?	Wie weit sind Sie mit . . .
Je suis arrivé à la moitié	Ich bin zur Hälfte angelangt
Est-ce assez bien rétribué?	Wird es entsprechend belohnt, bezahlt?
Vivre au jour le jour	Von der Hand in den Mund leben
Se creuser la tête pour vivre	Von Schriftstellerei leben
A temps perdu	In den Mussestunden
Faire ses orges	Gute Ernte halten, sich bereichern
Grippe-sou	Gelddurstiger Mann, Geldmensch
Je ne m'en souciera pas	Das wäre mir ganz egal
Couvrir la dépense	Die Ausgaben decken
Hors de l'ordinaire	Aussergewöhnliches
Faire son apprentissage	Seine Lehrzeit durchmachen
Sur le moment, sans réfléchir	Auf der Stelle, ohne weiteres
A force de travail	Durch harte Arbeit

English.	Italian.
Practice makes perfect	La perfezione si acquista colla pratica
Something taking	Qualcosa che s'imponga, che susciti un grande interesse, attraente, affascinante
Tastes differ	I gusti sono vari
Plenty of go	Pieno di iniziativa
At any rate	Ad ogni modo
Queer fellow	Uomo strano, curioso
Well-meaning	Animato da buone intenzioni

XIV.

There never was any love lost between those two	Quei due non si potevano mai sopportare
To be at daggers drawn	Essere nemici
The laughing-stock	La canzonatura, lo zimbello
Silly	Sciocco
It is not worth while	Non ne vale la spesa
The scapegoat	Il capro espiatorio, la vittima
The scapegrace	Il passaguai
A stumbling-block	Ostacolo, inciampo
Busybody	Pettegolo, ficcanaso
To be just as well	Sarebbe meglio
The game is not worth the candle	Non merita, non ne vale la spesa
To agree with	Essere d'accordo, dello stesso parere
To give in	Cedere, ubbidire
Scoundrel	Mascalzone
To gull	Ingannare, imbrogliare
To live on	Vivere di, a spese di, alle spalle di . . .
On tick	A credito

French.	German.
C'est en forgeant qu'on devient forgeron	Uebung macht den Meister
Quelque chose d'épatant	Etwas Anziehendes, Fesselndes, Ergreifendes, Bezauberndes
Les goûts diffèrent	Die Geschmäcker sind verschieden
Plein d'initiative	Grosse Tatkraft, Unternehmungsgeist
Au moins	Jedenfalls
Un drôle de garçon	Ein sonderbarer Kauz
Animé de bonnes intentions	Es gut meinen

XIV.

Ces deux individus ne pouvaient jamais se supporter	Die beiden haben sich nie recht leiden mögen
Etre comme chien et chat	Auf gespanntem Fuss stehen
Le jouet	Der Gegenstand des Gelächters
Nigaud, sot, bête	Töricht, albern
Cela n'en vaut pas la peine	Es ist nicht der Mühe wert
Bouc émissaire	Der Sündenbock
Vaurien	Taugenichts
Pierre d'achoppement	Ein Hindernis, ein Stein im Wege
Officieux	Ein zudringlicher Mensch, ein Schwätzer, Wichtig-tuer
Etre tout aussi bien, être mieux	Es wäre ebenso gut, es würde besser sein
Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle	Es lohnt sich nicht der Mühe
Etre du même avis	Einverstanden sein mit
Obéir, céder, croire	Nachgeben
Misérable, gueux, coquin	Schurke, Schuft
Duper	Betrügen, hintergehen, täuschen
Vivre de . . .	Leben, von
A crédit	Auf Borg, auf Kredit

English.	Italian.
A private income	Rendita
To look unsettled	Aver l'apparenza scom- bussolata
Poor fellow	Poverino
To get leave	Ottenere una licenza
To go abroad	Andare all'estero
Dinner-jacket	La giubba chiamata comu- nemente "smoking"
To fit beautifully	Andare a pennello
It is just your cut	È precisamente della vo- stra misura
To make fun of . . .	Burlarsi di . . .
To dress in borrowed feathers	Ornarsi delle penne al- trui
To pawn	Impegnare, mettere in pegno
Evening clothes	Vestiti da sera
To have someone on	Dare ad intendere a qual- cuno, prendere in giro
To take it all in	Credere a qualcosa
I bet she will	Scommetto che lo farebbe
Rare fun	Gran divertimento
I say!	Dica un po'
To play practical jokes	Fare scherzi, burle (mate- riamente, non a parole)
XV.	
To play truant	Salar la scuola
To pay the fees	Pagare le rate
To be in the same box	Essere nelle stesse condi- zioni
To look awkward	Impacciato, goffo
To put a good face on a bad business	Far finta di nulla, sorri- dere all'avversa fortuna
To pretend	Dare ad intendere, fingere
To slip one's memory	Uscir di mente, dimenti- care
Off-hand	Disinvolto, noncurante, ir- riflessivo

French.	German.
Rente	Privateinkünfte Einkommen, Renten
Avoir l'air bouleversé	Unruhig, verstört aussehen
Pauvre homme	Armer Kerl
Obtenir permission, licence	Urlaub bekommen
Aller à l'étranger	Ins Ausland gehen
Smoking	Kurzer Gesellschaftsrock, gewöhnlich irrtümlich "Smoking" benannt
Prendre bien	Wie angegossen passen
C'est tout-à-fait votre mesure	Es ist genau Ihr Mass
Se moquer de . . .	Sich über einen lustig-machen
Se parer des plumes d'autrui	Sich mit fremden Federn schmücken
Mettre en gages	Verpfänden
L'habit	Gesellschaftsanzug
Se moquer de quelqu'un	Jemandem etwas weismachen
Prêter foi à quelque chose	Alles für bare Münze nehmen
Je parie qu'elle le fera	Ich wette sie wird . . .
Grand amusement	Seltener Spass, sich köstlich amüsieren
Dites donc!	Hör einmal
Faire de mauvaises plaisanteries	Jemandem Streiche spielen

XV.

Faire l'école buissonnière	Die Schule schwänzen, blau machen
Payer sa cotisation	Die Raten zahlen, das Schulgeld, die Kollegien-gelder zahlen
Etre dans le même drap	In der gleichen Lage sein
Avoir l'air gêné	Eine traurige Figur spielen
Au mauvais jeu bonne mine	Gute Miene zum bösen Spiel machen
Faire semblant de . . .	Tun als ob . . .
Echapper de la mémoire, oublier	Vergessen, dem Gedächtnis entfallen sein
Dégagé	Frei, ungezwungen, ungeniert unbefangen

English.	Italian.
To get on	Cavarsela, andare d'accordo
Chum	Compagno
To be at daggers drawn	Essere nemici
That's awkward	È poco comodo, poco divertente
To dig	Alloggiare
Upstairs	Di sopra, al piano superiore
Downstairs	Di sotto, a un piano inferiore
The windows look into the yard	Le finestre danno sul cortile
The door opens on the street	La porta s'apre sulla strada
To have someone at one's beck and call	Aver qualcuno ai propri comandi
To stand something	Tollerare qualcosa
To suspect	Prevedere qualcosa, sospettare
A skinflint	Avaro (letteralmente colui che vorrebbe trarre la pelle da una pietra focaia)
To eat one's cake and have it	Volere spendere e fare economia
To give a hint	Fare delle allusioni trasparenti
To take a hint	Capire un invito, un allusione
A funny fellow	Una strana persona
All the same	Tutto sommato
A lazy devil	Un fannullone
The live-long day	Tutto il santo giorno
To get stout	Ingrassare
I should say so!	Altro!
To live in clover	Vivere beatamente, senza fastidii
To put up with	Tollerare, sopportare

XVI.

To lay the cloth	Apparecchiare (la tavola)
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French.

German.

S'en tirer	Auskommen, sich vertragen
Camarade	Genosse, Kamerad
Etre comme chien et chat	Auf gespanntem Fusse stehen
Peu amusant	Uebel, unangenehm
Demeurer, loger	Wohnen
En haut, à l'étage supérieur	Oben, eine Treppe höher
En bas	Unten, im untern Stock
Les fenêtres donnent sur la cour	Die Fenster gehen nach dem Hofe
La porte donne sur la rue	Die Türe öffnet sich nach der Strasse
Avoir quelqu'un à sa disposition	Jemanden stets zu seiner Verfügung, seinen Diensten haben
Tolérer quelque chose	Etwas aushalten, vertragen
Soupçonner quelque chose	Voraussehen befürchten vorhersehen
Grigou, pince-maille, fesse-mathieu	Ein schmutziger Geizhals
Vouloir dépenser et économiser à la fois	Gerne alles haben, aber nichts dafür zahlen wollen
Donner à entendre	Eine Andeutung machen, einen Wink geben
Saisir une insinuation	Einen Wink verstehen
Un drôle de garçon	Ein sonderbarer Kerl
Tout de même, quand même	Trotzdem
Fainéant, paresseux	Ein Faulpelz
Tout le long du jour	Den lieben langen Tag
Prendre de l'embonpoint	Dick werden, fett werden
Je crois bien!	Das will ich meinen!
Se la couler douce, vivre comme un coq en pâte	Wie der Herrgott leben, im Ueberfluss leben
Souffrir, supporter	Aushalten, ertragen

XVI.

Mettre la table

Den Tisch decken

English.	Italian.
Lay for two	Apparecchiate per due persone
To show into	Introdurre, fare entrare
At any cost	A qualunque costo
At cost price	A prezzo di costo
Have it sent on approval	Fatelo mandare senza impegni, con riserva
To be particular	Esseie difficoltozo, badare, tener conto
To be paid for upon delivery	Pagare all'atto della consegna
To call at the tailor's	Passare dal sarto
To kill two birds with one stone	Prendere due piccioni ad una fava
A capital idea	Un' idea ottima
What's to be done with . . .	Che si farà, che cosa deve farsi?
Lumber-room	Soffitta, ripostiglio
A good riddance !	Tanto meglio !
To poke up the fire	Attizzare il fuoco
To keep the fire in	Mantenere acceso il fuoco
By-the-bye	A proposito
Out of print	Fuori commercio, esaurito
To be sure to do	Andare bene, fare al caso
To turn out a room	Fare la pulizia completa, generale di una stanza
Mind you do nothing of the kind	Guardatevi dal far ciò, dal fare una simil cosa
To give a good rubbing up to	Fare una buona pulizia stropicciando con forza

XVII.

To be dumfounded	Non raccapezzarsi, non capir più nulla
To sue	Citare in tribunale
Breach of promise case	Querela per mancata promessa di matrimonio
To propose	Chiedere la mano di una signorina
To be head over ears in love with	Innamorarsi pazzamente

French.	German.
Mettre deux couverts	Für zwei Personen decken
Faire entrer	Führen in
A tout prix	Um jeden Preis
Au prix coûtant	Zum Einkaufspreis
Faites le envoyer à condition	Lassen Sie es zur Ansicht schicken
Etre difficile	Genau nehmen
Payer contre livraison	Bei Empfang der Ware zahlen
Passer chez le tailleur	Beim Schneider vorsprechen
Faire d'une pierre deux coups	Zwei Fliegen mit einer Klappe schlagen
Une excellente idée	Eine vorzügliche Idee
Que va-t-on en faire, qu'en fera-t-on?	Was soll mit . gemacht werden
Chambre de débarras!	Dachkammer, Rumpelkammer
Bon débarras! Tant mieux!	Um so besser! Da kommt es aus dem Wege
Attiser le feu	Das Feuer schüren
Entretenir le feu	Das Feuer nicht ausgehen lassen
A propos	Was ich sagen wollte
Epuisé	Vergriffen (von Büchern)
Etre sûr qu'on sera content	Es wird sicher recht sein
Nettoyer à fond une chambre	Ein Zimmer gründlich reinmachen
Pas du tout	Tun Sie das ja nicht
Faire un bon nettoyage, frotter bien	Gut putzen, blank polieren

XVII.

Perdre son latin	Verblüfft sein, erstaunt sein
Assigner	Gerichtlich belangen
Procès pour promesse de mariage retirée	Klage wegen Nichterfüllung eines Eheversprechens
Demander la main d'une demoiselle	Um die Hand eines Fräuleins anhalten, um ein Fräulein werben
Raffoler d'une personne, s'en amouracher	Bis über die Ohren in Jem. verliebt sein.

English.	Italian.
On the spot	Su due piedi, lì per lì
Terrible temper	Carattere impossibile
To get out of a thing	Uscire da un impiccio
To be in a pet	Essere adirato, in collera
It is hard lines	È triste, doloroso
To be jilted	Essere abbandonato dal fidanzato
It served her right	Le sta bene
To be hard upon someone	Essere severo per qualcuno
Plucky girl	Una ragazza di fegato, di coraggio
A good-hearted lass	Una ragazza di buon cuore
A flirt	Una civettuola
A spoilt child	Un ragazzo avvezzato male, educato con troppa indulgenza
A great pet	Un gran favorito, un beniamino
An only child	Figlio unico
To have or get one's own way	Fare a modo proprio
To dote on a person	Andar pazzo per qualcuno
Pin-money	Spillatico
To get rid of	Liberarsi di . . .
Slums	Quartieri poveri di Londra, bassi fondi
To set a society on foot	Fondare una società
To slip through one's fingers	Svanire fra le mani, dileguarsi, aver le mani bucate
A splendid match	Un buon partito
To go in for a person	Presentarsi, offrirsi a qualcuno
A madcap	Pazzarella, testa sventata
To get one's-self jilted.	Farsi abbandonare dal fidanzato

XVIII.

To take in	Abbonarsi a un giornale
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French.	German.
Sur le champ	Auf der Stelle, sogleich
Caractère impossible	Unausstehliches Temperament
Sortir d'un ennui, se tirer d'affaire	Sich aus einer Sache herausziehen, herauswinden
Monter en fureur	Wütend, zornig, aufgebracht sein
C'est malheureux	Schmerzlich
Etre trompé, abandonné (dans l'amour)	Vom Geliebten verlassen sein
Ca lui va bien	Es geschieht ihr recht
Etre sur le dos de quelqu'un	Jemandem unrecht tun
Jeune fille de caractère	Ein mutiges, ein braves Mädchen
Une jeune fille de bon cœur	Ein gutherziges Mädchen
Une coquette	Ein gefallsüchtiges Mädchen
Une enfant gâtée	Ein verwöhntes Kind
La poule blanche	Ein grosser Liebling
Enfant unique	Das einzige Kind
Obtenir que les choses soient faites à sa guise	Seinen Willen durchsetzen
Raffoler pour quelqu'un	In jemanden vernarrt sein
Argent de poche	Nadelgeld
Se débarrasser de . . .	Loszuwerden
Les bouges, quartiers pauvres de Londres	Schmutzige, verrufene Stadtviertel von London
Fonder une société	Einen Verein gründen
Echapper des mains, être panier percé	Durch die Finger laufen
Un bon parti	Eine gute Partie
Se présenter en mariage	Sich an Jemanden machen, wagen
Une tête de linotte	Tollköpfchen
Se faire délaissér	Selbst veranlassen, vom Verlobten verlassen zu werden

XVIII.

S'abonner à un journal, à une revue	Eine Zeitung halten
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English.	Italian.
A take in	Un inganno
To subscribe to a library	Abbonarsi a una biblioteca
To be taken in	Essere imbrogliato, ingannato
Swindles	Inganni
To be made up of	Essere costituito di, formato di
To make up one's mind	Decidersi, stabilire, fissare
Not to care a rap	Non importare un fico
Not to care a straw	Non curarsi affatto
Not to care a fig	<i>idem</i>
To get back	Essere di ritorno, ritornare
You'll catch it!	Guai a voi!
My bounden duty	Mio sacrosanto dovere
It goes against the grain	Cosa fatta di mala voglia
A dull country	Un paese noioso, triste
To take the cake for something	Sorpassare gli altri
To leave the tap running	Lasciare il rubinetto aperto
To turn off a tap	Chiudere il rubinetto
To be done up	Essere molto stanco
To be awfully fagged	Essere affranto dalla stanchezza
Stuffy	Ristretto, senz'aria
To forward a letter	Far proseguire una lettera
All the swells of the place	Tutta la società più elegante del luogo
Heaps of	Un mucchio di
The better the day the better the deed	Frase usata in Inghilterra per scusarsi di aver fatto la domenica qualche cosa proibita dalla chiesa
To make a triumph of . . .	Fare la conquista di . . .
To chaff	Burlarsi, stuzzicare
To take a fancy to a person	Prendere capriccio, simpatia, incapricciarsi

French.

Une tromperie, volerie
 S'abonner à une biblio-
 thèque
 Etre trompé, embrouillé

 Escroqueries
 Etre formé de

 Se décider, établir

 Se moquer comme de l'an
 quarante
idem
 Retourner
 Malheur à vous!

 Mon devoir sacré
 Chose faite à contre cœur,
 de mauvais gré
 Un pays ennuyeux

 Par excellence

 Laisser le robinet ouvert

 Fermer le robinet

 Etre épuisé de fatigue
idem

 Sans air
 Faire suivre une lettre
 La société élégante, la
 haute
 Un tas de
 Bon jour bonne œuvre

 Faire la conquête de . . .

 Blaguer, se moquer
 Avoir de la sympathie
 pour

German.

Ein Betrug, Schwindel
 Sich in einer Leihbiblio-
 thek abonnieren
 Angeführt werden

 Schwindel
 Zusammengestellt sein aus

 Beschliessen, sich ent-
 schliessen
 Sich den Teufel scheren,
 Nichts danach fragen

 Zurückkehren
 Es wird Ihnen schlecht
 gehen
 Meine heilige Pflicht
 Es geht mir gegen den
 Strich
 Ein trübes, langweiliges
 Land
 Die anderen überflügeln

 Den Wasserhahn offen
 lassen
 Den Hahn schliessen, zu-
 schrauben
 Halbtot sein
 Furchtbar müde, ermattet
 sein
 Dumpfig
 Einen Brief nachsenden
 Die vornehmste Gesell-
 schaft des Ortes
 Scharen von
 Je besser der Tag, desto
 besser die Tat; ein in
 England gebrauchter
 Ausdruck, um sich zu ent-
 schuldigen, wenn man
 des Sonntags ein kirch-
 liches Gebot überschreit-
 et
 Eine Eroberung von . . .
 machen
 Aufziehen, necken
 An jemandem einen Affen
 fressen

English.	Italian.
To be a fool	Fare lo sciocco
To get one's-self into hot water	Mettersi nei pasticci
For the sake of a pretty face	Per amor di un viso grazioso
An old stager	Uomo d'esperienza
To have a narrow escape	Cavarsela per poco, per il rotto della cuffia
To be knocked up	Essere stanco morto
The ins and outs of an affair	Tutta la storia, i dettagli di una cosa

XIX.

To have a score to reckon	Aver dei conti da fare
To get someone into a scrape	Mettere qualcuno negl' impicci
To play a nasty trick	Giucare un tiro
On that score	Su questo argomento
To be puzzled	Essere confuso, non saper raccapezzarsi
Where the puzzle comes in	Dov' è la difficoltà, cosa c'è da stupirsi
Dirt cheap	Eccessivamente a buon mercato, per quasi nulla
Not to be able to afford	Non potersi permettere qualcosa
To apologise	Chiedere scusa
To allow	Concedere, ammettere
To be put on short allowance	Aver diminuito l' assegno
To be dumfounded	Non raccapezzarsi non capir più nulla
To bear a grudge against a person	Mantenere, serbare rancore verso qualcuno
For heaven's sake!	Per amor del cielo!
Old boy	Amico mio
To do something on purpose	Fare qualcosa a bella posta

French.	German.
Faire l'imbécile	Verrückt sein, ein Narr sein
Se créer des ennuis	Sich Unannehmlichkeiten zuziehen
Pour un joli minois	Einem hübschen Gesicht zu lieb
Homme d'expérience	Einer, der viel Erfahrung hat
S'en tirer à bon marché	Mit Mühe und Not, mit heiler Haut davonkommen
Etre mort de fatigue	Erschöpft, totmüde sein
Tous les détails d'une histoire	Die genauen Einzelheiten einer Angelegenheit, was drum und dran hängt

XIX.

Avoir des comptes à faire, à régler	Rechnung zu machen haben, ein Hühnchen zurufen haben
Mettre dans l'embarras	Jemanden in eine unangenehme Lage bringen
Jouer un mauvais tour	Einen bösen Streich spielen
Sur ce sujet	Ueber diesen Gegenstand
Ne pas savoir s'expliquer	Die Sache ist mir ein Rätsel
Il n'y a rien de si étonnant	Wo die Schwierigkeit, das Rätsel ist
A vil prix, à bon marché	Spottbillig
Ne pas pouvoir se permettre	Sich etwas nicht leisten können
Demander pardon	Sich entschuldigen
Admettre	Zugeben
Etre rationné	Das Monatsgeld, Taschengeld vermindert bekommen; kurzgehalten werden
Perdre son latin	Verblüfft, wie vom Blitz getroffen sein
En vouloir à quelqu'un	Einen Groll, eine Pike auf jemanden haben; jemandem böse sein
Pour l'amour du ciel!	Um des Himmels willen!
Mon vieux	Alter Bursche
Faire quelque chose exprès	Etwas absichtlich tun

English.	Italian.
To put someone into an awkward position	Mettere qualcuno in una situazione difficile, scabrosa; mettere in imbarazzo
To be bound to . . .	Essere costretto
To beat down	Far calare, diminuire il prezzo
A piece	Al pezzo
Not to have a penny to bless one's-self with	Non aver l'ombra di un quattrino
To be in the same box	Essere nelle stesse condizioni
A box	Un palco
To be overdone	Essere esagerato
To be quite the rage, or all the rage	Far furore, essere di gran moda
To rub up the wrong way	Dare sui nervi
To be cross with a person	Essere adirato con qualcuno
The dress circle	Fila di palchi in cui si va in abito di sera
Stalls	I posti di poltrona
Pit	La platea
Gallery	La galleria
It comes on to rain	Principia a piovere
Not to be called upon to . . .	Non essere obbligato
Milksop of a girl	Ragazza insulsa, sciocca
Bread-and butter schoolgirl	Vanarella

XX.

To go on the stage	Dedicarsi all'arte drammatica
To be taken aback	Essere stupito, sorpreso
To make one's first appearance in public	Comparire per la prima volta
The girl I left behind me	La ragazza che ho abbandonata
To be out of one's mind	Non aver la testa a posto, essere matto
A bad sort	Cattivo soggetto

French.	German.
Mettre quelqu'un dans une fausse situation	Jemanden in eine Verlegenheit bringen
Etre obligé de . . .	Gezwungen sein
Baisser le prix	Den Preis herabdrücken
La pièce	Das Stück
Ne pas avoir la croix d'un liard, N'avoir ni sou ni maille, pas un radis	Keinen roten Pfennig haben
Etre dans le même drap	In der nämlichen Lage sein
Une loge	Eine Loge (im Theater)
Exagéré	Uebertrieben sein
Faire fureur, être beau- coup à la mode, le der- nier cri	Allgemein die Mode sein, Furore machen
Donner sur les nerfs	Gegen den Strich gehen; jemanden aufbringen, nervös machen
Etre fâché avec quelqu'un	Mit jemandem böse sein
Rangée de théâtre, où l'on va en habit de soirée	Erster Rang der Logen im Theater
Les fauteuils	Parkett-Plätze
Le parterre	Parterre
La galerie	Galerie, Olymp (fam.)
Il commence à pleuvoir	Es fängt an zu regnen
Ne pas être obligé de . . .	Nicht verpflichtet sein
Sotte, oie	Backfisch
Nigaude	Ein einfältiges Schulmädchen

XX.

Se vouer à la scène	Auf die Bühne gehen, Schauspieler(in) werden
Etre étonné, surpris, émer- veillé	Ueberrascht werden
Débiter	Zum ersten Male öffentlich auftreten
La belle abandonnée	Das Mädchen, das ich zu- rück gelassen, verlassen habe
Etre fou	Den Verstand verlieren, wahnsinnig werden
Mauvais sujet, mauvais garnement	Patron

English.	Italian.
To take up a thing	Incaricarsi di, cominciare
To turn something to account	Mettere a profitto qualche cosa
To go against a person	Opporsi a qualcuno, andare contro qualcuno
For the sake of appearances	Per salvare le apparenze
To be out	Andare in società per la prima volta
To get to know	Fare la conoscenza
To pay attention	Fare la corte, dimostrare interesse
That's the way the wind blows	Ecco che capisco! Ciò spiega
To be in love with	Essere innamorato
To look after the main chance	Fare il proprio interesse
To take a person home	Accompagnare qualcuno a casa
To strike while the iron is hot	Battere il ferro finchè è caldo
Good-looking	Di bell'aspetto, piacente
To be better side face than full face	Meglio di profilo che di fronte
Well-built	Ben formato, di belle forme
Squarely-built	Di forme robuste
An excellent shot	Un ottimo tiratore (di arma da fuoco)
A fair shot	Un tiratore discreto
To brag	Vantarsi
To be at a person's beck and call	Essere agli ordini, a disposizione di qualcuno
To treat the matter as a joke	Non prendere la cosa sul serio
His look-out	Affar suo
To have a screw loose	Difettare di giudizio, non essere equilibrato
When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window	La povertà scaccia l'amore
Bread and cheese and kisses	Il tuo cuore e una capanna

French.	German.
Commencer	Anfangen { Jemand, jemanden ; etwas sich annehmen
Mettre quelque chose à profit	Nutzen aus etwas ziehen
Avoir une dent contre quelqu'un	Jemandem widerstehen, sich jemandem widersetzen, gegen jemanden gehen
Pour sauver les apparences	Um den Schein zu retten
Entrer dans le monde	In die Gesellschaft eingeführt sein
Faire la connaissance	Die Bekanntschaft machen, kennen lernen
Faire la cour	Zu grosse Aufmerksamkeit schenken, den Hof machen
Cela s'explique	So stehen die Sachen !
Etre épris	Verliebt sein in . . .
Faire son affaire	Auf den eigenen Vorteil bedacht sein
Accompagner à la maison	Jemanden nach Hause begleiten
Il faut battre le fer pendant qu'il est chaud	Das Eisen schmieden so lange es heiss ist
Qui marque bien	Hübsch, ansehnlich, schön, stattlich
Etre mieux de profil que de face	Besser von der Seite, als von vorn aussehen
Bien fait, bien formé	Schön gebaut
Bien formé, robuste	Breitschultrig, stark
Un excellent tireur	Ein guter Schütze
Un bon tireur	Ein ziemlich guter Schütze
Se vanter	Prahlen
Etre à la disposition, aux ordres de quelqu'un	Jemandem zur Verfügung, zu Diensten stehen
Ne pas prendre une chose au sérieux	Die Sache leicht nehmen
Cela le regarde	Seine Sache
Manquer d'intelligence	Eine Schraube los haben
La misère chasse l'amour	Wenn die Armut ins Haus kommt, ist für die Liebe kein Platz mehr
Vivre d'amour et d'eau fraîche	Liebe in der Hütte

English.	Italian.
Practical fellow	Giovane positivo
To live from hand to mouth	Appena appena, dal giorno all'indomani
To get cut by . . .	Essere evitato da qualcun
Decent families	Le famiglie per bene
To stand a better chance	Aver miglior fortuna
To call upon	Far visita
What rot!	Che sciocchezza!
A canting lot	Società di ipocriti
For their lives	Neanche per sogno
To put up with	Subire, tollerare
Cant	Ipocrisia
To stick up for someone	Prendere partita per qualcuno
To stand in one's own light	Andare contro il proprio interesse
A girl off the stage	Che ha recitato in teatro, che ha calcato le scene
It doesn't do	Non va bene, non è affare
A question of tone	Questione di convenienza
Good form	Conveniente
Good form be hanged!	Al diavolo le convenienze!

XXI.

To bother	Annoiare
One of Job's comforters	Uccello di cattivo augurio
A wet blanket	Una doccia fredda (si dice in inglese anche delle persone)
To be unfair	Non essere giusto
To see things through rose-coloured spectacles	Vedere le cose in bello, sotto l'aspetto migliore, crearsi delle illusioni
Self-possessed	Padrone di sè stesso
Off-hand	Disinvolto, noncurante, ir-riflessivo
To call each other names	Ingiuriare, scambiarsi epiteti ingiuriosi
To play truant	Salar la scuola

French.	German.
Personne positive, sérieuse	Ein praktischer Mensch
Vivre au jour le jour	Von der Hand in den Mund leben
Etre évité par quelqu'un	Von jemandem gemieden werden
Familles respectables	Anständige Familien
Avoir plus de chance	Mehr Glück haben
Aller chez	Einen Besuch machen, jemanden besuchen
Quelle bêtise!	Unsinn!
Tas d'hypocrites	Eine scheinheilige Gesellschaft
Pas le moins du monde	Nicht im Entferntesten, um keinen Preis
Tolérer, supporter	Ertragen
Hypocrisie	Scheinheiligkeit, geschwätz
Prendre parti pour quelqu'un	Für jemanden eintreten
Aller contre ses propres intérêts	jemanden verteidigen
Qui a été sur les planches	Gegen den eigenen Nutzen handeln
Cela ne va pas	Ein Mädchen, welches auf der Bühne war
Question de convenance	Es geht nicht, es schickt sich nicht
Bon ton	Es ist eine Sache des guten Tons
Au diable les convenances!	Zum guten Ton gehörig
	Zum Teufel mit dem guten Ton!

XXI.

Ennuyer	Langweilen, belästigen
Oiseau de mauvais augure	Ein Unglücksrabe
Une douche froide (se dit en anglais également de la personne)	Ein kalter Wasserstrahl (auch von Personen)
Etre injuste	Ungerecht, unbillig
Voir les choses en rose	Alles rosig sehen
De sang froid	Voll Selbstbeherrschung
Léger	Ungezwungen, leichtfertig, event. auch leichtsinnig
Injurier, lancer des épithètes, injurieuses	Sich gegenseitig beschimpfen, mit Schimpfwörtern beleidigen
Faire l'école buissonnière	Die Schule, den Klub, etc. schwänzen

English.	Italian.
That is a pity	È un peccato
Exercise be bothered	Al diavolo l'esercizio!
To send in one's resignation	Dare le dimissioni
To let the cat out of the bag	Lasciar trapelare qual- cosa, svelare un segreto
To turn out well	Riuscire bene, far buona prova
On the wane	In decadenza
To die a natural death	Morire di morte naturale,
All of one mind	D'accordo
To squabble	Litigare
Silly	Sciocco
To get fairly under way	Cominciare a prosperare
Bickerings	Liti, dissapori
To die out	Finire, disfarsi
To get something into focus	Mettere qualcosa a posto
To make a mess of a thing	Fare un pasticcio, fare una frittata (fig:)
To go on	Continuare, andare innan- zi
To take the matter up	Mettersi
To put the thing to rights	Sistemare la faccenda
To join a club	Entrare a far parte di un circolo
To stand by a person	Secondare, prendere parti- to per qualcuno
New-fangled notions	Idee nuove
To skedaddle	Piantare in asso, abban- donare
To give in	Cedere, ubbidire
To throw up	Abbandonare

XXII.

What's the matter with you	Che cosa avete?
Down in the dumps	Triste, malinconico, di cattivo umore
To be in the blues	} Essere triste, di umore poco lieto
To have a fit of the blues	

French.	German.
C'est dommage	Das ist schade
Au diable l'exercice!	Zum Teufel mit der Bewegung!
Donner sa démission, se retirer	Sein Amt niederlegen
Laisser échapper quelque chose	Ein Geheimnis ausplaudern
Bien réussir, faire bonne preuve	Guten Erfolg haben
En décadence	Im Verfall, im Abnehmen
Mourir de mort naturelle	Eines natürlichen Todes sterben
D'accord	Alle einer Ansicht
Se quereller, se chamailler	Hadern, streiten, zanken
Nigaud, bête, sot	Albern, töricht
Commencer à prospérer	Gut vorankommen, sich heraufarbeiten
Querelles, questions	Zank, Hader
Finir, s'éteindre	Eingehen, aussterben
Organiser, monter	Etwas in Ordnung bringen
Ruiner, faire une brioche	Ein Durcheinander, eine Verwirrung machen
Continuer, aller	Fortfahren, weiter gehen
S'y mettre	Die Sache übernehmen
Remonter l'affaire	Die Sache in Ordnung bringen
Faire partie d'un club, entrer dans un club	Einem Klub beitreten
Se mettre du parti de quelqu'un, seconder	Jemandem beistehen
Idées nouvelles	Neue, neumodische Ideen
Mettre en plan, abandonner	Im Stich lassen, entfliehen
Céder, obéir	Nachgeben, folgen, weichen
Abandonner, mettre en plan	Aufgeben

XXII.

Qu'avez-vous?	Was fehlt Ihnen?
Abattu, de mauvaise humeur	Traurig, schwermütig sein
Etre de mauvaise humeur, triste, ennuyé	Niedergeschlagen, gedrückt sein

English.	Italian.
To make fun of someone	Burlarsi di qualcuno
To be out of sorts	Essere indisposto
To get angry	Andare in collera
To quiz	Divertirsi a burlare gli altri
A quiz	Colui che si diverte a burlare gli altri
Quizzing	*Aggettivo derivato da "to quiz"
To open one's mind	Sfogarsi, fare le sue confidenze
To be plucked	Essere bocciato
To give one's-self away	Tradirsi, rivelare il proprio segreto
By a fluke	Per miracolo
A duffer	Un cretino
To be hard on a person }	Essere severo per qualcuno
To be down on someone }	
To be done for	Essere spacciato
He may just as well . . .	Farebbe meglio a . . .
Cow-boy	Allevatore di bestiame in America, Australia
To realise the drift	Capire un' allusione, il pensiero
To get a berth	Ottenere un posto sicuro
Smart chaps	Giovani di valore, intelligenti
A dunce	Un asino, un cretino
To be all the other way about	Tutto diverso, tutt'altra cosa
Heaps of asses	Una quantità di asini
To go a long way	Fare molto
To turn out	Produrre
Able fellows	Giovani capaci
By the hundreds	A centinaia
To be down on one's luck	Non essere fortunato
To be engaged to . . .	Essere fidanzato con . . .
Privately engaged	Non ufficialmente
To stick to one's bargain	Mantenere i patti, le promesse

French.	German.
Se moquer de quelqu'un	Jemanden zum Besten haben
Ne pas être dans son assiette	Uebel gelaunt, verdriesslich sein
Se mettre en colère	Aufbrausen, sich aufregen, böse werden
Taquiner, agacer	Aufziehen, hänseln foppen, ärgern
Farceur, moqueur	Ein Spottvögel, ein Necker, Spötter
Adjectif dérivé du verbe "to quiz," taquin	Von "to quiz" (necken) abgeleitetes Eigenschaftswort
Epancher	Sein Herz ausschütten
Réprouvé aux examens	Durchfallen
Se trahir, révéler ses propres secrets	Sich verraten
Par miracle	Durch Zufall, durch unverhofftes Glück
Crétin	Ein Dummkopf
Etre sur le dos de quelqu'un	Grausam sein gegen jemand, Jemanden mit Härte kritisieren
Perdu pour toujours	Verloren sein
Il ferait mieux de . . .	Er mag nur gleich . . .
Eleveur de bestiaux en Amérique et en Australie	Kuhhirt in Amerika und Australien
Saisir une allusion, une pensée	Die Absicht einer Bemerkung verstehen
Obtenir une place sûre	Eine sichere Stelle bekommen
Jeunes gens de valeur, intelligents	Gewandte, aufgeweckte junge Leute
Ane, crétin	Ein Duns, Dummkopf
C'est tout à fait le contraire	Ganz anders, ganz verschieden sein
Un tas de crétins	Ein Haufen Esel
Faire beaucoup	Viel wirken, bewirken, vermögen
Produire	Hervorbringen
Jeunes gens capables	Tüchtige Leute
Par centaines	Zu Hunderten
Avoir du guignon	Kein Glück haben
Etre fiancé à . . .	Mit . . . verlobt sein
Fiancé officieusement	Nicht offiziell
Maintenir les promesses	Sein Versprechen halten

English.	Italian.
That's very plucky of you	È coraggioso da parte vostra
To give up	Abbandonare, rinunciare
To wish good luck	Augurare buona fortuna
A lucky dog	Una persona fortunata
Good-hearted	Di cuore buono, generoso
To go off to	Partire per

XXIII.

Get out of the light	Toglietevi dalla luce
To be standing in the light	Togliere, impedire la luce a qualcuno
To be trying for the eyes	Essere dannoso agli occhi
Short-sighted	Miope
Short-legged	Di gambe corte
Short-tempered	Di poca pazienza
Out of doors	Fuori di casa
Stroll	Una breve passeggiata a zonzo
By all means	Sia pure
To tell one's beads	Dire il rosario
It would never do	Non sarebbe il caso
Just now	Proprio ora, in questo momento
To put on one's things	Vestirsi per uscire
A button-hole	Fiore da portarsi all'occhiello, mazzetto
It is all the same for me	Non m'importa, per me è lo stesso
The mint	La zecca
Awfully jolly	Divertentissimo
A good job	Una buona cosa
To hit upon the right idea	Indovinare, avere una buona idea
To pall upon	Annoiare, seccare
Hurry up	Fate presto
That's a good girl!	Brava!
To wrap up	Coprirsi bene
To catch a cold	Prendere un raffreddore

French.

C'est bien courageux de
votre part
Abandonner, renoncer à
quelqu'un
Souhaiter le bonheur
Heureux mortel!
De bon cœur, généreux
Partir pour

German.

Das ist sehr mutig von
Ihnen
Aufgeben, verzichten auf
Viel Glück wünschen
Ein glücklicher Mensch
Gutherzig
Weggehen, nach . . gehen

XXIII.

Otez-vous du jour
Etre dans le jour de quel-
qu'un

Faire mal aux yeux
Myope
Court de jambes
De peu de patience

En plein air

Petite promenade sans but

Soit
Dire le chapelet
Ce ne serait pas le cas
A l'instant

S'habiller pour sortir

Fleur pour mettre à la
boutonnière

Cela m'est égal, ça m'est
indifférent

La Monnaie
Très amusant

Tant mieux

Avoir une bonne idée, de-
viner

Ennuyer

Dépêchez-vous!

Ma poulette

Bien se couvrir

S'enrhumer

Gehen Sie aus dem Lichte
Im Lichte stehen

Den Augen schädlich sein
Kurzichtig
Kurzbeinig
Ungeduldig, heftig, reizbar
sein

Aus dem Hause, ins Freie
gehen

Spaziergang

Sehr gern
Den Rosenkranz beten
Es wäre nicht angebracht
Gerade eben, in diesem
Augenblick

Sich zum Ausgehen klei-
den

Ein Sträusschen fürs
Knopfloch

Es ist mir eins, einerlei

Die Münze (Münzstätte)
Furchtbar lustig, sehr lu-
stig, Sehr amüsan

Eine gute Sache, das ist
gut

Auf den rechten Gedanken
kommen

Langweilen, einen traurig
stimmen

Beeilen Sie sich!

Bravo!

Sich einwickeln

Sich erkälten

English.	Italian.
Shall I do?	Va bene, sto bene? (parlando di vestiti)
To go well with	Accordarsi, andare bene con qualcosa (parlando di vestiti)
To be particular	Guardare pel sottile, essere di difficile contentatura
It is the fashion	È la moda
To be on the look out	Stare attento, in guardia
To get run over	Essere investito
No thoroughfare	È vietato il passaggio
To go round by the side street	Prendere le traverse
Out of one's way	Essere un po' lungo
Heaps of time	Molto tempo
Don't mention it	Non ne parlate, non ne vale la pena
To break a person	Rovinare
To think of something	Ricordarsi di qualcosa
Short reckonings make long friends	Patti chiari e amicizia lunga
XXIV.	
A good whip	Un buon guidatore
Bad-tempered	Di carattere difficile
To have the character of being	Aver la riputazione di essere
A good character	Una buona riputazione
A horrid temper	Un carattere impossibile
To put up at a hotel	Fermarsi, scendere in un albergo
Broken French	Cattivo francese, non corretto
Any length of time	Per qualche tempo
He has just come over	E arrivato da poco, proprio ora
No such thing	Nient' affatto

French.

German.

Est-ce-que ça va bien?
Suis-je bien comme ça?
Aller bien avec quelque
chose

Kann ich so gehen (von
Kleidern sprechend)
Gut passen

Etre difficile, méticuleux

Genau, heikel sein

C'est la mode
Faire attention

Es ist Mode
Sich umsehen, aussehen
nach

Etre écrasé
Passage interdit

Ueberfahren werden
Durchgang, Durchfahrt
verboten

Prendre un chemin de tra-
verse

Einen Umweg durch die
Seitenstrasse machen

Un peu long

Abgelegen

Beaucoup de temps à sa
disposition

Zeit im Ueberfluss

N'en parlons plus

Sprechen Sie nicht davon,
es ist nicht der Rede
wert

Ruiner une personne
Y penser

Eine Person ruiniren
Sich auf eine Sache besin-
nen; an etwas denken

Les bons comptes font les
bons amis

Glatte Rechnung erhält die
Freundschaft

XXIV.

Un bon conducteur de che-
vaux

Ein guter Lennker, Fahrer,
einer, der gut fährt

De mauvais caractère

Schlecht gelaunt; mit hef-
tigem, launenhaftem
Charakter

Avoir la réputation

Den Namen, den Ruf eines
. . . . haben

Une bonne réputation

Ein guter Ruf, Name, ein
guter Character

Un caractère impossible

Einen unausstehlichen
Charakter haben

Descendre dans un hôtel

In einem Hotêl absteigen,
einkehren

Un mauvais français

Gebrochen Französisch
sprechen

Pendant un certain temps
Il vient d'arriver

Einige Zeit, lange
Er ist gerade, eben jetzt,
herüber gekommen

Pas du tout

Das nicht tun, nicht so
etwas

English.	Italian.
To back out of a thing	Cercare pretesti per non fare una cosa
To do a thing by halves	Fare qualcosa a mezzo, incompletamente
To be uncomfortable	Essere imbarazzante
A rude fellow	Una persona scortese
Gentlemanly	Corretto, per bene, educato
A self-made man	Persona venuta su dal nulla, che ha acquistato la ricchezza col proprio lavoro
What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh	Il lupo perde il pelo ma non il vizio
To be on an equal footing with	Poter trattare da eguali
A sportsman	Persona amante dello sport
My watch is slow	Il mio orologio va indietro
My watch is fast	Il mio orologio va avanti,
It is just striking three	Suonano le tre
To be hardly worth while	Non ne vale la pena
Tea-time	Ora di prendere il the
By Jove!	Per Bacco!

XXV.

To rack one's brains	Scervellarsi
It is just the thing	È Precisamente ciò
What-do-you-call-him	Il Signor "Non so chi"
Loud woman	Donna chiassosa, dall'apparenza equivoca
Smart	Elegante
Gushing woman	Donna che fa cerimonie esagerate
The Row	Il galappatoio di Hyde Park a Londra
I have it	L'ho trovato, ho capito

French

German.

Chercher des prétextes
pour ne pas faire quel-
que chose, se tirer des
pieds, tirer son épingle
du jeu

Faire une chose à moitié

Etre bien embarrassant

Un mal élevé

Correcte, très comme il
faut

Homme de rien, parvenu

Chassez le naturel il revi-
ent au galop

Sur le même pied, d'égal
à égal

Amateur de sports

Ma montre retarde

Ma montre avance

Voilà trois heures qui son-
nent

N'en valoir vraiment pas
la peine

L'heure du thé

Parbleu!

Suchen, sich aus einer un-
angenehmem Lage her-
auszuwinden

Etwas zur Hälfte, nur
halb tun

Unbequem, unbehaglich,
ungemütlich sein

Ein roher Mensch

Fein, gebildet, anständig,
wohl gesittet

Jemand der durch eigene
Kraft, eigenen Fleiss et-
was geworden ist

Ein Emporkömmling

Der Wolf ändert die Farbe,
aber nicht das Wesen

Auf gleichem Fusse stehen
verkehren mit jemandem
als seinesgleichen

Sportliebhaber, Sports-
mann

Meine Uhr geht nach

Meine Uhr geht vor

Es schlägt gerade drei Uhr

Es ist kaum der Mühe wert
es lohnt sich kaum der
Mühe

Zeit zum Thee

Wahrhaftig!

XXV.

Se creuser la tête

C'est justement ça

Monsieur "Je ne sais qui"

Une femme tapageuse

Chic, élégant (coquet)

Femme exagérée

Allée de galop de Hyde
Park à Londres

Je l'ai trouvé, je l'ai com-
pris

Sich den Kopf zerbrechen

Gerade was ich suche

Wie heisst doch der Dings

Eine laute, auffallende
Frau

Fein, elegant

Ein schwärmerisches, ein
in überschwenglicher
Weise redendes Weib

Reitbahn im Hyde Park in
London

Jetzt hab'ich's

English.	Italian.
What-do-you-call-her	La Signora " Non so chi "
A bad lot	Un poco di buono
Not to be up to much	Non valer gran cosa
Good-for-nothing	Buono a nulla, nocivo
To bolt	Prendere il volo
To carry on	Fare vita disordinata, fare baccano
For upwards of twenty years	Da più di venti anni
To take to flight	Prendere il volo
To be getting too hot for a person	La situazione diventa troppo difficile, scabrosa
To be an old stager	Uomo d'esperienza
To be on one's guard against	Essere in guardia
Forewarned, forearmed	Uomo avvisato, mezzo salvato
To coax someone into	Persuadere ä, indurre a . .
A hoax	Un imbroglio, un pasticcio
To be great with a person	Essere molto amico di qualcuno
Birds of a feather flock together	Il simile ama il suo simile
To get off scot-free	Cavarsela senza guai
To snap one's fingers at	Burlarsi di, farsi beffe di . .
A laughing matter	Cosa da prendersi in ischerzo
Point-blank	Di punto in bianco, francamente
To let the cat out of the bag	Lasciar trapelare qualcosa, svelare un segreto
To wash one's hands of . . .	Lavarsi le mani . . .
Rogue	Mascalzone
To get into trouble	Procurarsi dei fastidii

French.

German.

Madame "Je ne sais qui"	Frau .. wie heisst sie doch ... Dingskirchen
Un vaurien, mauvais garnement	Ein schlechter Kerl
Ne pas valoir grand'chose	Nicht viel wert sein
Bon à rien	Ein Taugenichts
S'échapper	Sich aus dem Staube machen
Mener une vie déréglée	Sich herumtreiben, ein unordentliches Leben führen
Pendant plus de vingt ans	Seit mehr als zwanzig Jahren
Se sauver, prendre son vol	Die Flucht ergreifen, sich aus dem Staube machen
La situation devient scabreuse, trop difficile	Das Pflaster wird ihm zu heiss
Etre homme d'expérience	Ein erfahrener Mann, ein Weltkenner sein
Etre sur ses gardes	Auf der Hut gegen jemanden sein
Homme averti en vaut deux	Ein gewarnter Mann ist schon halb gerettet
Induire quelqu'un à	Jemanden beschwatzen, mit Schmeicheln überreden
Escroquerie	Betrug, Täuschung, Schwindel
Etre très intime de . . .	Mit jemandem dick befreundet sein
Qui se ressemble, s'assemble	Gleich und gleich gesellt sich gern
S'en tirer sain et sauf	Frei ausgehen
Se moquer de . . .	Jemandem ein Schnippchen schlagen, sich nicht viel daraus machen
De quoi rire	Etwas, nichts zum Lachen
De but en blanc, carrément	Frei heraus, unverhohlen
Laisser échapper quelque chose	Ein Geheimnis verraten
S'en laver les mains	Mit einer Sache nichts mehr zu tun haben wollen
Coquin, fripon	Schuft, Schurke
S'attirer des désagréments	Sich Verdriesslichkeiten zuziehen

English.

Italian.

XXVI.

Below par	Poco bene in salute
Seedy	<i>idem</i>
I am not quite the thing	Non mi sento perfettamente bene
First-rate	Di prim'ordine
To be run down	Essere sciupato
To pick up	Rimettersi
To be out of sorts	Non sentirsi bene
A patent medicine	Un rimedio brevettato
All moonshine	Una canzonatura, mistificazione
Quack medicine	Un rimedio di ciarlatano
Nervous breakdown	Prostrazione nervosa, neurastenia
Every other person	Una persona su due, il 50 % delle persone
To be nervously exhausted	Soffrire di esaurimento nervoso
To run down	Peggiorare
Matriculation	Iscrizione all'Università
That's what comes of	Ecco quel che succede
A blue stocking	Donna colta, letterata
To burn the midnight oil	Passare la mezzanotte studiando
A new woman	Donna moderna, emancipata
Break-down	Deperimento, stanchezza, malessere
Brain-fag	Troppo lavoro intellettuale
Over-tired	Stanco oltre modo
Under-fed	Nutrito poco, meno di quanto occorre
Over-strung	Troppo teso
Over-worked	Stanco per soverchia fatica
To over-do	Oltrepassare, abusare di . .
In short	In breve, in poche parole
Not so ill as all that	Non così malato come dite, come appare
To over-rate	Far soverchio assegnamento, stimar troppo

French.

German.

XXVI.

Abattu, fatigué	Unwohl, herunter
<i>idem</i>	Nicht recht wohl
Je ne suis pas dans mon assiette	Ich fühle mich nicht ganz wohl
De premier ordre	Ersten Ranges, ausgezeichnet
Etre épuisé	Etwas erschöpft
Se remettre, se rétablir	Sich erholen
Ne pas se sentir bien	Unpässlich, nicht ganz auf dem Damm sein
Un remède breveté	Eine patentierte Medizin
Mystification	Unsinn, Täuschung, Fopperei, Schwindel
Un remède de charlatan, empirique	Eine Quacksalberarznei
Neurasténie	Nervenerschöpfung
Un sur deux	Jede zweite Person
Souffrir d'épuisement nerveux	An Nervenerschöpfung leiden
Empirer	Herunterkommen (Gesundheitlich)
Inscription à l'Université	Immatrikulation
Voilà ce qui arrive	Das kommt davon, wenn
Bas bleu, femme savante	Ein Blaustrumpf
Etudier jusqu'à une heure avancée de la nuit	Bis nach Mitternacht studieren
Femme moderne, émancipée	Eine Emanzipierte, moderne Frau
Dépression, fatigue	Müdigkeit, Unwohlsein, Krankhafte Unruhe
Surcroît de fatigue	Niedergeschlagenheit
Fatigué outre mesure	Geistige Überanstrengung
Peu nourri	Uebermüdet
Trop tendu	Schlecht genährt
Surmené	Ueberspannt, zu straff gespannt
Abuser de	Ueberarbeitet
Bref, en peu de mots	Zu weit treiben, übertreiben
Pas si malade que cela	Kurzum, kurz und gut
Compter trop sur . . .	Doch nicht so krank
	Ueberschätzen

English.	Italian.
To set up for one's-self	Mettersi, stabilirsi per conto proprio
To look ahead	Pensare al futuro
To build castles in the air	Fare castelli in aria
Not a fair game	Concorrenza sleale
A fad	Una smania stupida
To die out	Finire, disfarsi
In the long run	A lungo andare, alla fine
XXVII.	
To come off, to go off	Riuscire
A wallflower	Persona che non è invitata a ballare e "fa tappezzeria"
To joke	Scherzare
It could not be helped	Non si poteva evitare
The mess ball	Ballo di ufficiali, o a bordo di una nave
To sit out a dance	Star seduto senza ballare
An old maid	Una vecchia zitella
Old bachelor	Vecchio scapolo
To come out	Fare la prima comparsa in società
To bring out	Condurre in società per la prima volta
To look as if butter would not melt in one's mouth	Affettare innocenza e ingenuità
To take a joke	Sopportare uno scherzo,
To see a joke	Capire uno scherzo
To fight shy of	Evitare, non voler sentir parlare di
To play practical jokes	Fare scherzi, burle (materialmente, non a parola)
I'll be bound	Ne sono certo, ci scommetterei
Uncomfortable people	Gente noiosa, impossibile a trattare
Pooh-pooh!	Interiezione esprimente disprezzo, ma che!
To pooh-pooh	Disprezzare, rinnegare
A fib	Piccola bugia

French.	German.
S'établir pour son propre compte	Sich auf eigene Rechnung etabliren
Penser à l'avenir	An die Zukunft denken
Faire des châteaux en Espagne	Luftschlösser bauen
Concurrence déloyale	Keine ehrliche Konkurrenz
Une manie	Ein albernes Steckenpferd eine Verrücktheit, eine fixe Idee
Finir, s'éteindre	Vergehen, schwinden
A la longue	Auf die Dauer
XXVII.	
Réussir	Verlaufen, von statten gehen
Une personne qui fait tapissier	Dame die keinen Tänzer findet und während des Tanzes sitzen bleibt
Plaisanter	Scherzen
C'était inevitable	Das ließ sich nicht ändern
Bal des officiers à bord	Ball der Offiziere an Bord eines Kriegsschiffes
Passer une danse	Während eines Tanzes sitzen
Une vieille fille	Eine alte Jungfer
Vieux célibataire	Ein alter Junggeselle
Faire ses débuts dans le monde	In die Gesellschaft eingeführt werden
Conduire en société pour la première fois	In die Gesellschaft einführen
Avoir l'air d'une sainte nitouche	Eine genierte, gezwungene, unnatürliche Haltung annehmen
Entendre la plaisanterie	Einen Scherz verstehen
<i>idem.</i>	„ „ „
Eviter, ne pas vouloir entendre parler de	Jemandem aus dem Wege gehen, jemanden meiden
Faire de mauvaises plaisanteries	Handgreifliche Scherze, grobe Streiche spielen
J'y mettrai la main au feu	Ich bin sicher, ich bürgе dafür
Des gens impossibles	Ungemütliche Leute
Allez conter cela à d'autres	Pah! Ausruf der Verachtung, geringschätziger Ablehnung
Mépriser	Geringschätzend sprechen über
Petit mensonge, menterie	Eine Notlüge

English.	Italian.
A fibber	Colui che dice piccole bugie
Look me full in the face	Guardatemi negli occhi
To put a person out of countenance	Mettere qualcuno in imbarazzo, guardandolo fisso
To stare	Fissare, guardare fissamente
An accident	Una disgrazia
To shy	Spaventarsi, adombrarsi (proprio dei cavalli)
To run away	Prender la mano (proprio dei cavalli)
To be thrown out	Essere gettato fuori da un veicolo o da un treno
Thank your stars	Ringraziate la vostra stella

XXVIII.

To put one's foot into it	Cacciarsi in imbrogli
I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it	Non posso aprir bocca senza ferire la suscettibilità altrui
An Irish bull	Frase a doppio senso per le quali gl'Irlandesi sono famosi
Puns	Giuochi di parole
To give up	Abbandonare, rinunciare
A riddle or puzzle	Rebus, enigma, indovino
On purpose	A bella posta
To make a mess of it	Fare un pasticcio, fare una frittata (fig.)
A lecture	Una conferenza tenuta da una sola persona
A hobby	La passione, la mania
A lecturer	Conferenziere
To be well worth hearing	Meritare di essere udito
To be booked for	Essere impegnato
A violin recital	Un concerto di violino dato da una persona
Not a soul will go	Non ci andrà nessuno
The leader	Articolo di fondo

French.	German.
Menteur	Lügner
Regardez-moi dans le blanc des yeux	Schauen Sie mir in die Augen
Décontenancer quelqu'un	Jemanden verlegen machen
Fixer, regarder fixement	Anstarren
Accident	Ein Unfall
S'épouvanter, être ombrageux (des chevaux)	Scheu werden
Prendre le mors aux dents, s'emporter	Durchgehen, den Zügeln, dem Lenker nicht mehr gehorchen
Etre jeté hors d'un véhicule	Herausgeworfen werden
Rendez grâce à votre étoile	Danken Sie Ihrem guten Sterne, dem Himmel

XXVIII.

Faire une brioche	Es mit jemandem verderben
Je n'ouvre jamais la bouche sans faire une brioche	Ich kann meinen Mund nicht öffnen, ohne einen Schnitzer zu machen
Phrases à doubles sens pour lesquelles les Irlandais sont fameux	Ein irischer Witz
Des calembours	Wortspiele
Renoncer, jeter sa langue aux chiens	Aufgeben
Enigme, rébus	Ein Rätsel
Exprès	Absichtlich
Faire une bévue	Eine Patsche, eine schöne Geschichte anrichten
Conférence	Eine Vorlesung, ein Vortrag
Une marotte, dada	Steckenpferd (fig.)
Conférencier	Vorleser, Redner
Valoir la peine d'être écouté	Der Mühe wert sein, gehört zu werden
Etre engagé	Engagiert sein
Concert d'un violoniste	Ein Violinkonzert
Personne n'ira	Kein Mensch wird hingehen
Article de fond	Der Leitartikel

English.	XXIX.	Italian.
A row		Discussione chiassosa, disputa volgare
To clear the air a little		Rischiare la situazione
What's up?		Che c'è, di che si tratta?
To clear a matter up		Chiarire un malinteso
A street row		Chiasso di strada
A polling row		Chiasso, dimostrazione elettorale
The poll		L'elezione, scrutinio
To knuckle under		Sottomettersi, piegare
For the time being		Per ora
To canvass		Fare propaganda elettorale
To cheat		Barare, imbrogliare
A bad name		Una cattiva riputazione
Not at all a bad sort		Non è cattivo
Give a dog a bad name and hang him		Se avete cattiva riputazione, non riuscirete a niente
To speak		Fare un discorso
What he was driving at		Che cosa mirava
To beat about the bush		Usare espressioni vaghe, frasi o modi ambigui
To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds		Cercare di salvare capra e cavoli
To know one's ground		Conoscere il terreno, la partita, il proprio affare
To be in		Avere la vittoria, essere eletto
To bottle up		Frenare, nascondere
Not to be able to contain one's-self		Non poter frenarsi
An unheard-of idea		Idea strana, incredibile
A foregone conclusion		Risultato da prevedersi
To square with one's theories		Andare d'accordo colle idee o le teorie di qualcuno
All's fair in love and war		Tutto è lecito in guerra e in amore

French.

German.

XXIX.

Tapage, rixe; vacarme	Ein Streit, ein Auftritt, eine Szene
Eclaircir la situation	Die Luft reinigen
De quoi s'agit-il?	Was ist los?
Régler un malentendu	Eine Sache aufklären
Vacarme	Ein Streit, Tumult auf der Strasse
Démonstration tumultueuse pour les élections	Ein Streit wegen des Wahlergebnisses
Scrutin	Das Wahlresultat
Se soumettre	Sich für überwunden er- klären
Pour le moment	Für jetzt
Faire de la propagande électorale, solliciter des suffrages	Bei den Wahlen um Stim- men werben
Corrompre, tricher	Betrügen
Mauvaise réputation	Schlechter Ruf
Pas méchant	Er ist gar kein schlechter Kerl
Avec une mauvaise répu- tation on ne réussit à rien	Wer in schlechtem Rufe steht, dem wird alles fehlschlagen
Faire un discours	Reden, eine Rede halten
Où il voulait en venir	Wohin er zielte, was er wollte
Tourner autour du pot	Um den Brei herumgehen, Umschweife machen
Vouloir ménager la chèvre et le chou	Mit dem Hasen laufen und mit den Hunden hetzen
Connaître bien son affaire	Seinen Boden kennen
Etre élu, remporter la vic- toire	An der Spitze sein
Se contenir	Unterdrücken, zurückhal- ten
Ne pas pouvoir se con- tenir	Sich nicht mehr halten, be- meistern können
Une idée inouïe	Eine noch nie dagewesene Idee
Résultat prévu	Ein vorausgesehenes Re- sultat
S'accorder avec les théories de quelqu'un	Mit seiner Theorie überein- stimm n
A la guerre comme à la guerre	Im Krieg und in der Liebe ist alles zulässig

English.	XXX.	Italian.
To leave off		Interrompere, sospendere, lasciare
A country-bumpkin		Persona goffa, impacciata originaria della provincia (napoletano: "cafone")
A fop		Zerbinotto, damerino
A nincompoop		Sciocco
Squire		Gran proprietario rurale
Sweetheart		Innamorato
Wire-puller		Intrigante, che opera di nascosto
A good match		Un buon partito
Not to have a penny to bless one's-self with		Non avere l'ombra di un quattrino
Without more ado		Senz'altro
To fall back upon		Contentarsi
Snob		Persona volgare, che vuol passare per gentiluomo
Blackguard		Persona insolente
To come to blows		Venire alle mani
To be a match for someone		Essere un avversario degno di qualcuno
To be put on one's mettle		Essere messo alla prova
Black-mail		Ricatto, minaccia di rivelazioni
The interested parties		Persone interessate
To make it up		Fare la pace
The finishing touch		L'ultimo tocco
They will live happily ever after		Saranno felici fino alla morte

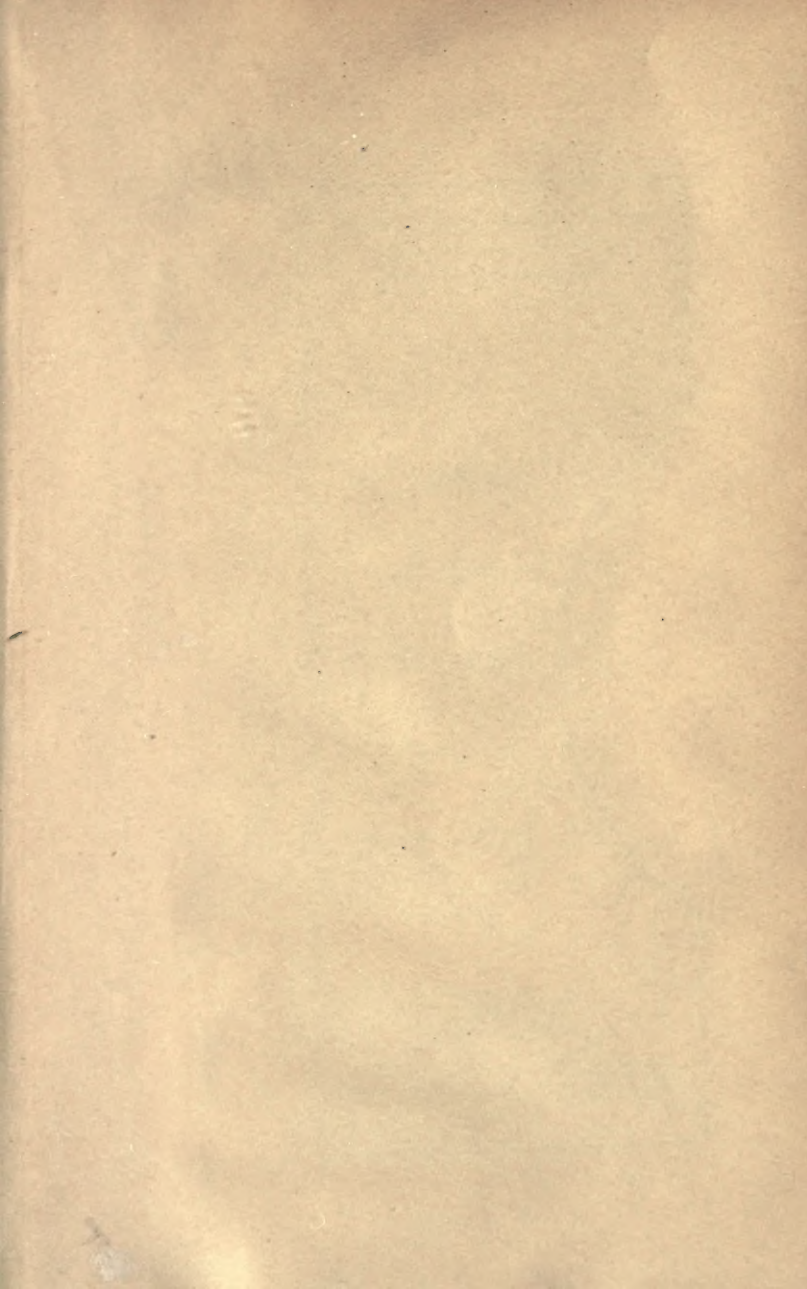
XXXI.

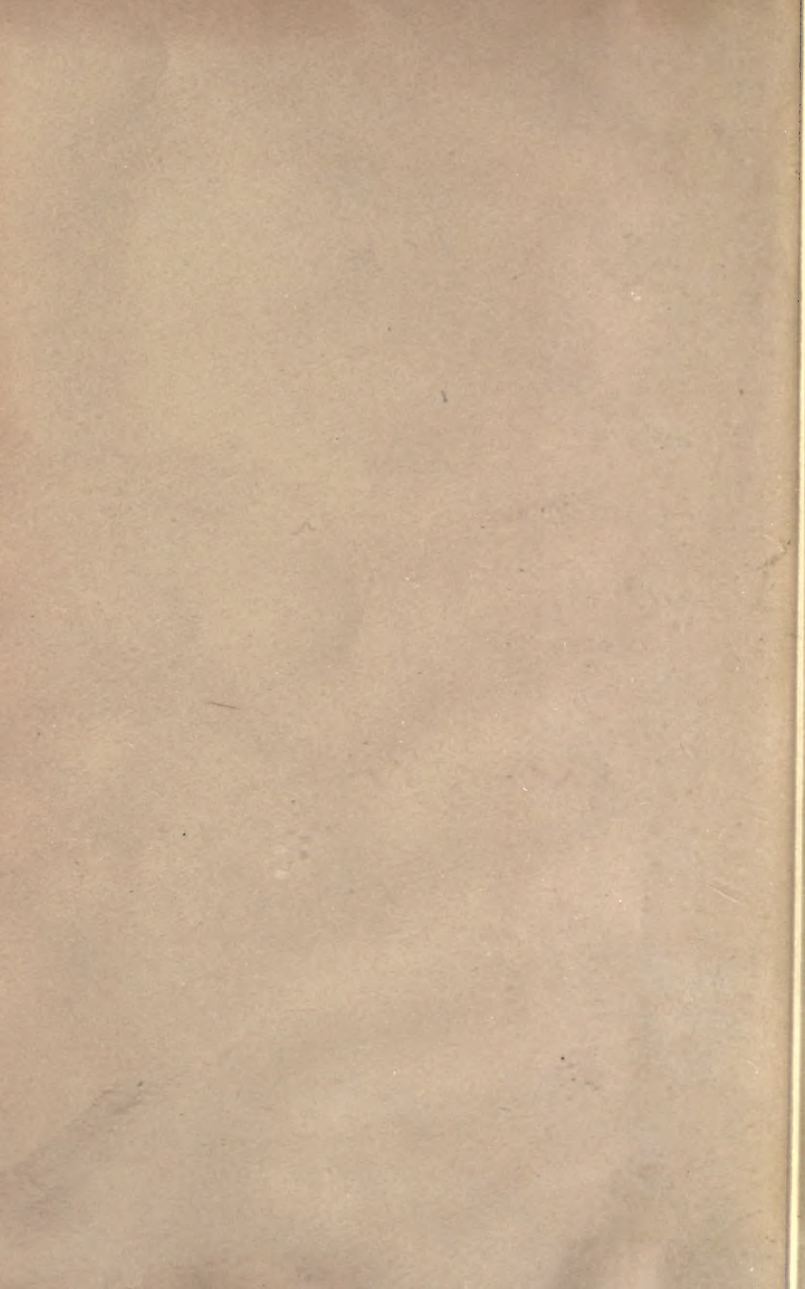
To give the cold shoulder	Dimostrare freddezza
To take a huff	Offendersi, aversela a male
To go halves with	Fare a metà con qualcuno, associarsi per metà in un'impresa
A partner	Socio
Sleeping partner	Socio commandatario

French.	XXX.	German.
En rester		Stehen bleiben, aufhören (Buch)
Bonhomme		Ein grober, ungeschliffener Mensch vom Lande
Petit-maitre, fat		Ein Stutzer, Geck
Sot		Ein Tölpel
Propriétaire campagnard		Ein Gutsbesitzer, Junker
Amoureux		Geliebte
Intrigant qui travaille à la sourdine		Intrigant, Zwischenträger
Un bon parti		Eine gute Partie
Etre sans le sou		Keinen roten Pfennig ha- ben
Sans plus de façons		Ohne Weiteres
Retourner à, se contenter de		Sich wieder begnügen mit, zurückgehen zu
Parvenu, poseur, petit grand homme		Gemeiner Mensch, der vornehmes Wesen nach- äfft, Emporkömmling
Personne insolente		Ein gemeiner Kerl
En venir aux mains		Handgemein werden
Etre de taille a		Ein würdiger Gegner sein
Etre mis à l'épreuve		Es gilt, seinen Mut zu zei- gen
Extortion, chantage		Schutzgeld an Räuber, Er- pressung
Les parties intéressées		Die interessierten Parteien, die beteiligten Personen
Se raccommoder, se récon- cilier		Einen Streit beilegen
La fin de l'histoire		Der letzte Akt
Ils vivront heureux jusqu'à la fin de leurs jours		Und sie werden glücklich und zufrieden leben, bis an ihr seliges Ende
XXXI.		
Témoigner de la froideur, battre froid à quelqu'un		Gegen jemanden kalt sein
Se formaliser		Etwas übel nehmen
S'associer pour moitié dans une entreprise, faire à demi		Gleichen Anteil mit jeman- dem haben, in einem Un- ternehmen zur Hälfte be- teiligt sein
Associé		Teilhaber
Associé commanditaire		Stiller Teilhaber

English.	Italian.
That's where the shoe pinches	Dove il dente duole, il punto debole
To go in for	Accettare di partecipare a qualche affare
At one's finger-ends	Sulle punta delle dita
Every other person one meets	Il 50 % della persone
To look out for something	Cercare qualcosa
Huffy	Permaloso
To take unawares	All'improvviso
To think a matter over	Riflettere su una questione, su di un affare
To be sure of one's game	Essere sicuro del fatto suo
Not to be able to swallow something	Non poter sopportare, digerire
To count one's chickens before they are hatched	Vendere la pelle dell'orso prima di averlo ucciso, fare i conti senza l'oste
That's about it	È proprio così
A money-making business	Un affare, una speculazione lucrosa
To steal a march upon	Prendere il sopravvento
Lately	In questi giorni
An opium-eater	Mangiatore d'oppio
To take to opium-eating	Abituarsi all'oppio
To be shocking	Essere deplorabile, poco modesto
What a wreck !	In quali pessime condizioni !
To be quite shocked	Essere dolorosamente sorpreso
A shock	Colpo, sorpresa
To be beyond hope	Non c'è speranza
A cure	Guarigione
To be at a loss to	Essere imbarazzato per . . .

French.	German.
Voilà l'affaire	Wo der Schuh drückt
Entreprendre quelque chose	Auf etwas eingehen
Sur le bout des doigts	Genau kennen, an den Fingern hersagen
Une sur deux personnes	Jeder zweite Mann, den man trifft
Chercher quelque chose	Nach etwas suchen
Irritable	Verstimmt, empfindlich
Survenir à l'improviste	Unvermuthet, plötzlich kommen
Réfléchir	Sich eine Sache überlegen
Etre sûr de son fait	Seiner Sache sicher sein
Ne pas pouvoir croire une chose	Etwas nicht verzeihen, nicht hinunterdrücken können
Vendre la peau de l'ours avant de l'avoir tué	Die Rechnung ohne den Wirt machen
C'est tout à fait comme cela	So ist es
Une affaire lucrative	Ein lohnendes, einträgliches Geschäft
Prendre le dessus, gagner une marche sur . . .	Jemandem einen Marsch, den Vorsprung abgewinnen, jemanden überflügeln
Ces jours—ci	In der letzten Zeit
Mangeur d'opium	Ein Opiumesser
S'adonner à manger de l'opium	Sich des Opiumessen angewöhnen
Etre affreux, triste	Unangenehm, unerhört ergreifend, anstößig, widerwärtig, sein
Dans quelles mauvaises conditions!	Solch eine Ruine!
Etre douloureusement impressionné	Unangenehm berührt, betroffen sein
Choc, surprise, coup	Ein erschütternder Eindruck
Sans espoir	Es ist keine Hoffnung mehr
Guérison	Genesung, Heilung
Ne savoir qu'y	Nicht wissen, was man von einer Sache halten soll





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